

Esquire

JANUARY
1939

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



ARTICLES

BURTON RASCOE
GEORGE ANTHEIL
COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI
GEORGE PETTY
HARRY SALPETER
PAUL W. KEARNEY
ROBERT J. LANDRY

FICTION

JESSE STUART
LOUIS PAUL
LOUIS ZARA
PAUL V. CARROLL
PAUL ANNIXTER
EDMUND WARE

ART

ROBERT PHILIPP

SATIRE

MANUEL KOMROFF
PARKE CUMMINGS
DOUG WELCH
MARK CARLSON

POETRY

PETER DE VRIES

SPORTS

ILES BRODY
RALPH GULDAHL
McNEILL V. BELL
M. SPRINGER
P. READ

DEPARTMENTS

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
GILBERT SELDES
CARLETON SMITH
MURDOCK PEMBERTON
RUSSEL WRIGHT
PATTERSON MURPHY
CHARLES RUTHERFORD

CARTOONS

E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
GILBERT BUNDY
D. McKAY
ABNER DEAN
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(COVER)

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FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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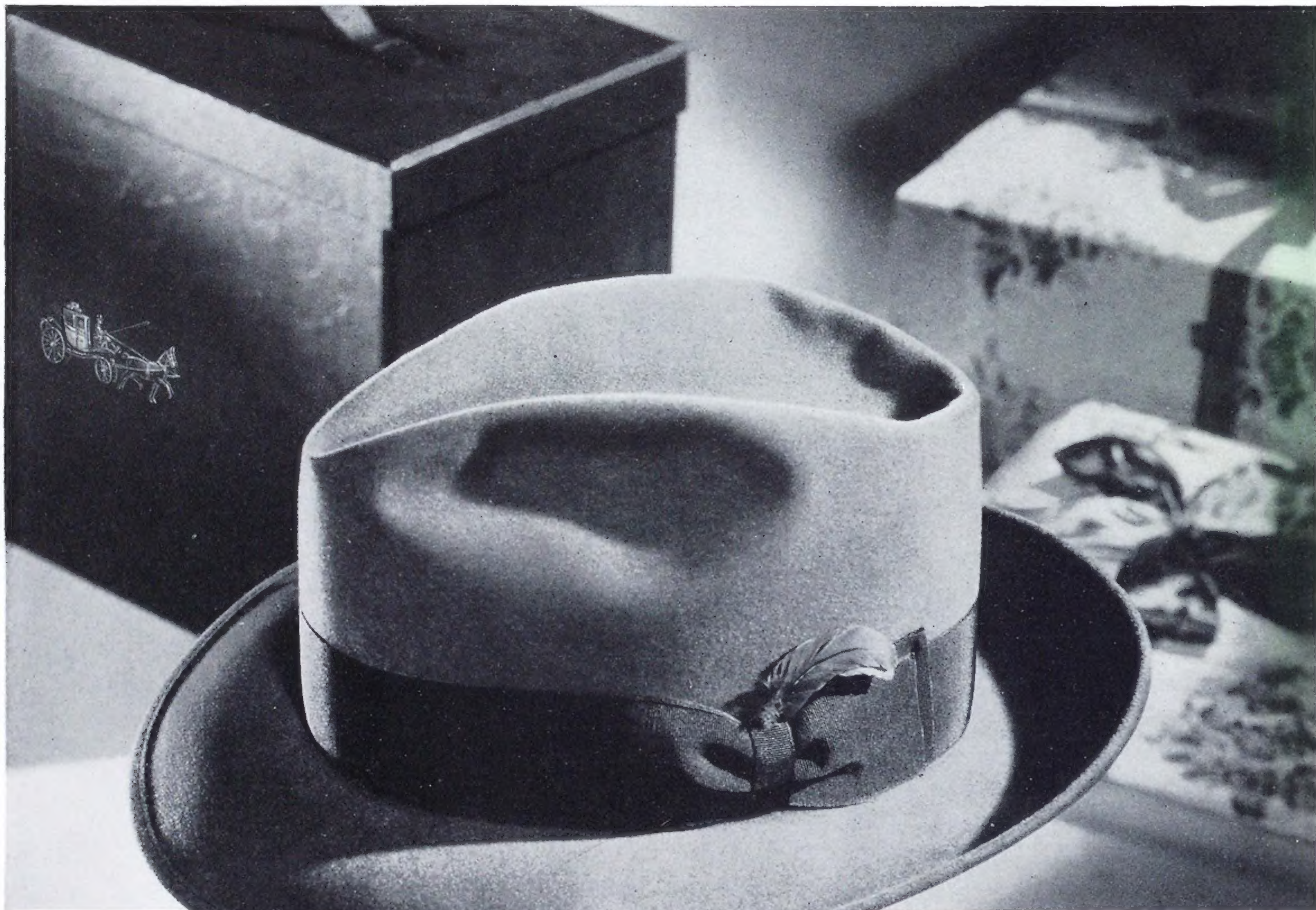
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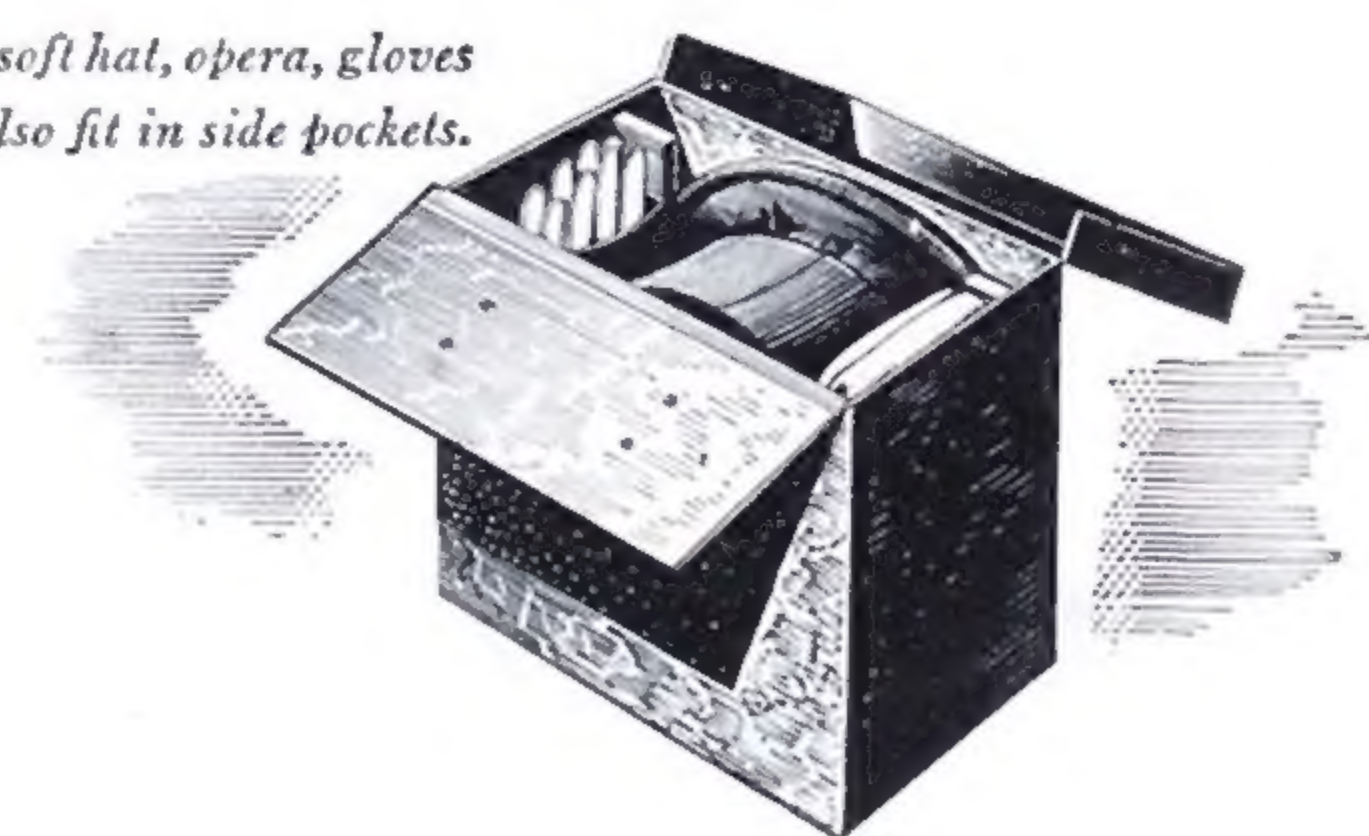
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Edited
by
ARNOLD GINGRICH

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
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Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of Esquire. It is never done knowingly.

Promoting Mr. Ernest Redmond Buckler Our favorite author is a guy named Ernest Redmond Buckler, who lives in Bridgetown, Nova Scotia. This is no sudden crush—he's been our favorite author for some several years now. The normal thing to do with your favorite author, if he's living, is to try to publish him. Well, we've been trying hard but we've never quite managed to get Ernest Redmond Buckler out of *The Sound and the Fury* and into the body of the magazine. Yet when he was at his scintillant best in *The Sound and the Fury* column, plenty of people kept writing in saying that his stuff was better than anything else in the issue. This began to bother us. It had long been bothering Mr. Buckler. So we started trying to promote him from an amateur to a pro status. "Look, sucker," we said, or something to that effect, "much as we like your letters in the S. & F. department, why should you go on giving us this stuff when maybe you could sell it to us?" That's when Ernest Buckler, our favorite author, began trying to write stories for our favorite magazine. But, like a great wine of the country, that somehow just doesn't ship,

the peculiar charm of his style seemed to defy transporting from the letter form over into that of the short story. He kept writing them and we kept reading them and he kept rewriting them, but it was no go. This seemed to hurt us more than it did him. He went happily back to his old habit of writing letters to *The Sound and the Fury*. Now another one has just come in. As we read it, we were just in the middle of trying to write an editorial to fit this space, an editorial saluting Esquire's sixth New Year, and trying to evoke, for those old timers in the audience who have followed Esquire from the beginning, a mellow mood of reminiscence. We were trying, too, to be objective about Esquire, its virtues and its faults. Then we stopped to read this Buckler letter, and our immediate reaction was that of the exasperated professor with the pupil who has consistently failed to pass the course: "Look here, you may not ever pass this grade, but by now I think you know it well enough to teach it!" So we yield this space to Ernest Redmond Buckler. We don't do that for just anybody, either. (Italo Balbo is the only other one who ever got it away from us.) He may still wind

up in the S. & F. but at least he can't say we haven't tried to promote him. Such a rush of letters (both from Philadelphia again!) protested my threatened abdication from "Sound & Fury" that I finally consented to come out on the balcony once more. Just for the hell of it, I swung aboard the buggy-load of Old Home Week prodigals, including Hemingway, Pietro di Donato, Raymond Knight, etc., and here I am. Yes, splendid trip, thanks. I was a bit icy with Knight, for encoring with formula 3b. but Hemingway and I were thick as thieves. Our conversation went something like this: I: (remembering his unforgettable *Snows of Kilimanjaro* and that beautiful white-cold beating he once gave bright-pup Bill Saroyan) "Gad, man, but it's good to see you back." Hem: "Who the hell are you?" I: "Why, Ernest Buckler." Hem: "Well I was drinking all night with some citizens last night and I wouldn't talk to you today if you were James Joyce." I: "A Cabot, eh?" Hem: "Oh, a bright lad . . . a critic-mouth. . . Come to think of it, you look like a critic

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TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE



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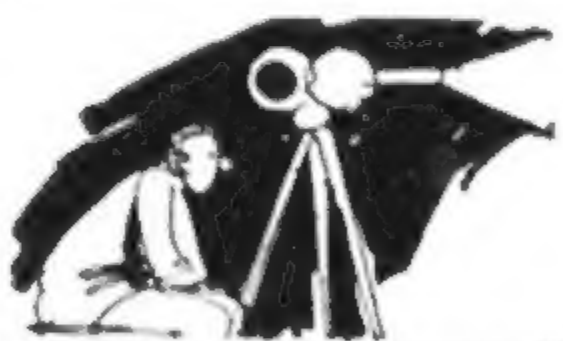
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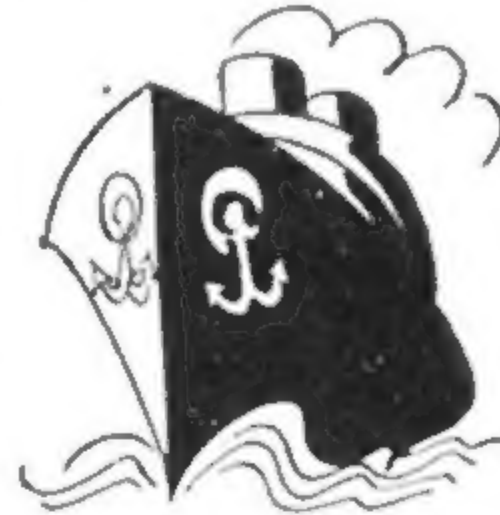


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SAILING DECEMBER 24TH. The day before Christmas will be a banner one for sailings out of New York. The Pilsudski goes to Nassau and Havana; the Statendam ditto. The Columbus does a Port-au-Prince, Kingston and Havana cruise in 9 days. The Munargo Line is putting out a specially priced 13-day affair with New Year's Eve in Havana. Price for this is the same as their regular 12-day cruise... they toss in the 13th day free!

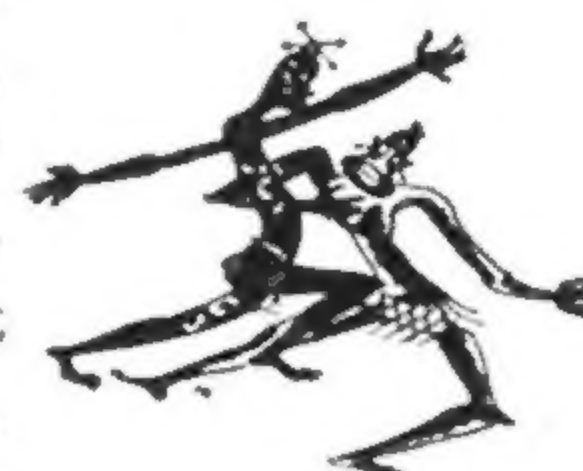
CARIBBEAN CRUISE on the Grace Line takes 16 days and goes to 6 interesting spots. The Great White Fleet puts on an unusual cruise which sails from Philadelphia en route to Guatemala. From New Orleans the same line does a Guatemala-Honduras 8-day cruise. Twice weekly the United Fruit boats sail out of New York bound for romantic Southern waters.

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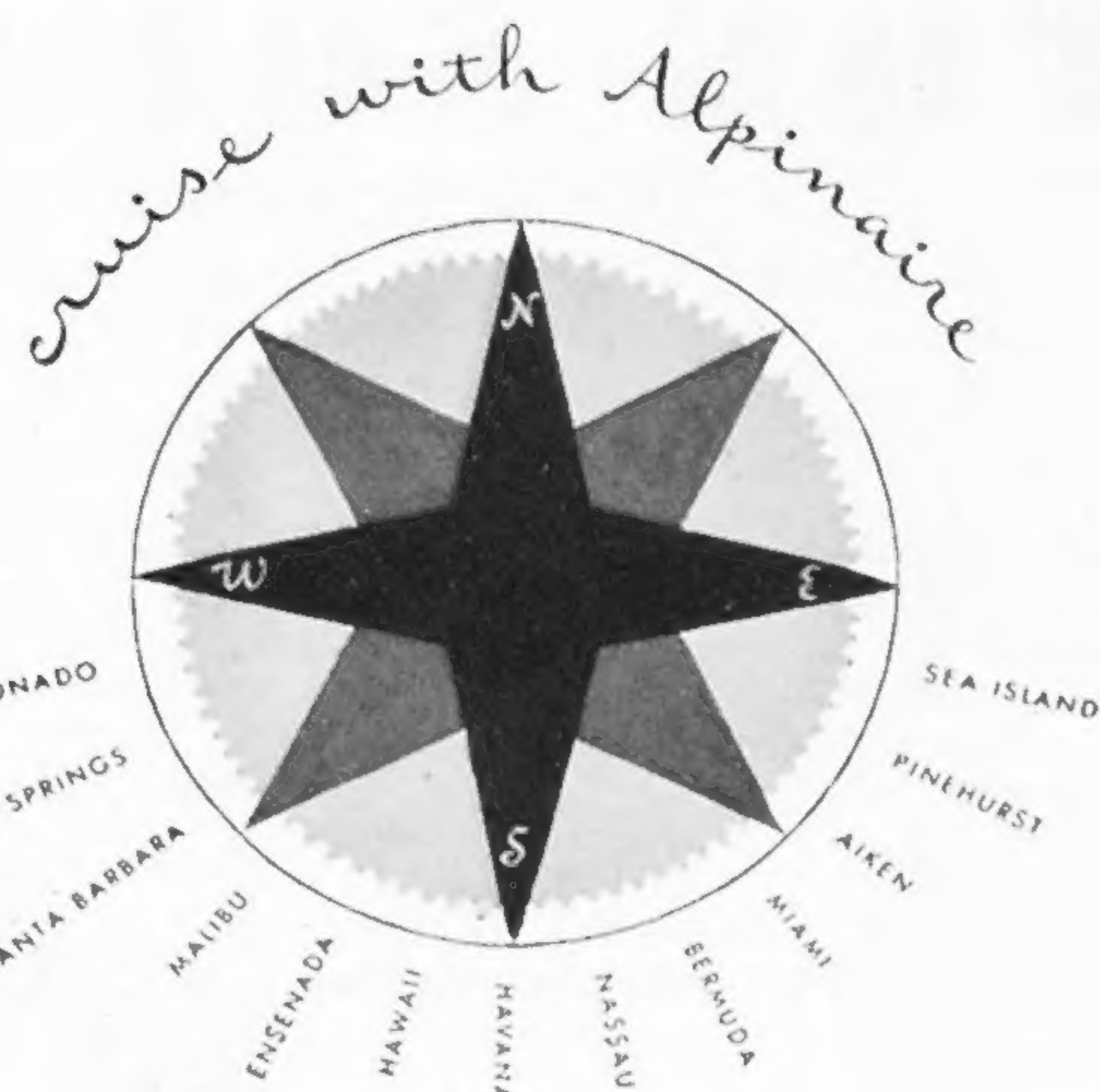
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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Continued from page 5

... anaemia ... same pale, watery eyes. ... Every damn critic alive should be tarred and feathered and hung up in the sun by ..."

I: "Come, come now, Ernie ... Don't be so hasty ... I was only going to tell you *The Denunciation* is another miracle of that sure, sharp-thrilling, clean-cutting truth we thought could never happen again, after *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*."

Hem: "Go away. You make it too warm here."

I: "Ha, ha." (I remember Dale Carnegie) "Catching any fish lately, Hem?"

Hem: "No."

I: "Thasso. Well, what have you been doing?"

Hem: "Spain."

I: "Oh, Spain."

Hem: "Yeh, Spain ... a five letter word ..." (Suddenly his eyes light up). "You know how it is when you remember the cold pain-sweat that time the bayonet wedged in your shoulder socket and you tell the waiter for crisake to hurry up with the scotch, but you feel quiet—sick inside you then because nothing is the same there any more ... and the loose-breasted wench, going by smiling, you think to yourself: 'Hell, why not?' But it doesn't seem very funny now ..."

I said, yes indeed I knew how it was. I didn't, but I didn't dare to say I didn't.

An hour or so later, I turned to Pietro di Donato, who was staring firmly at a spot above my head, with a look in his eye.

"Well," I said, "where the hell have you been all these months? Under a bushel?"

"The world," he said, "it is whirling inside me and when I stop to watch it move it has gone by but it goes faster ... faster ... faster ... screaming, tearing, motion ... and Job crushing my body till my eyeballs burst like bubbles and the iron boring, searing, stinging a path through my soul ..."

"Gad, man," I said, "I'd throw up a job like that. Surely you could get something ..."

When we arrived at 919 North Michigan Ave. there were Gatti, Ficke, Komroff and George Jean Nathan, as usual. All a little glum, also as usual. Nathan had his chin all tied up ... they told us he was recovering from the effects of a smile. A couple of guys by the name of Smith were there, too ... neither of whom, curiously enough, was the other. It seems that one was the Carleton Smith who is Carleton Smith, and the other was the Carleton Smith who isn't Carleton Smith but Carleton Smith. (Neither one, of course, was Carleton Smith, who wasn't there.) Hemingway and I had a drink on that ... and that's all I'm going to write in this strain, because it's too damned strenuous for what I get out of it.

Back to good pedestrian prose, even if you've paid in advance for those crack-brained articles of Gatti's, you'd better burn them than print them. Personally, I'd rather read an ad. Ads have some grain of truth in them. And the style! ... even the pulps are a notch above "instinctive recoils" and "dull thuds," to name only a few. Mr. Gatti, I'm sick of you trying to gull me with the wildest facts imaginable, and I'm warning you here and now, that the hot minute you come out with "A pistol shot shattered the silence," one will.

Manuel Komroff will never make a writer either, poor boy ... he doesn't know any of the tricks. He can't pop his skin open with verve ... he doesn't go about matching chests with Hemingway, hair for hair ... he can't swear worth a damn ... there's not a scent of whimsy in him ... he lacks completely that self-conscious, all-important, absorption with the trivial and

incomplete ... and he never, never, achieves one of those sentences so clever that the beads of sweat stand right out on them. Everything in God's world he's got is a talent for telling good stories (formerly known as good stories), with power as quiet as the long shadows of window-sashes in the moonlight, as graceful as deer vaulting a pole fence, as effortless as breathing. God knows how he ever broke into the magazine field with a handicap like that—but, for my part, I'd like to toast him with one single, perfect, adjective (if I had one) and then throw it over my shoulder, like a champagne glass. I'd like to do at least that much for a man who refuses to play pipe-organ prose on a piccolo style, vice versa, or sashay through tragedy like Luella Gear.

I suppose right here is as good a place as any to say a few words about Esquire's several "cycles." First, you remember, there was *Do Animals Think?* Then there was *Animals Do Think*. And next, I understand, there is to be *Animals Think Do* by Gertrude Stein. (Including mention, perhaps, of that time she went to the lawn party in her bare feet, and was heard muttering her most famous line "Pigeons on the grass, alas.") ... Then the needle got stuck, for three months, on rattle snakes ... and, later, on the free-lance, primer psychologies of Lawrence Gould et. al.—such delightfully naïve little gems of quasi-scientific boy-meets-girl that they made Dorothy Dix sound like a Viennese Clinic. ... Every so often your more serious writers have a go at Philosophy, too. They are worse than Durant. Well maybe not quite that bad, you'd know I couldn't mean that bad ... but someone should tell them that cosmic formulae are too complex, much too complex, for them; and that you can't make a neat little story out of a theory of Being, any more than you could make a ballet out of the Differential Calculus. ... Worst of all, however, are the periodical statistics on matters aphrodisiac. They are no more interesting than statistics on anything else ... and God knows nothing is less interesting than statistics on anything whatever. Cold-blooded "curve fitting" according to glands, "frequency graphs" on the Facts of Life, and now this "coefficient of skewness" in the correlation between love and pigmentation ... well, none of it is worth a damn, practically, to a guy who's out for business, and as droll, playful reading, it couldn't fall any flatter if it was written by Louis Paul.

But perhaps I should keep a civil tongue in my head ... I know how my own ideas have a bad habit, when I investigate them, of going pooff. And these guys know at least the knack of getting into Esquire ... and, quite often, the fiction guys, straight through to O'Brien's "Best Stories of the Year" ... which is more than I can boast. I remove every trace of plot and significance from my stories, like that old repeater, Hunyady, does ... I borrow a few c.c.'s of acetic acid from Nathan, for flavor ... a slug of paraldehyde from Pemberton ... a trick ending from Hartswick ... oaths from Hemingway and breasts from Petty ... and into it all I infuse that sine qua non of modern fiction, the breathless confidence of a chanteuse intime. But still they come back. I think it must be because editors know a poor story from a good one, even if they don't know a good story from a poor one—if you see what I mean. (If you don't, that makes two of us.) Or, more likely, because I aim my stories headlong, stubbornly refusing to shift my sights to Right or Left. In that connection, maybe I'm old-fashioned, but it seems to me that art is still Art, whatever that is, and Spain is something different again.

ERNEST REDMOND BUCKLER
Bridgetown, Nova Scotia

NOT FOR US—SORRY

Although it seems to be an up-and-coming thing, this comparatively new-fangled editorial practice of wrapping an "unavailable" manuscript about a hand-written rejection slip before returning it has done much toward making life even more burdensome for the literary tyro, and I say to hell with it.

In rebuttal, some editor may say to ditto with the literary tyro.

Perhaps we're both right.

At any rate, and without the customary apologies for the perpendicular pronoun, I wish to state that the whole business has unnerved me, completely; so surly and anti-social have I become that the postman, apparently rating personal safety above duty, refuses to come near the house. He leaves the mail stuffed into a crack in our concrete hitching block, which is indeed a sad commentary upon life and the postal service. It is also a sad commentary upon the condition of our concrete hitching block.

Back in the days of the icily polite printed note of condolence, 'way before the idea of scribbling pseudo-personal regrets came zoo-oo-ooming through magazine offices like lightning through a spinster's umbrella-handle, a few penciled lines from an editor meant something—at least, it wasn't difficult to imagine they did. (Frankly, though, I must admit having known one editor who at an early age had formed the habit of dispensing intimate jottings with every piece of mail that came to his desk before 11:15 a. m. on alternate Wednesdays. He was completely run over by a steam roller, here some six months ago. The D. A. never did prove that the rather blunt instrument was wielded by a frustrated would-be literate.)

And even without scrawled sweet nothings to cheer him On To Victory, the undiscovered genius could always square a rejection slip rap with his ego by lapsing into a pep-monologue to the net effect that the dirty so-and-suches hadn't read his stuff.

But not any more, not any more.

Nowadays, they come back at a guy with such disgustingly frank notations as: "Trite plot, poor character delineation, uneven pacing," or "No especial significance. Not for us—sorry," or "Possible subject, but ruined by too eager use of wisecrack similes and flip locations," or "Hackneyed theme, verse too mechanical," or "Fair in spots, but main character unconvincing. Not quite ours," or "Possibilities, but not our tone. Let's see more." There are several other variations of the no-go motif, but pride will not permit me to list them.

The worst of it is, you know darned well they have your number.

It's downright disillusioning, this comparatively new-fangled editorial practice.

San Diego, Calif. BARNEY BARNETT

TRUE CONFESSION

I'll just bet my last Executive Pay Check that Mr. Anonymous who wrote *Big Woman-Executive* in your November issue is none other than the Home-Man Tragedian, his Lordship the "Misunderstood" husband. (Hold that giggle, sister, it's too sissy.) Did I say Home-Man? Yeah boy! You know the kind—home at three o'clock in the morning. Misunderstood? I'm about to burst out in a guttural guffaw. Might I be excused if I deviate a bit from the well worn phrase by stating "He wants his Mama and his Mamas too." Even a Big-Woman-Ex-

ecutive can easily understand that.

Might I suggest that husbands have their Executive Wife's secretaries make carbon copies of this article with the idea in mind that they can hand them out to their Clinging-Vine-Passing-Fancy gals. You see it would really save unpleasant explanations of, "Yes, I'm married, but—" and allow more time for "clinging." But there I go being practical again.

By the way, turn a few of us (meaning B-W-Es) loose with another shirt and pair of pants for a change and watch us go in for a bit of "fancy passing." Naturally we wouldn't be effeminate enough to do any dainty clinging but I'll wager we'd do some pow'ful hanging on. How the heck do you suppose we dragged Mr. Anonymous and his compatriots to the altar in the first place.

Yours truly,

Big Woman-Executive, Wife & Mother.
In short—A Non-sense-of-Humorist.

FILE UNDER

"AIN'T IT THE TRUTH"

It amuses me the "squawks" you get from various races, both foreign and native born of many nations, when they read an article in your magazine, or any other for that matter, in which they imagine their country, people, race or color is being maligned or their intelligence being made light of. Soon only white Americans can be villains, maybe even have to give those that play the villain roles a number, so the Jones, Smiths, Murfines, etc., or people bearing whatever family name the villain is given, won't imagine you casting light upon their family and write in protesting you are slandering their good name and race and cancelling their subscriptions, even Jesse Stuart's hillbillies down in Kentucky may get incensed, for some of them "kin read writin' too," and come up and shoot the "winders" out of your place. Get so can't write a book, or produce a play, or make a movie without a sizable bunch people imagining they are being prejudiced against.

Respectfully yours,

Cincinnati, Ohio

J. A. DOYLE

TAKING SWING SERIOUSLY

On the subject of jazz music (or "swing," as it is sometimes called), Esquire has taken a stand which ill befits the tenor of such an informative publication. I refer to the vacuous, although well-written, article appearing in the June 1938 issue—*Will Swing Be Outlawed?*

Of course jazz can never be "outlawed" as long as democratic institutions, peculiar to America, persist. The privately owned radio and its concomitant, commercialism, enable the American masses to get what they want in the way of music. Because of financial and cultural considerations, the so-called "classical" music is inappropriate to cultivation by the commoner; consequently he demands jazz music. In a democracy, the job of catering to the commoner is a most lucrative endeavor, and, as a result, talent has been diverted from the channels of classical music into those of jazz music.

For the past ten years I have been following jazz music, both as a profession and a hobby, and I believe the time is ripe to dissipate certain pre-conceptions which stigmatize jazz and to acquaint the public with its more subtle aspects and to point the way toward a serious and intelligent cultivation of the art.

Sincerely yours,

GORDON GULLICKSON

Washington, D. C.

Continued on page 12



ONCE AGAIN...IT'S TIME
TO MAKE A BOWL OF

Merry Christmas!

From what our friends tell us this time-honored Four Roses Egg-Nog recipe has practically become a Christmas tradition. So here it is again. Just get some Four Roses Whiskey at your nearest package store, and follow these directions:

Beat separately the yolks and whites of 6 fresh eggs. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar to yolks while beating, and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of sugar to whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir in 1 pint of rich cream and 1 pint of milk. Add 1 pint of Four Roses and 1 ounce of Jamaica Rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold with grated nutmeg on each cup. (This recipe makes 5 pints of Egg-Nog.)

Be sure you use Four Roses! For it is *the* whiskey for a truly magnificent Bowl of Merry Christmas! Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore

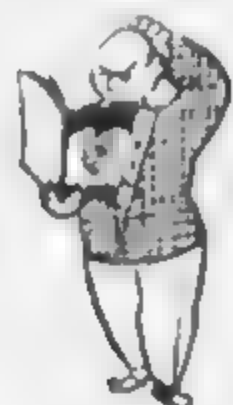


A blend of straight whiskies—100% straight whiskies—90 proof

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

WE DON'T GET IT EITHER

I have carefully examined my namesake's article *Who Wants An Honest Lawyer?* With extreme patience have I deliberated its content to determine if it laudatory or denunciatory? I have decided it to be laudatory yet



stated in a denunciatory manner, in the sense that an innuendo of wickedness is disseminated by the tone in which the praise is given. It is very similar to a slurring insinuation

that a man is good. The statement is beneficial but the manner of statement leads the reader to believe it otherwise. The author with his own perverted viewpoint relates his stories, the moral of which is that honesty is *not* the best policy.

This reversal of the adage is seemingly held in great esteem by our friend, "wrong way" Rosenberg, and instead of the usual heaping of calumny and obloquy upon the law for its dishonesty now tenders his own exhortation for its honesty. Believe me, I am bewildered.

Very truly yours,
Union City, N. J. H. J. ROSENBERG

GREEN EYES NO MORE

The pleasure that has come to me through the reading of your October issue has been keenly felt. Now for the reason that I found so much pleasure in this month's issue; it was all due to the article by Lawrence Gould—*How "Normal" Is Jealousy?*

For five dreary years, I have been looking for a man with the ability to shoot the bull like Gould. Bull it may be called, but I'll be damned if it isn't the best line I ever read.

I have tried everything to keep from being jealous; namely, drinking, dancing, and dating women who would make Sally Rand ashamed to show her legs, but all of these failed to keep me from being jealous. No more sleepless nights to be spent worrying over a woman for Gould has given a cure for all phases of jealousy. Every married man must read this article, and every single man should; other words men, it is what every man should know something about.

Very truly yours,
Jefferson City, Tenn. BILL SOUTHERN

TO THE ANONYMOUS AUTHOR OF "BIG WOMAN-EXECUTIVE"

I don't pretend to be a writer therefore I shall use my own terms in answering this person. He asked for it so here goes.

Being a woman I feel I have a right to criticize my sex.

In your article you voice resentment over your wife being so superior. Why did you allow her to retain her position in the first place. That is what is wrong these days, you men think it tops to allow the wives to work, then, when they get out of hand and show you they are real business women you don't like it.

The sooner you men realize that the female sex are making parasites out of you, then you perhaps will wake up.

I, for one, can't see a woman lording it over men, they are two distinct personalities. Let the man do the earning and the woman make the most out of life. I don't believe they should spend more than the man earns. Be real companions to one another.

In this day and age there are plenty of ways in which a woman can make herself useful besides putting on the pants and attempting to be a bigger man than her husband in business.

If you men keep on the women will be running everything and you will be the ones sitting in arm chairs bemoan-

ing the fact your liberties have been taken from you.

Get some pep behind you, stand up and fight for your homes, also business world. If you do, you will soon discover the women aren't so smart as they think. I have worked under both and would rather work for the most severe executive than these female bosses, they don't know where to head in.

Yours for the asking,
DORIS LILLIAN JONES
Syracuse, N. Y.

LUCKY THE PRESIDENT CAN TAKE A JOKE

On page 48 of the November issue of *ESQUIRE* your cartoon "Mama, Wilfred wrote a bad word."

This is a contemptible insult directed at the President of The United States.

As an American citizen and not a new dealer, I ask you to cancel immediately my subscription to *ESQUIRE*. In my opinion, this cartoon is just another evidence of too much liberty of the press in this country.

New York, N. Y. JAMES L. HAND

NATHAN-BAITER

It is evident from your last note to me that you have been taking insulin shocks and that they are proving successful, for at last you have overcome your mental aberration sufficiently to promise to print my last letter to you. (I'm still smouldering about your failure to print my piece on Rascoe.) Eventually you may recover enough to accept my articles, but that is in the future and I doubt if even God would venture to predict that just now.

Let's get back to Georgie Nathan, the subject of my abortive piece which will probably appear in an issue preceding this. I won't write that excellent beginning over again—if any reader wants it let him send me ten cents in coin to pay for handling charges and a self-addressed envelope. So then—about Nathan:

He starts his blurb in the October *Esquire* about how dull is the critic who continues popping his gun out of (play) hunting season and takes more than half a page to prove it with his own product. After that he becomes so unintentionally amusing one forgets the dullness in the derisive delight. Especially is Georgie amusing in his defense of the theatre versus the movies, contending that the movies of a few years ago are ridiculous in the eyes of today and hastening to extol the immortality of Shakespeare, Ibsen and Shaw. But behind my amusement is a certain amazement at the brazenness (or brass) with which he manages to hide or ignore a knowledge which I'm sure he's old enough to possess....

Don't you know, Georgie, that the talking picture is an entirely different form of entertainment from the silent movie? Don't you know that because the silents lacked sound the troupers of those days were forced to an exaggerated mimicry to try and get themselves across to a public newly slapped in the face by the infant industry offering a medium to which they were total strangers; a public only a small per cent of which had ever previously seen any kind of a show—even if only a Tom or minstrel troupe; a public ignorant of the A B C of entertainment, so that acting and subtitles had to be governed to the level of kindergarten perceptions.

And don't you know, Georgie, as you slap Shakespeare's eternity in our puss, don't you know that when you go to the theatre to see Shakespeare you are not seeing Willy's stuff at all? Don't you remember how when you went to school (you try so desperately to get away from form that you *must* have gone to school) they taught you that there was no scenery at all in Willy's day; that different scenes and objects were indicated by signs hung

on them? Ah, you rush forward to exclaim what about Mercury Theatre's *Julius Caesar*—What about *Our Town*?

The Mercury *Caesar*, God help us was not Shakespeare. Little Orson Welles played butcher boy to the script and dressed his men up in uniforms. There was scenery, Mr. Nathan. Scenery is what the eye sees on the stage and if you think that lighting effects are any less instrumental in stage illusion than actual pieces of painted canvas—well—look at the Mercury Theatre's *Julius Caesar*!!! And Georgie, 'member?—in Shakespeare's time they di'n have dames on the stage, the lady parts were portrayed by guys dressed to look like dames. Try it nowadays, outside of college musical shows and see where you'll get. (Yeah, I know about the Chinese theatre).

We are further assured by Georgie that we do not have to take the greatness of former matinee idols on faith, that we have the word of the critics of their times. So have we the word of the critics of the times of *Birth of a Nation*, *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligary*, and others—that in their time they were great! And if we are to believe these critics (some of them identical in their praise of both plays and early pictures) then it stands to reason that what was hammy on the screen was hammy on the stage and if by some miracle we could see a movie version of the stage performance of a Booth, a Siddons or a Hackett, we'd laugh ourselves silly—in the wrong places. It isn't the movies that make hams of genius, it's time and growth.

And if some of the old pictures drew howls of derision from the modern customers, what about some of the old plays which used to stand them in the aisles? What about *After Dark*, revived for derision and its predecessors and contemporaries?

Poor Georgie, brought up on a diet of bites out of the hand (the theatre) which feeds him and mouthing consterned phrases because he cannot get his teeth into the other hand (the talkies). What ever will become of him when one hand lets the other know what each is doing?

Most kindly,
New York, N. Y. GEORGE ASNESS

HIAWATHA, HERE YOU ARE

I just had time to order a straight coke this morning at one of our best drug stores when a clerk, Billy Hixson, entirely disregarding the order, thumped the marble counter and said that if he didn't like *ESQUIRE* so well he'd stop his subscription—if he had a subscription, which he hasn't, because he naturally has access to the store's magazine rack.

"Write 'em we're pretty burned up about it!" he yelled. "All right, but how about my coke?" I asked. "And write who what?" "Page hunnerd an' sixty-five!" yelled Billy, and shoved *ESQUIRE* at me.

So, in order to insure getting a coke on time next time I want it I'm quoting from page 165, last issue *ESQUIRE*, under *Artistic Integrity*. It goes like this:

BARTENDER: And what a fadeout! The captain and the dog TOGETHER, silhouetted on top of the submarine, sailing off into the sunset, sailing home, HOME! Boy, will the yokelry in Hiawatha, Kansas, go for this.

Naturally, Billy doesn't like that "yokelry" crack, so I'm complaining. Being a newspaperman, I think advertising is good any time, and if you want to mention Hiawatha, Kansas, I think we should be grateful. And the fact I'm writing at all perhaps proves the yokelry charge. But I don't want my coke service interrupted any more.

Sincerely,
Hiawatha, Kans. VIRG HILL

FROM NUTS TO BODY-JOBS

After reading the November issue of *ESQUIRE* I am still trying to decide if the story, *It's Cheaper to Be*, is worse than *Man Who Walked Through Glass*, or vice versa.

In my estimation neither one of the stories had any rhyme or reason. The part that burns me up more than anything is the fact that they held my interest from beginning to end and then I kicked myself for wasting time on such trash.

If you do happen to get your hands on Pietro Di Donato or Nelson S. Bond please have them put in the asylum so crudely described by Pietro, himself.

I believe both of them would feel quite at home in such an institution.

Sincerely,
Rutherford, N. J. R. D. MAC

P.S.—As a salesman I have called on quite a few asylums and have yet to find one like Pietro's nightmare.

P.P.S.—My congratulations to both Petty and Sakhnoffsky for their marvelous work on bodies. They both bring out streamlining to the nth degree.

FLATTERER

My friends (it's old but it still gets a laugh) and I hope you are my friends. I am twenty-three years old and I am trying to find a place in this grand and glorious country of ours. You tell me I have no responsibility. You tell me I have no thought for the future. According to you this younger generation is a colossal flop; only good for drinking, dancing, parties, and necking. Why when you were a young man you worked twelve hours a day and then went home to study under a gas lamp four or five hours more. You kept your nose to the grindstone. And now you sit back and tell me to do the same.

Here is what I have to tell you: Stop blowing out steam. Let loose of that fat bank roll. You are the only one who can start the wheels of industry rolling so I can work twelve hours a day and study four or five hours after I get home. The hell with the government, they can't make jobs but you can.

And if you think I'm crazy, you probably do, just wait long enough and we'll be saying "Heil—," to some jackass.

Cicero, Ill. WILLIAM WOLLNEY, JR.

SIMPLE INDEED AND PRETTY TOO

Here is a simple solution of the "square" problem propounded by Mr. Abrahamson in the November *Sound & Fury* column.

Problem:
Given four points in a plane—to draw a square such that one point will lie in each side.

Solution:
Connect the four points to form a quadrilateral ABCD. On each side as a diameter draw a circle. Locate point E on circle CB, equidistant from C and B. Similarly locate points F, G, H.

Points E and G determine a diagonal of the required square. Points H and F determine the other diagonal. The points at which the diagonals intersect the outside arcs determine the corners of the square.

Any four points may thus be made to fall on the sides of a square but in some cases they will not fall between the corners of the square.

Very truly,
Columbus, Ind. RAYMOND S. BROWN

Continued in center of page 152

This year a new car joins the Ford-Lincoln family . . . fulfilling the desire of many motorists for a quality car priced between the Ford V-8 and the Lincoln-Zephyr V-12 and combining many virtues of each. The Mercury 8 brings to a new price field the Ford tradition of progressive engineering, mechanical excellence and outstanding value.

THE NEW

M E R C U R Y V 8 TYPE

A P R O D U C T O F T H E F O R D M O T O R C O M P A N Y



The Mercury 8 is a big, wide car with exceptional room for passengers and luggage. Clean, flowing body lines are Lincoln-Zephyr inspired. A new 95-horsepower V-type 8-cylinder engine provides an extremely favorable power-to-weight ratio and assures brilliant performance with V-type economy. Mercury brakes are hydraulic; body and chassis all-steel. Appointments and upholstery are luxurious. New developments in weight distribution, soundproofing and seat construction make the Mercury an extremely comfortable and quiet car. . . . Your Mercury dealer invites you to see and drive this new quality car—a new name, a new car, and a new value for 1939.

FEATURES OF THE NEW MERCURY 8

116-inch wheelbase; more than 16 feet over-all length • exceptional width and room for passengers • new 95-hp. V-type 8-cylinder engine • new hydraulic brakes • modern flowing lines •

luxurious appointments and upholstery • new soft seat construction • thorough scientific soundproofing • balanced weight distribution and center-poise design • large luggage compartments.

FORD-BUILT MEANS TOP VALUE



FORD MOTOR COMPANY, MAKERS OF FORD, MERCURY, LINCOLN-ZEPHYR AND LINCOLN MOTOR CARS

JANUARY

SOUTHERN CRUISE AND RESORT

Jarman

STYLE CHART | A-1

SOUTHERN CRUISE AND RESORT

Golf

GABARDINE, LINEN, FLANNEL

For golfers Jarman has four popular models in tan and white, all white, and brown, specially designed for comfort as well as appearance; moccasin style, with or without cleats, or with heavily ribbed solid rubber soles. Example: Illustration A.

Formal

UNFINISHED WORSTED, WHITE LINEN

In step with the trend toward jauntiness in the cut of evening clothes, the 1939 Jarman Shoes for evening wear are especially popular with men who want to be well dressed. Notice, for example, the new lines of the patent leather oxford in illustration B.

Spectator

LINEN, TROPICAL WORSTED, GABARDINE

Jarman offers 87 smart models in all-white, brown, tan, Bourbon red and white; also two-tone greys and tans; crepe rubber and leather soles. Your choice depends on the color and pattern of suiting fabrics. Example: Illustration C.

Shipboard

CHEVIOT, GABARDINE, SAXONY, TWEED

There are 51 specially designed Jarman slack and lounge shoes; slipper, sandal and high-styled sport shoes; brogues and semi-brogues; full line of color combinations and soles of crepe, rubber, and leather. Example: Illustration D.

A This sturdy, moccasin-type shoe breaks par on any course. Pliant, comfortable, good-looking; with or without cleats. Tan calf with white buck, it goes with other golf clothes as well as with grey flannel.



B Here's a sleek, black patent leather oxford for evening occasions. Specially designed by Jarman, it is the correct complement for either tails or Southern evening clothes. Backgrounded here with black unfinished worsted.



Which shoes to wear with what!

● If you are South or going there soon, this is the Shoe Style Chart you want. Created by "The Style Reporters"! Presented by Jarman!

Yet it only suggests the complete new Style Service instituted by Jarman Shoe Company and its dealers all over the country.

Today at your local Jarman dealer's you will find many models fashioned just as correctly for wear with the suitings in your *current* wardrobe. And the Chart L-12 to guide you unerringly in the vitally important selection of which shoes to wear with what.

For fifteen years Jarman has been winning the allegiance of millions of men with shoes outstanding in style, in comfort, in value. Now Jarman offers this added service—offers it exclusively.

See your nearest Jarman dealer today. Refer to your Classified Telephone Directory for his address or wire collect to JARMAN SHOE COMPANY, Nashville, Tenn. Division of General Shoe Corp.

FOR DEALERS: An interesting slide film presentation of the new Jarman business proposal. Write or wire



D Combining high style with cool comfort this brilliant new Jarman model features tan natural calf in a woven leather pattern. It is ideal for informal shipboard or lounge wear with tweeds, flannels, gabardines, etc. Shown here with gabardine.

MOST \$5.00 \$7.50
STYLES TO

Jarman

SHOES FOR MEN

SEE JARMAN STYLE CHART L-12 (WINTER IN TOWN) TO GET AN AUTHENTIC CHECK ON YOUR CURRENT SUIT-SHOE COMBINATIONS. YOUR JARMAN DEALER HAS IT



● For winter town and business see this Jarman gun-stock brown semi-brogue with straight tip.



C A tan and white Norwegian pattern, this is another Jarman style sensation. Smart lines plus crepe-soled comfort make it a *natural* for spectator and resort wear. Correct with linens, tropical worsteds, flannels, etc. Shown with warm blue tropical worsted.



PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

THE
Glass Hat
**WINE DINE
DANCE**
Something doing every minute.
Circular bar. Two smooth
orchestras.
**HOTEL
Belmont Plaza**
Lexington Avenue at 49th St., N. Y.
John H. Stember, Manager
National Hotel Management Co., Inc. • Ralph Hitz, Pres.

The **PENT HOUSE**
RESTAURANT
Superb food... fine wines... per-
fect service... distinctive music
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS
DINNER • SUPPER
30 Central Park So., Plaza 3-6910

**AT
THEIR
BEST**
Grand Central Terminal
Restaurant & Oyster Bar
Lower Level ← **OCEAN
FRESH
DAILY**
OYSTERS

● **Heigh-Ho Santa!**
● **"Sly" EDDIE DAVIS!!**
● **is filling stockings**
● **with Satire & Song**
● **The World-famous**
● **LEON & EDDIE'S**
● Where the check leaves a smile, not a frown
● **33 West 52nd Street New York**

Raleigh Room
Favored by the smart set for
cocktail hour and after theatre
DANCING ENTERTAINMENT
The Warwick
65 WEST 54TH STREET, NEW YORK

CAFE LOUIS XIV
15 WEST 49TH STREET IN ROCKFELLER CENTER
Presenting Nightly Except Sundays
WILLIAM ADLER
The Popular Continental Artiste and His Violin
DINNER from \$2.00
Entree determines the cost of dinner. Also a la carte

**THE SPOON IS THE ENEMY
OF THE HIGH-BALL - - -**
STIR WITH SELF-STIRRING
BILLY BAXTER
CLUB SODA
FREE RECIPE BOOK—RED RAVEN CO., CHESWICK, PA.

El Morocco goes its merry way assembling notables for the cameras that supply the picture papers. We hope the press agent that thought up the telltale zebra upholstery, as an inescapable trade-mark, got his just reward. Imitators have gnashed their teeth in vain, trying to duplicate the stunt, but without much success. In a statistical mood one evening, we figured that the silver fox in El Morocco, if laid end to end, would satisfy all the beagles from Peapack to Surrey. Speaking of statistics, Robert, who keeps the customers sartorially up to the mark, has the best memory in his set. Robert comes from Turkey and claims a Turk never forgets.



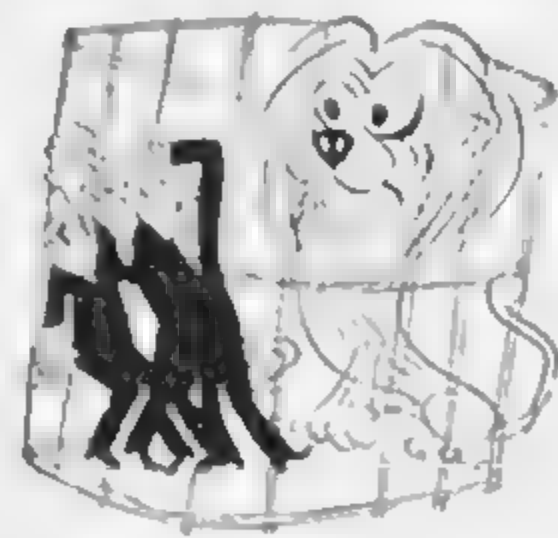
We came across another good mixer at the Hotel Lexington which seems to go in for exotic touches. This is called Pa-pi-a and is a carbonated beverage from the fruit of the same name, familiar to any one who has taken a southern cruise. We find it a delicious medium for a long gin drink and can attest that it has a decided pick-up. Its makers make all sorts of claims about vitamins but of that, deponent knoweth not.

If you are driving out Oyster Bay way be sure to stop at the Matinecock Inn on West Main Street. The place is not elaborate as to decor but the epidemic of smorgasbord has hit it, and the Inn furnishes a pleasant place to break your fast and journey with the likelihood of rubbing elbows with Long Island's horsey set. Ask the proprietor to show you his Swedish hammered metal.

The Ruban Bleu still leads the town for the small, sophisticated groups. For our money, or our cuff, there is no one like Elsie Houston. And the customers seem to share our passion for hearing her sing "Mon Ami" any number of times, we suppose we are not naive. The French importation this year is Morgane, something new in the way of a chanteuse.

The followers after authentic East Indian food are few but fastidious. Consequently there are no great or gorgous emporiums devoted to this fare, and the few in town are scarcely known. And that is a pity for a good curry dish is one of the world's delights. The Rajah has been in this town for many years. We once traveled to it when it was located near Columbia University. Now it is at 237 West 48th St., and we advise you to drop over at your earliest convenience. The prices are amazingly moderate, the menu extensive and the food superb. The proprietor, Rustom Wadia, is a Parsi, holds several college degrees and takes cooking seriously. Ask him for advice, if you are unfamiliar with the foods but don't miss the stuffed Bombay duck, the hotter chutney or the rose petal coffee.

As someone remarked, the proprietors brought over from the old Central Park Casino to the new joint, 151 East 57th Street, everything but the zoo and Robert Moses. Certainly most of the waiters and captains are around, as are most of the customers. We missed Mayor Walker but suppose all things must pass. Pancho and his orchestra furnish the music and the cafe is run along the old lines, as nearly as possible.



The advance information from Florida resorts on their entertainment has been mighty slim. Rudy Vallee will appear at Art Childers' very beautiful Royal Palm Club in downtown Miami right after the holidays. Harry Richman will follow him after spending most of the season at his own club in the Hotel Delmonico here in New York.

"Mother" Kelly's in Miami Beach will have the bar three deep any night. "Mother," a name given to the proprietor a long while back because of a very kindly and soft manner, has as his favorite subject his two little boys who tend bar. These two little boys look like the whole backfield of the Green Bay Packers but still retain the personality of "Mother."

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they are the blessed twins born
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carefree heart!"

...Anonymous



New bottle and label adopted Sept. 6, 1938

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*Who never dress without a holler,
Whose necks are free of tie or collar?*



*These are the gents with simple passions
Who never hoid about men's fashions!*



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But how and where to advertise
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17 EAST 45 ST. VANDERBILT 3-9011

No tour of the town would be complete without a regular stop at Jack White's Club 18. It is difficult to describe this zany sort of entertainment, but the regularity of the zealots who pack the tiny room indicates that the city has plenty of whacky folk. Built on the sketchiest formula, the hour's madness is mainly impromptu, depending as much on the entrances and exits of the customers as on book material. With the indefatigable White at one microphone, Pat Harrington at another, a third super-nut by the name of Frank Hyers at another, the malestrom of idiotic banter is, to borrow a Hollywood word, terrific. Put us down as one who howls from one end of the show to the other and yet would he hard put to defend our behavior. It's the only floor show we know that satirizes itself and makes you like it.



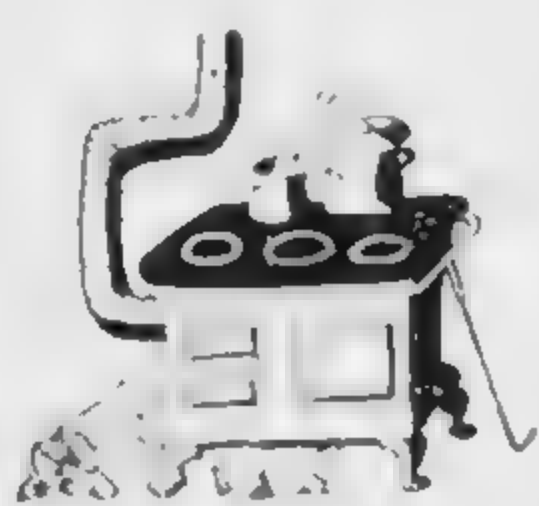
Colucci's Restaurant, 45 West 51st Street, has a fine heritage. Mr. Colucci's pop had the first pizzeria in town, but when they became as common as wars, Mr. Colucci, Junior, moved over to Radio City. He took most of his Times Square trade with him, actors knowing good food when they can get it. Colucci's is not just another Italian restaurant but one of those provincial places that make native dishes if you know what to ask for. Consult the boss if you are in doubt. The homemade pastries are something to get excited about.

One of the superior dinners of the month we enjoyed at the Beekman, 575 Park Avenue. Following a gigantic crab meat cocktail, there was a guinea hen cooked as it should be cooked. With the dinner we enjoyed a Chateau neuf de Pape and with the crepe suzette, a bottle of Dry Monopole. Jules Caramatti, who heads the kitchen, was imported from Paris for the post. We wish to state that he is an important addition to the town's department of good living.

The Beaux Arts Apartment Hotel, 310 East 44th Street, is not only a sort of modern store house for artists and literary folk but it also maintains a pleasant dining room and bar. We have tried luncheon there several times and find it good in the moderate field.

Jacques Bustanoby, of the royal line of restaurateurs of the golden age before the war, has opened up a modest place, out near Great Neck, just off Grand Central Parkway. Perhaps with an eye to the World's Fair, he has enlarged an old private house, installed a bar, and serves the sort of food and wine that put him in the cafe nobility at the turn of the century. The kitchen is slightly toward the Italian side and we advise consulting the maestro before ordering. We had a chicken maison that was excellent and a special dessert turned out by the proprietor himself. The wine list is excellent and carries one of the few California vintages we have found dependable, bottled by Ardin of New York.

Marie H. Schultz and Helen B. Smith, after ten years as smiling hostesses in one of those fudge-and-salad chain restaurants, concluded that they knew what was wrong with the system in American cities. Their theory was that man, setting his palate patterns near his mother's kitchen, always preferred food cooked as it was at home. This calls for the best food, cooked in small quantities and adorned with all those accessories and emoluments that the larger places ignore. Being the sort of fool who would go miles for an honest jam, conserve or pickle, we are a fall guy for the Alexandra, which happens to be



the name of the Schultz-Smith emporium. The Alexandra goes its merry way dishing out barrels of homemade doodads, served ad lib, fried chicken, homemade cakes and pies. To give it all a metropolitan touch, it adds a champagne cocktail with the dollar dinner. The place is at 8 East 49th.

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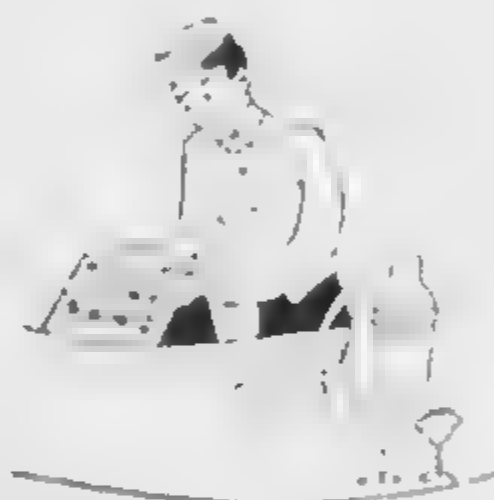
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Pittsburgh, Pa., 1—St. Louis, Mo., 1
Washington, D. C., 1

Some brilliant producer, we note, has engaged the services of Iris Adrian, back drop and sex appeal for the antics of Eddie Davis, at Leon and Eddie's. We have watched the contours and talents of Miss Adrian for some time, figuring that with Iris properly set on a stage, a thrifty producer might well dispense with a whole chorus. Eddie carries on, with the tireless Addie Bailey at the piano, with his herculean task of entertaining and greeting every visiting fireman. We wonder how he does it. Davis, as we never tire of repeating, is one of the geniuses of our time. Leon takes care of the kitchen, which is above the standard of such places.



Good news is that the Washington Tavern, opposite Clock Tower, Roslyn, remains open all year. It belongs in the class of superior taverns and is an oasis for the mid-islanders.

The bar at the George Washington Hotel, under the aegis of Al Long, is one of the places where you do not have to be nervous about the brand of liquor you have ordered. The bar has been so arranged that the customer can see all the operations. In fact, the bartenders enter pretty thoroughly into the occasion, as Al Long keeps a card index of his 'customers' favorite cocktails. As many of them have trick ones of their own, and not out of any book extant, the index system has become necessary.



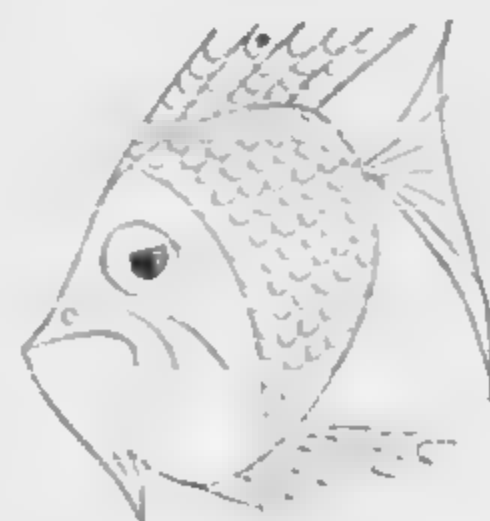
Speaking of labels, we were overjoyed the other evening at the Madison, when we called for a Myers's rum and soda, to have the waiter bring the bottle to the table. So many waiters are deaf or label-blind that you have to redouble your efforts in "naming your brand." The

Madison's "Sunday Bracer Breakfasts" are a brilliant addition to the winter season.

The former directors of La Conga seem to have disappeared and Bobby Martyn has taken over. The place is about as it was last year, being crowded nightly by those who like the rhumba. Music is by Ramon Ramos and Oscar de la Rosa.

Zimmerman's "Hungaria" fulfills the need of the mass of the population who like cymbalom music with their Tokay and nostalgic waltzes with their goulash. For years a landmark on Forty-eighth Street near Broadway, Zimmerman now moves over to an oft-tried spot in the basement at Broadway and Forty-sixth. The food is excellent in the lower-priced field, the native wine list excellent, and the entertainment (thanks to Hitler) some of the best that ever came out of the dual empire.

Many is the inquiry we receive to recommend a good place for fish food. Gage and Tollner's, 374 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, still carries on under the son of the late Bradford Dewey. Now on Manhattan Island we have found one we are glad to endorse: Chesapeake House, 56 East 41st Street. Under the aegis of Lady Ann, this is a delightful spot for the best in sea food, specializing in those oysters from which it derives its name. The chefs and most of the waiters are from the famous old Tappan's of Sheepshead Bay, which should be recommendation enough. And too, what is so rare in the case of sea food places, the restaurant is modern, clean and inviting.



If you have a nostalgic yen for the old fraternity smokers (with the girls asked in) rush down to the German-American Restaurant, 190 Third Ave., above Seventeenth St. (Don't worry about political tie-ups—the owner is a full-fledged Irishman). Here you may drink beer out of an 80, yes we mean 80, ounce glass, cheer your current hero, join in the community singing, make wise-cracks at the folks at the next table, and be as young as you wish. We haven't seen anything like it since the dear dead days of campus life at U of M. (University of Morons).

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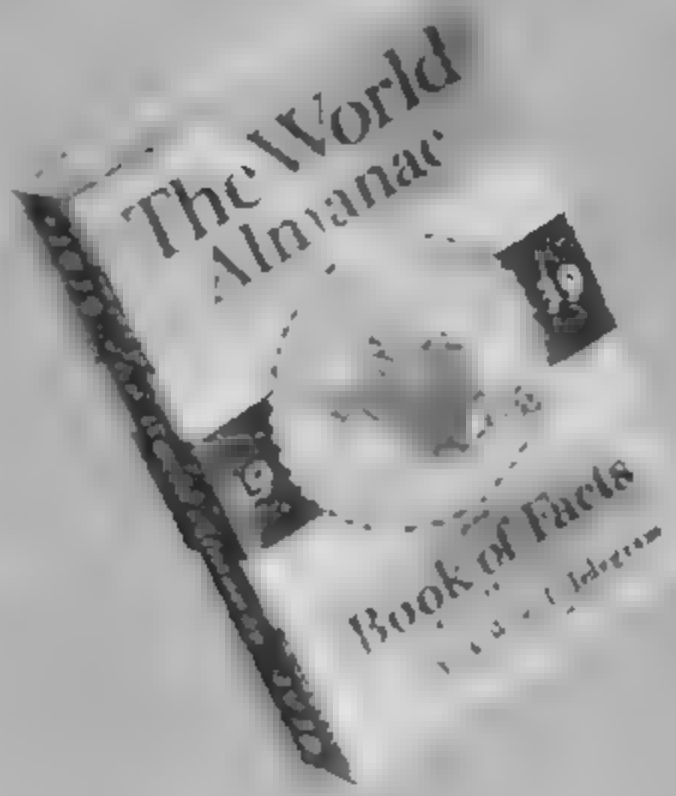
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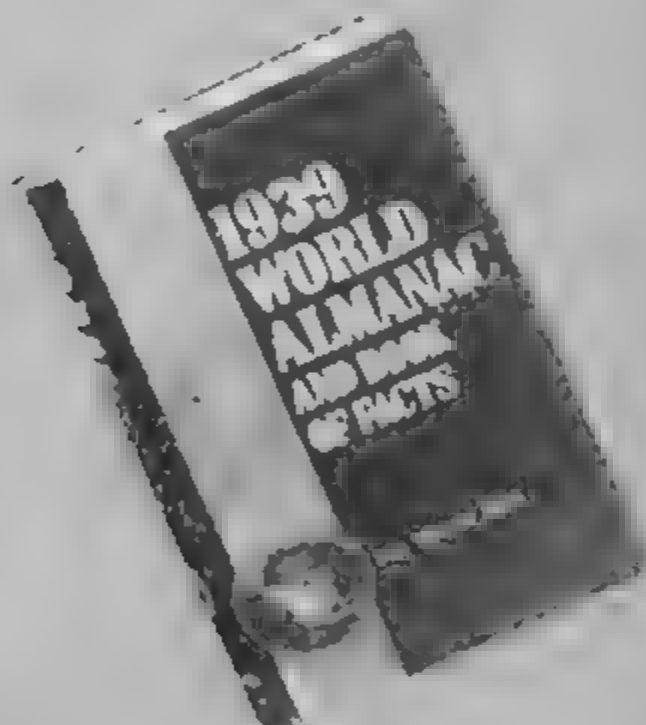
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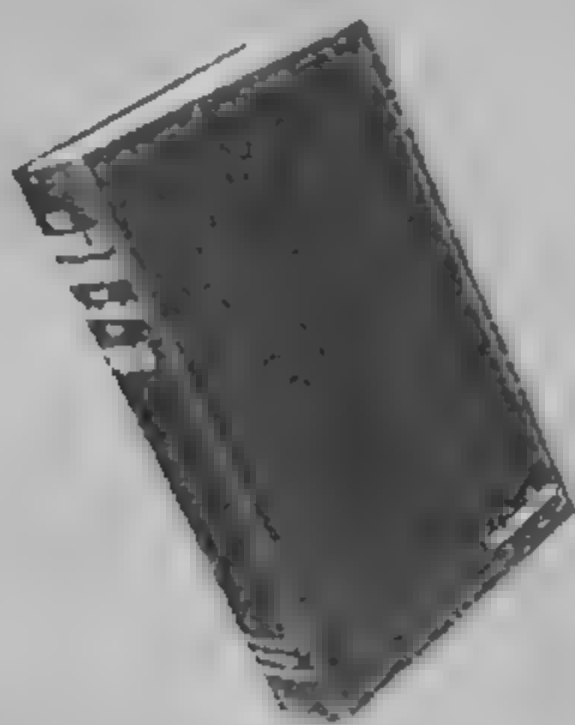


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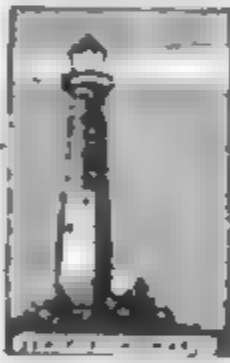
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1939's

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE



Paul W. Kearney

PAUL KEARNEY, who writes about dog shows this month, is a frequent contributor—most recently with *Animals Do Think*, and *Big League Snapshots*.

LOUIS ZARA, whose story this issue is *The Far Pastures*, page 67, is working on a new book to be called *This Land Is Ours*. It deals with the opening of the old Northwest Territory, circa 1755 to 1835.

PETER DE VRIES divides his time between serving on the staff of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* and running a candy business. He says: "I run a flock of those vending machines you put a nickel in and don't get any candy out of because the guy just before you stuck in a slug and jammed it up. Consider myself lucky in being able thus to divide my time and having a means of livelihood that takes up only half of it, leaving the other half to writing, writing being as precarious as it is. It's fortunate being able to get up every other morning and make a day's pay. The only thing better is not having to. But till that time comes I shall have to go on splitting my efforts between chocolate bars and the typewriter, and hope some day to be a best seller. Like *Oh Henry*." His contribution to this issue is *Lament at Thirty*, on page 38.



Peter De Vries

MCNEILL VEREEN BELL sings bass in the church choir. Aside from that he writes, mostly for the pulps and juveniles (he was once on the staff of *The American Boy*) hunts, plays golf and fishes. He regrets very much he's never done anything queer like most young writers—batting about on tramp steamers, herding goats in Andorra, or starving. He lives in Georgia, where he was born twenty-six years ago. He attended college at Davidson, North Carolina. He was an S. A. E., editor of the college comic, and, by his own admission, far from a model student.

MARK CARLSON began to write stories, poems and plays while he was still in primary school. He is fond of good music, tennis and lying on the beach in the sun; dislikes indoor games, sailing and swing music. He is married, and lives on Long Island with three children, a cocker spaniel, a cat and kittens in season.

DOUG WELCH confesses he is frequently accused of looking ministerial, and bitterly resents it. He was born at Boston, Massachusetts in 1906. He went to school in Boston and in Tacoma, Washington, graduating from the University of Washington with a B. A. degree in 1928. He has worked as a reporter on the *Tacoma News Tribune*, the *Cleveland Plaindealer*, the *Seattle Times* and *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*. He's married and has a daughter. He often appears in our pages—currently, with *Who Said a Thousand Years?* on page 86.

GEORGE PETTY is back from Nairobi, British East Africa, and writes about his hunting trip on page 87. He says he wasn't afraid of lions, rhino, or elephants. But the mosquitoes scared him silly.

M. SPRINGER & P. READ (*Sport Among the Vikings*, page 81) are the old authorities on skiing who gave us *The Rise of the Ski-Golo* and *Skiing in July*.

ROBERT J. LANDRY (*Sponsor Trouble*, page 54) is radio editor of *Variety*. He was in the February issue: *Rudy*, *Radio and Rapture*.

PAUL VINCENT CARROLL writes so vividly about himself that we're quoting almost verbatim:

"Born 1900, outskirts of Dundalk, County Louth, Ireland. Father a country schoolmaster who taught me until I was 14. At 14, I ceased to raise my skull cap to the local grocers and their wives, and the other illiterate leaders of rural 'society,' and escaped to Dublin in 1914 where I entered training as a teacher, learned to drink a bottle of Guinness without spluttering, and haunted the pit of the Abbey Theatre to which I owe everything dramatic that I have. I saw in this theatre the spiritual

rebirth of the Irish race, and in 1916, one day as I was leaning against Nelson's Pillar I saw the stern realization of these Abbey stage dreams, when Pearse seized the G. P. O. at the bayonet point, and a hail of lead and the fluttering of the tricolour announced the Irish Republic. I remained on in Dublin until 1920, through tense dramatic days, saw the lines of tanks daily crawling down O'Connell Street, saw sharp shooting and quick sudden deaths on the streets, experienced being held up on tram-cars and all of us called 'a shower of bloody Irish rebels,' and searched at the gun point, lived under 'curfew' and martial law, saw scores of Black and Tans in cars all roaring drunk rumbling down the Dublin streets, letting off their rifles in the air.

"In 1920 I returned to my home town. I found the family grocers, the publicans and the clergy richer than ever as a result of the war. There was no learning or culture of any kind in the town. No one had ever heard of the Abbey Theatre or of the Irish dramatic or literary revival. They fed the school kiddies on the bathos of the mid-Victorian mamas, and hid from them the works of the poets and writers who were putting Ireland on the international map. I began teaching in Glasgow in 1921 and am still here. I had two shillings and twopence when I landed; at the present moment I have two and tenpence. If ever anyone, including Mr. Nathan, asks you what is the difference between a playwright and an Irish playwright, *that's* the answer. Soon after landing in Scotland, I began writing plays for the Abbey Directors, who sent them back to me and belted me with invective. And believe me I needed it!

"The first ray of light broke in 1931 when Lennox Robinson said a play of mine called *The Watched Pot* had crude power and invited me to Dublin to see it in the little testing theatre attached to the Abbey. In 1932, I shared the Abbey Prize with Teresa Deevy, for *Things That Are Caesar's* which scored bravely enough in Dublin, London and at the Martin Beck Theatre, New York.

"In 1934 *Shadow and Substance* opened at the Abbey Theatre and was generously acclaimed by Directors and Critics as 'giving a new direction to the Irish Drama.'

"I came to write *Shadow and Substance* in this way:

"For years I had been studying the Augustan period of English literature, and have always been fascinated by its chief character—Dean Swift. I decided to resurrect Dean Swift, make him not only a Catholic, but a learned interpreter of Catholicism, and throw him into the modern mental turmoil in Ireland, which could be complicated by contact with the universal turmoil without. From him came



Paul Vincent Carroll

the character of the Canan. How I came upon Brigid is a secret which I will not sell to any damned publicity hound. The cringing schoolmaster I got from a snug in an Irish Country pub. The *rebel* schoolmaster and the Canan represent the conflicting forces that crush Brigid (the spirit of the nation) between them.

"And in case you think I'm a heretic and an infidel, I'm a good Catholic, even if I have little time for the army of little boyish Irish Curates who believe in the sham-rock and the harp and the glorified mud cabins we have crept from, out of the hell of the 18th and 19th centuries, and that your sentimental Irish-Americans come back to see! Forsooth!"

RALPH GULDAHL (*Headaches for Money*, page 63) is the hero of one of the most glorious comeback stories in sports. Back in 1933 he finished second in the National Open Golf Tournament—just one stroke behind Johnny Goodman. He then had two years of the toughest luck anybody ever had, and in 1936 he up and won the Western Open Championship in Davenport. He's been going to town ever since—won the Western Open Championship again in 1937 and '38 and the National Open Golf Championship both years.



Ralph Guldahl

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SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN Blended Whiskey "America's Finest"

This delicious whiskey is "America's Finest" mild whiskey. The craftsmanship of master blenders keeps the flavor perpetually uniform. An appropriate gift for men who prefer a delicate-tasting American whiskey. 72½% neutral spirits distilled from American grains. 90 Proof.

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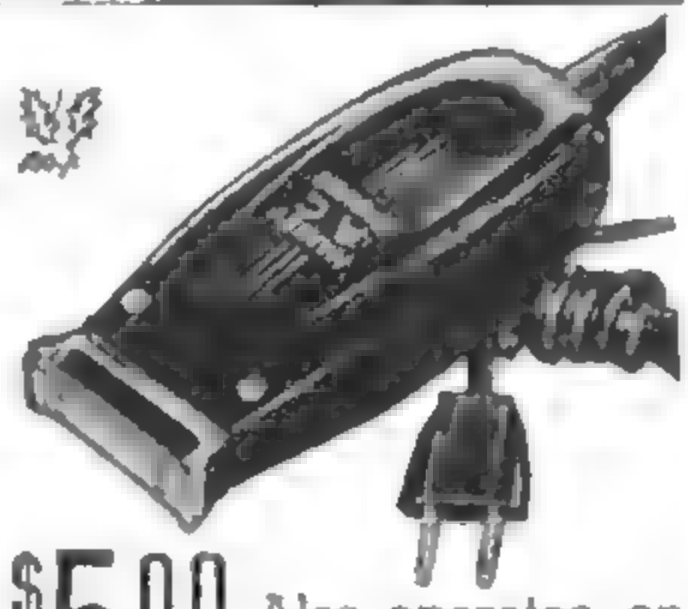
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STREAMLINED CLOTHES CLOSET. The average closet nowadays is none too spacious. Best way to keep law and order is to get a set of specially designed chrome gadgets on which to park your belongings ... but efficiently! The shoe rack, for instance, with a continuous toe-guard which clamps the shoes in (no falling canal boats even when the door swings back and forth with violence). And the swinging trouser hanger... 4 individual swinging clamps which keep a quartet of pants neatly in press; and a folding tie rack which pulls out from door or wall allowing you an unobstructed view of 36 ties.



UNDERWORLD LOWDOWN for a wife about to buy her old man a Christmas present. Here is a picture of her husband playing his matutinal game of "button, button, whereinhelldiditrollto." He has just ripped a couple more off his shorts and is he mad! And is she mad! Breakfast ready, coffee rapidly cooling and the little woman must, perforce, sit down and do a little repair work. So she makes up

her mind to buy him a new supply of underwear for Christmas. And while still in this mood, let her look at the kind that have neat, flat little circles by way of fastenings. These streamlined grippers are made of solid brass, socket, stud, etc., heavily nickel plated and the part on the outside usually finished attractively in enamel. The working parts of the closure are protected from the ravages of wringers, and the neat little fasteners rest serenely, without rusting, pulling out or flattening.

LADIES LIKE LATEX. Modern mammas and papas are familiar with that creamy liquid latex which is made up into protective sheets for baby cribs and "socially acceptable" baby panties. Until these made their appearance, the damp darlings had no regard for social amenities ... but as we always say: "there's no leakage with latex." This season, the creator has launched out with a number of new latex things for ladies. *Parlor*: there's an apron, sleek, gay colored and skillfully molded to flatter anatomical elevations, and handsome enough to wear right into the living room when agitating drinks, etc. *Bedroom*: into the boudoir goes the latex make-up cape to tie on over her frock when she's applying deception in the way of maquillage, or brushing her tresses. The cape is even equipped with a small, detachable pocket into which go odd hairpins, cleansing tissue or what have you. *Bath*: here we have the latex shower cap ... the protector perfect, in 8 delicious flavors, strawberry, raspberry, etc., peach and plum. So if you are looking for a gift she's never received before, here are little knickknacks handsomely done up in silver-colored gift boxes!



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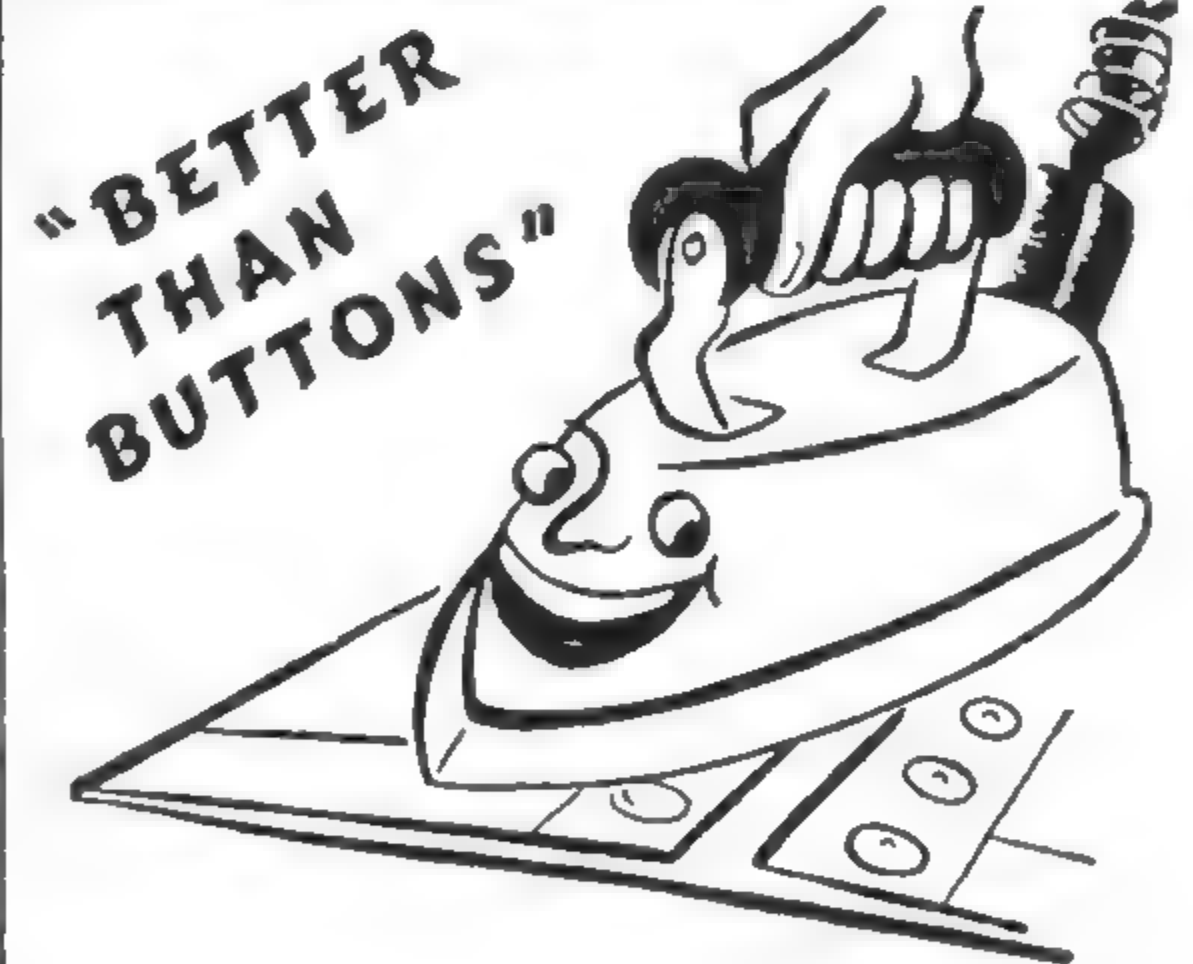
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as trains—planes—buses and automobiles bring them from Chicago and the West—
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down, down, down into Manhattan

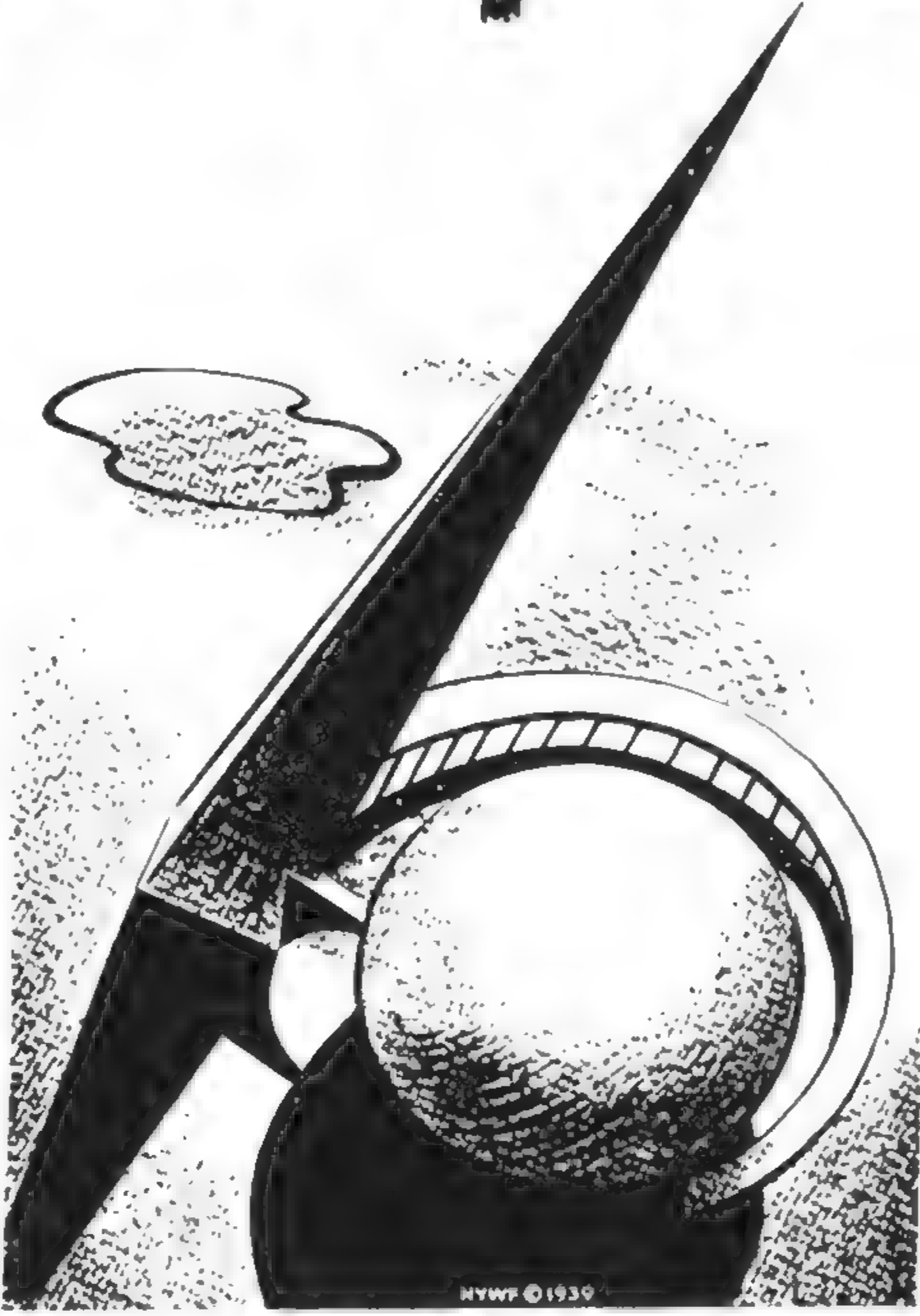
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	Daily Passengers	
	Normal	During Fair
B.M.T. System	1,564,660	1,877,600
Independent City Subway	1,000,000	1,400,000
Long Island Railroad	248,000	298,000
Buses and street cars	3,133,352	3,760,090
Total.....	5,946,012	7,325,600

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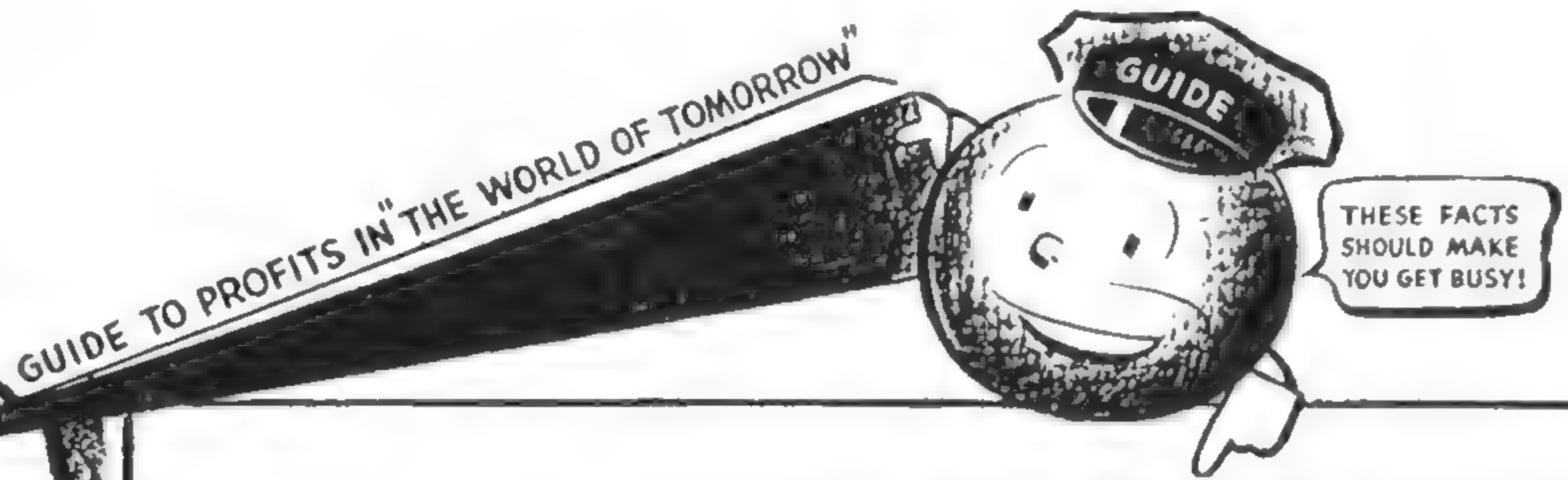
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	CHICAGO 1933	NEW YORK 1939
Population (1933 census).....	3,490,000	7,100,000
Duration of Fair (in days).....	170	185
Cost of Fair.....	\$33,000,000	\$150,000,000
Total Out-of-Town Visitors (Est.).....	5,200,000	15,000,000 (Est.)
Average stay of visitors (days—actual).....	4½	4½ (Est.)
Average spent per visitor (\$10 daily).....	\$45	\$45 (Est.)
Total spent by visitors (Est.).....	\$230,000,000	\$675,000,000
Average Daily Paid Admissions (Actual).....	151,000	250,000 (Est.)
Total Paid Attendance.....	21,366,630	60,000,000 (Est.)
Normal Monthly Transit Rider-Readers.....	139,700,000	260,000,000
Monthly Passengers during New York Fair (based on 20% Increase).....		312,000,000

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your Christmas List— *Decanters*"

You pay not a penny extra for these quart decanters — only the regular price of my famous whiskeys or gin!

GENTLEMEN, when you give my Gift Decanters at Christmas, you prove your friendship and proclaim your good taste! For the aristocratic swank of these distinguished decanters is excelled only by the flavor and character of the liquors I place therein!

First, there's my magnificent 100 Proof Straight Bourbon, as noble in taste and bouquet as any that bears the proud old Bourbon name. Then there's my full-bodied, fragrant 100 Proof Straight Rye, assuredly a princely whiskey. And for those who prefer it, I also offer in these handsome Gift Decanters my velvet-smooth and truly palatable Dry Gin.

Give whichever you choose, Sirs—but please keep this clearly in mind: You pay only the customary price of my whiskeys or my gin and *not one penny extra*. The decanter itself is my own personal contribution to the Yuletide cheer of you and all of your fortunate friends! Gentlemen, let my Gift Decanters make this the brightest and merriest Christmas of them all!



BOURBON—Mr. Boston's Decanters of Straight Bourbon Whiskey—Full Quart, 100 Proof. Every drop of this whiskey is three years old.
RYE—Mr. Boston's Decanters of Straight Rye Whiskey—Full Quart,

full 100 Proof. This excellent straight whiskey is also three years old.
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TO THE EXECUTIVE with one good gift to give— or one hundred!

Whether you have one special customer or an entire office staff to remember, a handful of honored colleagues or a host of favored friends—you'll thank Old Mr. Boston's Gift Decanters from the bottom of your heart! For these proud and sparkling gifts solve all your Yuletide problems in one swoop—they're presents to delight the eye and kindle the gratitude of any and every congenial fellow you know.

Every man on your list will smack his lips over my excellent straight whiskeys, my splendid Dry Gin! And it is fortunate that the thrifty price of these Gift Decanters permits your giving them *right on down the list*. So jot down the names of the lucky recipients below and order your Gift Decanters at your nearest package store *now*. The supply is rapidly running low!

MAKE OUT YOUR LIST NOW!

(With a few helpful hints from Old Mr. Boston, himself)

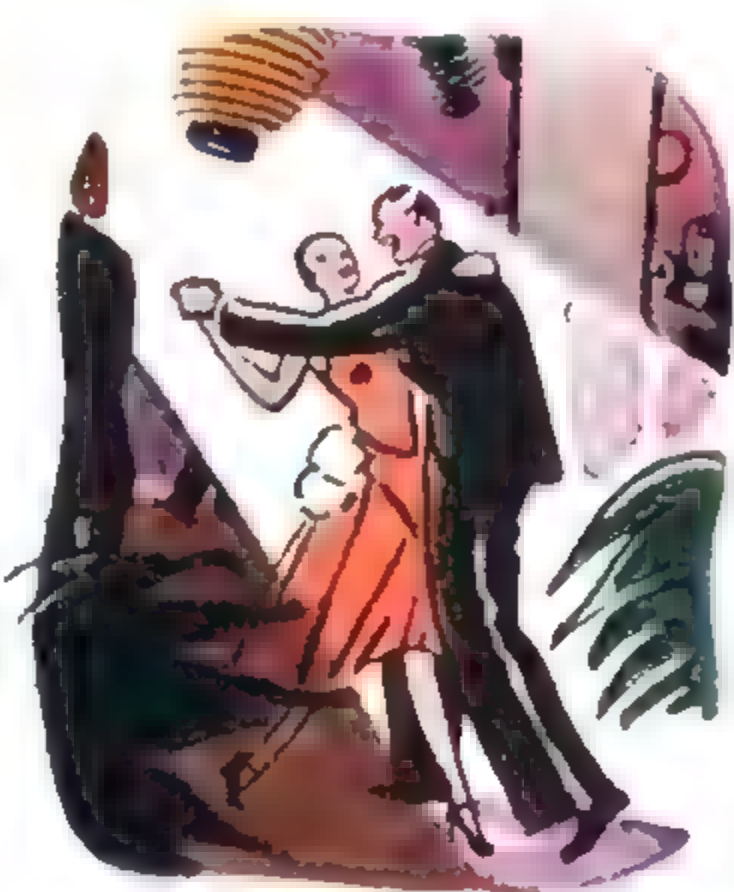
- | | |
|---|-------|
| ☐ Your broker who called the turn | |
| ☐ Your counsellor-at-law | |
| ☐ All those vice-presidents | |
| ☐ The chap you mate at chess | |
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| ☐ Your host aboard the Sea Nymph | |
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OLD
Mr. BOSTON
Gift Decanters
RYE • BOURBON • GIN

YOUR EVENING CLOTHES— —what vintage are they?

... Unfortunately a dinner jacket or a tailcoat doesn't improve—like wine—with age. So, if you're still appearing in the "tux" that knocked 'em dead at the Junior Prom 'way back when, don't be so proud of the way you execute a 1939 Rhumba in it the next time you get out on the floor. You really don't look as well in it as you used to!



For there have been plenty of changes in the styling of dinner jackets in the past few years. Just look at the chap on the left if you don't think so—he's wearing a Hart Schaffner & Marx double-breasted midnight blue dinner coat—and he's wearing it with a great deal of ease and smartness!



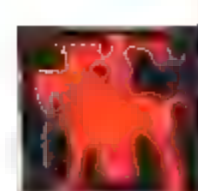
As for tailcoats . . . well, the coat you bought when you took the fatal step and finally decided to marry the girl is about as out of date now as Prohibition, bell-bottom trousers and "Show Me The Way To Go Home."

Gaze, for instance, at SURREY TAILS, the new 1939 tailcoat on the gentleman at the right. Everything about this coat is different. The tails are longer . . . the lapels are wider . . . the shoulders are broader . . . it hugs the hips more smartly . . . and, all in all, it can be worn with the same ease as a well-tailored business suit.

If you blush slightly when you start to think back as to just when you *did* buy your last evening clothes, simply stop in tomorrow and see the dealer in your town who features the Hart Schaffner & Marx label. He'll show you modern, correct clothes for evening wear that will bring you up to date quickly and inexpensively.



THE TRUMPETER
LABEL



*A Small Thing to
Look For . . . A Big
Thing to Find*

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

In Defense of the American Gigolo

A man is a sap to marry a modern woman when all she really wants is a little well-timed flattery

ANONYMOUS

• ARTICLE •

THE gigolo, contrary to general opinion, is neither a menace nor a fad. He is more likely the forerunner of a new type of American man, subtle and intelligent, who, instead of opposing the fair sex or laying himself on the slaughter block in usual American male fashion, is learning to deal with the American woman in a practical, efficient manner, on terms which she seems to understand and admire.

The gigolo is the product of a world rapidly becoming feminine in every particular except, perhaps, in respect to its women. Originally a luxury, the gigolo will soon be a necessity.

Men do not become gigolos through choice, but in self-defense.

For years American women led a comparatively idle and comfortable life, allowing men to provide the home, the luxuries, the finances, and to shoulder most of the important burdens, worries and problems, as well as to set the example in gallantry and in patronage.

Now, with American women fired with a great and insatiable zeal to lead and dominate, not only in love, but in politics, business and even sports, there seems to be no convincing reason why the men should not at last sit back, relax, and enjoy some of life's care-free pleasantries.

The American gigolo as a fixed type is, as yet, admittedly in an embryo state. Imported from Continental Europe, which long ago became inured to the complexities of the feminine mind and emotions, with the resultant establishment of a sound and sensible method of dealing with the restless sex, the gigolo as an institution is finally beginning to take successful hold in his transplantation to the American soil. He seems, in fact, ideally suited to the demands of the present-day female. He is, apparently, the new modern man to match the new modern woman. A sort of Oliver for a Roland, if you will.

The most accomplished gigolo, of course, is still the European. By virtue of old-world intensive breeding and the inherited instinct of generations of gigolo training, he has perfected the subtleties and intricacies of the gigolo art to a fine point, practicing it with a rare smoothness and finesse.

The American male, however, is quick to learn and absorb knowledge from other nations. This he can, and must, do under the new setup of the sexes. Or is he going to stand by, idly protesting, and see the more talented and



artful foreign male continue to obscure him on the American scene by virtue of superior methods? Hardly.

Admittedly, the American man will need considerable training before he can approach the Europeans. He should begin his studies and practice at once. The present group of Yankee gigolos are merely the pioneers, the trail blazers, paving the way and bearing the torch for this new legion of American men that is to follow.

As soon as an American man loves a girl he wants to marry her. This is not only a blunder but it is rather absurd. It is so typical of American men, always wanting to do the noble thing. Yet, by such an act he at once reduces himself from a positive to a negative force.



Very few modern women either like or desire marriage, especially after the ceremony has once been performed. Primarily, women wish attention and affection. Matrimony is something they accept when there is no alternative. Really, it is a waste of time, and hazardous, to marry them. It leaves one too open to a rival. Husbands, good or bad, always have rivals; lovers never.

It is here that your foreign man is more worldly and adroit. He seldom marries for love. If he marries at all—and he avoids it wherever he can—it is for some such practical and intelligent reason as: to gain wealth, position or honor, to free himself from debts, to secure a life partner who can take some of the labor and hardships off his shoulders in the running of his business or trade. He thinks of love and marriage, however, as two things quite apart. One is a joy and the other a burden—only to be assumed when it offers some prospects of material gain.

The American man makes the mistake of having ideals. He treats his women too reverently, too respectfully; he places them on too high a pinnacle. Not only is this apt to spoil women, it makes them uncomfortable. They cannot, and do not wish to, live up to such lofty standards of conduct and virtue.

Therefore the greater appeal of the gigolo. He minimizes or ignores their weaknesses and indiscretions. He encourages them to let loose emotionally, to have their fling. In other words he allows them to be themselves.

For this, the gigolo feels no responsibility. Women do not wish protectors, they seek accomplices.

Many persons, due to an erroneous impression, have adopted a somewhat scornful attitude toward the gigolo. This is only because they have not fairly considered the situation; they have not looked at both sides of the question.

The gigolo, after all, boasts many qualities and advantages not possessed by the American husband. He enjoys the camaraderie, the intimate confidences, the attractive physical charms of the fair sex, to a degree seldom bestowed upon the husband; yet he is not obligated to concern himself about their general welfare or ultimate happiness. He is relieved of the weight of all home and family ties. Like a bee he may flit from flower to flower, pausing wherever he finds the honey sweetest or most profitable.

In matters of money and work—those twin threats which so heavily harass and submerge the average American husband—the

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Don Quixote Rides Again

Sancho said only his Knight's wild and beautiful madness could attack the new Spain in which they awakened

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• SATIRE •

BLASTED out of their graves and returned to this turbulent mortal earth, Don Quixote, beloved Knight, and his full-blooded and irrepressible Squire Sancho Panza, once more tramp the ground of their native land.

"Are you certain, good Sancho, that this is really Spain?"

"Truly, Master, it is, even though not a blade of grass seems the same. But you hear the rumbling in the sky and I swear to you that this rolling thunder comes from a live demon and not from heaven."

"But something has happened here. The ground is pocked with great holes and devastation is strewn wide before us. Can this truly be our land?"

"Oh, Master, I should never have disturbed your peaceful slumber, nor roused you into life again, if it were only for a little thing."

"And my armor and lance and sword?"

"I have them here, Master. They have been resting in the Madrid Museum all this time. A most prized possession. These battered and ill-assorted fragments, tied together with cord and bits of wire, patched with squares of tin, rusty in the joints, all that, Master, but more prized than the engraved armor of the Black Knight, because with these trappings we once sallied forth and attacked whole cities, whole armies."

"And great giants also, with whirling arms."

"The windmills, Master, certainly you remember that you imagined they were giants and . . ."

"Sancho. I forbid you to speak of disasters which unhorsed your Knight. No Squire of breeding would rake up such things. I say they were overpowering giants and I still believe it."

"Master, there is no good arguing with me now. All our adventures have been written in a book and all are truly explained. And my Master is the most famous and honored and illustrious and beloved of all the Knights of Spain that ever lived, and even of the whole world of all time, or are living now or ever will live. And here is your armor. I took it from the Museum and it had a sign that was attached. See what is written: *Armor of Don Quixote de La Mancha, illustrious Knight-Errant of Spain who ever championed Right and Liberty and with his faithful Squire Sancho Panza freed the land of false chivalry and hollow conceit. Now the Symbol for the Soul of Spain.*"

"They might have given the hinges a drop of oil. But let the sign remain attached so that they may know us when we ride out again."

"Master, we are too renowned and no sign could add radiance to our presence. Or, as the saying goes: Honor is as honor does, or Smile and your teeth will show."

"Stop it. You string your proverbs together like garlic in ropes without reason or rhyme. That is one thing that I will not tolerate this time you understand, potato head. No proverbs, otherwise you may return the suit of armor to the Museum. Truly I am convinced that it was your proverbs that brought us down in our last sally."

"That is my whole stock in trade, Master. Take away my proverbs and I would resemble an educated man."

"Well, is that bad?"

"Not bad, Master, but then no one would know me as Sancho Panza and now after all these years, when the book of our adventures is known in every tongue, I believe: Little need to teach an old dog new tricks, and; What I was, I will again become."

"Stop, I say. Proverbs or no proverbs there is no danger of your being mistaken for anyone but that lazy good-for-nothing whom I have chosen to elevate to the rank of Squire and perhaps this time I may succeed and grant you that Earldom which I long have promised you."

"Yes, Master. The armor is ready to be strapped on but you forget that the King of Spain has fled some years ago and all Earldoms have vanished, with a single stroke, as though scratched by an author with a pen . . . A single stroke and all Dukes and Princes and Earls and even Counts and all the females of these species are abolished. In short, they are no more."

"You mean to say that the noble ladies are no longer part of our land? What then have we to fight for?"

"Oh, Master, new demons have sprung from the ground. You hear their rumble now. Their nostrils spit fire and scorch the trees and grass, and all these holes about us are part of the ruin and devastation. There are enemies today greater than any before and if you need a lady for whom all this shall be done then we will search the fields and the ruined places of the towns and find an orphan and raise her by a few well chosen words and a pat with your sword to the rank so necessary for your exploits."

"You speak sense, Sancho. Orphan or no orphan, squint-eyed or puff-lipped, I swear to you that the first girl we encounter will be the one to be raised to the nobility, according to our standards, and for her we will go into the jaws of hell."

"Good. Nothing could be more democratic. The chances are as in a lottery. First come first served. The queen always rises from the ranks."

"Your gems of wisdom, Sancho, could ruin whole cities. Come, my helmet, my gloves, my lance. And you have a horse ready?"

"Yes, Master. She is a bony nag not unlike

our faithful Rozinante. And I have reserved an ass for myself and in my saddle bags I have cheese, wine and a bag of money."

"Sancho! Where did that money come from?"

"Master, set aside any suspicions. These are the very coins you left me when you died. And all are intact for I knew that a day would come when once more we would take to the field, for knights have lived and knights have died but the soul and spirit of my renowned Master could not long remain buried."

"You speak well, Sancho, but the coins are of old vintage and may not today be acceptable."

"Master, that is one of the great mysteries of this new world. Old money is always good but new money is looked upon with suspicion. Today the mints do their own counterfeiting."

"If that is true, Sancho, then we will challenge them and vanquish them and make them honest even if we must slay them first. Come, help me mount. It is time to ride out again and find that great demon you speak about whose bowels I hear rumbling like thunder in the sky. Can it be just one monster that has made all these holes in the ground, covered the face of Spain with ugly blotches of a disease as great as a landscape? What does this monster call himself?"

"His name, Master, is War."

"Simply War? No title of nobility as de War or von War or Lord War? How plain, how awful! And could I, a knight, challenge someone without rank or title?"

"Listen, Master. This demon War is not a person. He is a state, a condition. It is like rain. Rain is not a person, it is a condition of weather."

"Well, all I will say is that I have fought whirling giants—don't interrupt me—and I have fought armies and freed slaves and vanquished knights and saved maidens from robbers but never once did I challenge and fight with a condition. I doubt if such a thing could be worthy of my attention."

"Come, Master, you will see for yourself."

With these words the renowned Knight, more famous than any knight who ever lived, and his roly-poly genial proverb tangler, Sancho Panza, rode out into the sad fields of Spain. Here was a new landscape in which the ruined cities resembled the jagged teeth of a dragon whose mouth yawned horizon wide and hell deep. Orchards charred with black arms reaching toward heaven, fields burned, proud houses leveled to the ground, and all an ash heap, all ruins and devastation. And across this strange landscape rode the lean mad Knight from La Mancha on his bony horse and behind him his most faithful and devoted squire, Sancho Panza.

"Somehow or other," spoke the Knight



AQUATINT BY ERIC LUNDGREN

after a long silence, "this does not look like Spain. You are sure we are in the right country?"

"Yes, Master. This is Spain."

"Well, if what you say is true then I would add that besides the strange sight there is also an evil smell that springs from those pockmarks on the face of our society. And that demon has certainly lashed his tail about something most terrifically. But no man, beast or evil spirit has ever frightened a true knight."

"Oh, Master. No knight has ever been more true, more consistent, more beloved, more filled with the honest spirit of Spain than the one who goes under the renowned name of Don Quixote."

"Now Sancho, if the lance is broken this time I hope you will know that wood is no match for the thousand metal arms of a demon."

"But Master, the tip of your lance is already broken. It was broken a long time ago."

The Knight looked up and observed that this was a fact. "Well, it matters not," he said. "A broken lance is just as good as any."

"And Master, I must warn you. The armor you wear is no protection against bullets. They could make a sieve of the whole outfit."

"Nonsense, you pudding head! The armor is for the soul and not for the body."

"Ah Master, you make me very happy for I see now that all these years of peace and quiet have not restored your sanity. This world we have arrived in could only be attacked by madness, the real madness, the

wild and beautiful madness of my master, Don Quixote. And so if your armor is for your soul then I pray to God that reason has still eluded us and I am hopeful of great victory."

"To these compliments, Sancho, no true knight would reply. But take my counsel—better go back to your proverbs rather than invent ideas of your own."

They rode on.

"You know, Master," called Sancho, "all these years my seat has itched for the saddle and my heart has longed that together we should sally forth again seeking adventure as we did before. And now somehow or other things seem different. There on yonder hill where once our windmills stood now stand factories with dirty yards and filled with pale and sickly looking people."

"That is called progress, Sancho."

"And there in this valley you rode out once to attack a herd of sheep which you imagined were an army of soldiers."

"I was only before my time. The sheep have turned to soldiers."

Soon they came to the smoldering ruins of a small town.

"Look, Master, look! Here are dead bodies of children and women who have only this morning been bombed. In our time we killed only men but now they kill children."

"We were old-fashioned, Sancho, and we did not really understand war. It is necessary to kill the children otherwise the army might be accused of not being modern. That is the worst thing one could say about an army."

"Poor little kids!" Sancho exclaimed.

"Sancho, I forbid you to be sentimental. That is a crime in this new world."

"I can't help it Master, if my heart swells up big. I am only an old-fashioned squire and to see children dead on the streets gives me feelings."

"Pluck out your offending heart and be tough. That is the modern tempo. Tough boys. Tough music, tough literature, tough philosophy, tough morality."

"But Master, I am too soft to be tough. Every man must be his own jackass or whatever the saying is."

"Very well, Sancho. Remain as you are but I forbid you to be sentimental. That is a crime."

They rode through the town and arriving at a place of some elevation they were able to get a long view of the country before them.

"See, Master. There they are. Trenches on one side and trenches on the other side."

"Who are at war?"

"Spaniards."

"With whom are the Spaniards fighting?"

"Spaniards."

"In our time we had foreigners to fight with but now those at home have become the enemies."

"See, Master. On this side they have great cannon. You can smell the powder in the air. And they have armored tanks and whole armadas of airships. Oh my, look at them! And you can see the hundreds of little black dots on the field between the armies. They are the dead. Oh my! Thick as pepper on bad meat!"

"It seems to me, Sancho, that we are

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Lament at Thirty

by PETER DE VRIES

MONOTYPES BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Is there a destiny that shapes our ends?

There is, and we who once were lithe and light
Are sacrificed to it, my female friends;

Two babies and my waistline is a fright!

And there are two of us this fat appalls—

Deep in his heart he sings a requiem
For vanished slenderness when he recalls

The night he called me sylph and flower stem. . . .

Slim as a book of sonnets by Millay . . .

Ah, lost the figure of my former self;
At thirty I suggest—what would he say

Gone with the Wind upon a rental shelf.

All that was once so graceful and so fair

I think it makes a husband somewhat bitter
To find it was illusion and a snare—

I think that they must hear a cosmic titter.

How brief the bloom on which the fruit depends,

How soon the havoc none of us escapes;
There is a destiny that shapes our ends;

It is the destiny that ends our shapes.

Baby Starlet: a Portrait

Hollywood's Baby Starlet has spread her poison from Santa Fe's Ten-Cent Stores to the proud halls of Vassar

by GEORGE ANTHEIL

• ARTICLE •

THE girl model upon which most present-day American femininity instinctively arrays itself is not, curiously enough, the great Hollywoodian lady who has already become a great picture star. The *great* star is invariably a woman of thirty or more—and she looks it. No young girl really ever envies an older woman. But far and away too often American girls endeavor to create around themselves the apparently glamorous personality of a certain brilliant-looking young woman whom they all actually do envy—the personality of the 19-year-old Hollywoodian Baby Starlet.

Baby Starlet is what the fan magazines call her, and, appropriately enough the title fits. For from the ranks of her sister Starlets come, often as not, the great motion picture stars of the future. Only a very few Baby Starlets will ever achieve true stardom. The reason we hope immediately to make clear, and they are herewith contained in the nature of a report upon a little feminine creature who can easily become—if she has not already become—a national menace.

A national menace is, we fondly believe, something that might eventually and even seriously menace a nation's happiness. Happinesses considered upon a national scale are of various kinds, but certainly one of them is the uninterrupted straightforwardness and unphoniness of our U. S. A. girls. The phoniness or non-phoniness of our future wives and mistresses is, we seriously believe, more than darkly menaced by the Baby Starlet; no one can any longer deny that the Baby Starlet's influence can now be felt upon the farthest Vassar campus as well as in the remotest Santa Fe Ten-Cent Store. For, indeed, what rich-blooded young American girl does not attend the movies too often? Where is one of them who does not—to some degree at least—estimate her lipstick, gauge her clothes, and adapt her love affairs (to say nothing of her facts-of-life viewpoint) by the holy sign of the glamorous young women who flit across our present-day silver screen? None, perhaps; in all cases more than merely some.

Other bands and societies, as for instance the churchgoers, are ever alert to various insidious influences in the movies. They are

not slow to protest when anything antagonistic to their world occurs upon the silver screen. But we American men will probably never do anything about the Baby Starlet problem. Rightly, however, it *should* be our business to take recognition of The Situation, and to examine the Baby Starlet as one would examine the microbe of a new plague; unless we do so we shall all too often—and unpleasantly—catch repeated glimpses of her in the girls of our own home towns. Would that be annoying? It already is. Think back and see. Therefore the present Hollywood correspondent has bethought himself and set out to secure first-hand knowledge which he herewith brings to you so that the future might not impossibly bring with it a protective movement against the Baby Starlet not unsimilar to the Mississippi Basin Flood Prevention Plan.

To examine the microbe at close hand and

to come immediately to a clear and concrete statement of our case against the Baby Starlet, let us—as ineffectual as it might be—attempt to reduce her to one single composite girl. (If we can pack her up in one bundle she'll be easier to handle.) If *you* feel that we are rolling up too many faults into one single and over-spectacular Starlet, just relax by recalling the well-known fact that practically every Hollywoodian Starlet is as alike to another Starlet as one drop of water is like to another. In fact they are selected by the studios because they all conform to a certain uniform type. Should they vary in the slightest the studios soon detect it and rectify the variation.

The result is Miss Glamor, 1939 Model. This is the influence we're worried about.

There are many more than a few hundred Baby Starlets in Hollywood. Almost every one of them has, at some time or another, been elected to star in some important piece of newspaper or magazine publicity. Likewise, and in similar ratio, practically every one of them has appeared in at least one important picture, albeit not in the star role. Starlets are the darlings of the fan magazines. In the first place they are not at all hesitant in posing for bathing photographs and there

is nothing so dear to the editor of any fan magazine as the picture of a Baby Starlet in a bathing suit. In the second place they are usually more full of hell and therefore make better copy. Starlet interviews are works of art. The Starlet is not limited to the fan magazines, however. Occasionally one of them breaks forth into the slicks with the blinding pronouncement "this girl is certainly slated for stardom."

When this happens, our Baby Starlet takes it for the God's Truth. The step-out of the fan-magazine-bathing-beauty-class is her final step upwards to respectability; she automatically becomes a famous young woman.

If we are to study her, and to understand how to negate her influence, her private life will be a matter of interest to us. We'll be rather surprised to find that our composite Baby Starlet is nearer 23 than 19 years of age, and that she's been a young girl of tre-

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P. W. C. B. B.

"Gawdamighty! We've all been wrong—it AINT a dawg coop he's been buildin'!"

Home Sweet Home

One March day, while Martha was at market, Martin put on his cap and strode forth, a free and happy man

by PAUL VINCENT CARROLL

• FICTION •

MARTIN sat staring moodily into the fire—a man not in the humor to speak or to be spoken to. Not that he considered himself superior or inferior. He could read but little meaning in such names. It was just that he felt pushed by his nature into a place apart from people who bought and sold and sinned and did penance. And he communed with himself and was fond of it. A thin, gaunt woman moved about and rattled things. He did not like her. Before God he knew it. Before God he knew that if Sarah, that laying-out woman of the dead, came to deck her out for the exit of her crabbed soul he would in his communing dare to be glad. Yet two years

ago he said to this woman, "You are young to be a widow and your man is now thirteen years drowned in the channel. What better could you do than make yourself my wife."

Martha had looked at him minutely, at his moody eyes and the stoop of his shoulders, and saw he was a man of the hearth, not a flighty man or one who would roam about in search of sexual illusion. He remembered her sensible eye on him and the woman's intuition in her feeling about him like a discovering finger.

They were married in the small church at the second turn of the road to Avoree. But in scarcely no time he found her out. He had thought her a mannerly woman, one who would respect that in him that was untranslatable. But she wasn't and she didn't. And she talked too much for a woman—in fact even for a man. He considered she should remain deferential to that in him which as a woman she could not understand. But in this matter she had neither manners nor courtesy.

Once or twice when he was foolish enough to give her a deep thought, one that took much drilling and searching for, she guffawed and said, "Ach, behave yourself." He was hurt—so hurt that he vowed in his quiet way never again to cast one of his pearls at the feet of such a heathen.

Of late she fell to arguing a lot, not that he ever verbally countered her. But his silences, his patience, his forbearance, were like oil that lent fluency to her vituperation. Especially was this so on a market day when after selling some fowl and a basket of eggs she returned with flushed cheeks and her mouth loose. On these occasions she ate, talked and scratched her hair concurrently—she gobbled rather than ate—so that the picture of her

became to his mind like a burning thing, pressing itself more and more maddeningly on his consciousness.

The fingers of his mind, thwarted yet indefatigable, forever kept picking at the knot that is so easily tied and so seldom unraveled. His preoccupation with that knot gave birth in him to a few original thoughts, inflammable enough

to burn the roots of the low village houses if they were known. But he was a man of silence in spite of her ill-timed flippancies, her waving aside of his considered opinions, her joviality that played havoc with his dignity, her imperious way of rasping

"Martin," that jolted him into acquiescence when with a quiet snap of his fingers it should be vice versa.

It was a disturbing state of affairs to Martin that he could not come home of an evening and improve his spouse's undisciplined mind. For instance now, Martin was aware that the wind had a taste. He once mentioned such a fact to her and the uncouth creature spluttered into her cup of tea. He saw her in that moment as a reproach to the age that produced her. Yet it was true about the wind. And what was more it tasted differently in different places. He never yet tasted it on Murdock's Hill above the town but a riot of wild heather surged about his perception. In the valley below Ardmahone it had a tang in it, salt, a touch of tar, a bit of hempen rope, a coating of seaweed. And not two miles away you couldn't mistake the peppery sprinkling of lime through it as it flung itself onto the crags of Nitsley. On the road beyond Cabintown could any man in his senses deny the privet scent and the blue musk aroma? But what was the use? That his wife considered profundities such as these fit material for undisguised levity was a barbarous state of affairs. Of course the wind was only one of many things. But what was the use?

This brings us to the

point that in the face of such discordance Martin could no longer believe before God that his union with this woman was a union at all.

If there was any logic in life—and there was bound to be after thousands of years of its development by man—no good could come from a continuance of such a union. He had read in papers where men and women had had their unions nullified by the sin of adultery. But to Martin adultery was a mere venial transgression in comparison with the enormity that made his home a study in contradiction. A wiser age would relegate adultery to the place now occupied by drunkenness and ha'penny nap, and bring forth into the new light, the enormities now classed with the trivialities of everyday life.

On account of his belief in this prophecy Martin decided that as neither before God nor man was he conscientiously compelled to continue such a coupling—he would no longer call it a union—he would put on his cap and walk out of the home he had raised and leave it to perish as a thing of evil.

What preparations he made towards this end were few. A folding ruler, his jackknife, a turn screw, a handful of nails that jingled in his trouser pockets and his cap. The cap was important, as when donned it was really the symbol of parting. In fact Martin gave it a grave deference, even as it hung a thwarted thing on the exact and particular nail hammered by his wife into the fourth board in the wall nearest the door. She even occasionally made fun of it, in fact on one occasion she put it on her own head backwards and leered at him in anything but a mannerly way. Of course, she could never see the significance of his cap as the rightful crown of her spouse and that as such it was

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There Isn't Any Justice

It's hard for a boy to make grown-ups understand the necessity for shuffling the leather off the soles of his shoes

by **LOUIS PAUL**

• FICTION •

WILLIAM added the last column of figures hurriedly: 234, 543, 195, and 853—making, in all, 825. He saw nothing illogical in this figure. If anything, the whole business of numbers was illogical. William wasn't especially acquisitive. One of everything suited him nicely. One bicycle, one fielder's mitt, one father, one mother, one air rifle . . . too bad his mother had discovered him shooting sulphur matches out of it at the cement wall in the cellar; they'd slapped against it and popped alight with gratifying pyrotechnics. William! You must be mad! Are you trying to burn the house down? It occurred to him to wonder why his name could be pronounced with that peculiar exclamatory intonation which in itself indicated some ferocious kind of guilt. Of course he hadn't been trying to burn the house down. What a silly way to put it. William! What have you been up to? Well. . . . Now there was this lesson situation. A fellow maybe would get sick studying so much, especially in the afternoon. All because he'd forgotten to do them after supper for a few nights.

Yes—567, 843, and 211. . . . Who'd want 567 bicycles or jackknives or even marbles? You'd have to get a big paper sack or something to carry them around in; at last they would become a burden rather than a pleasure. No. Numbers were silly. He began to make big blue moons by shaking the ink bottle and pressing the end of the cork on the paper. He finally shook the bottle too violently and a squirt of ink streaked out on the knee of his pants.

Not so good. He tried to rub it off with his handkerchief and only succeeded in smearing it into a larger stain, besides ruining the handkerchief. This would take a little thinking out. William concentrated on the ink stain much more effectively than he had on the arithmetic. Figures were abstract and meaningless, while here you had a problem worthy of solution. These pants were going to get pretty old if he wore them a long time. And it was all right to get a bit of ink on old pants. So. That was simple enough. Just sort of go around acting natural and time would pass and soon these pants would get to be old pants and then what difference would an ink stain make? He knew that his father borrowed money sometimes to pay to a man named House Mortgage; why couldn't he

have an ink stain a little ahead of the time his good pants got to be his old pants? Why not.

That settled satisfactorily in his mind, he promptly forgot about it. Before he did the last example, which was one of those ridiculous division things, he thought he would decide whether to think about this afternoon,

which was a pretty nice afternoon, and looked like the correct conditions for scalping cowboys (William had long ago conceded to himself the injustice of scalping Indians exclusively), or whether he should think about Saturday morning, when Gookey and he had decided to swim for the first time over the deep river inlet. He finally chose the afternoon: he could think about swimming the inlet in school tomorrow morning.

William made a neat division sign before the long incomprehensible figure, then stared out of the window. A kind of enchanted breeze shifted the broad

leaves in the maples so that they vacillated in the sun. A dreamy haze settled down over his mind. A peddler's wagon rumbled slowly along the street below, the voice floating, murmuring, suspended on the endless moment. Stro-berra! Nice stro-berra! The whole world got caught somehow in a round green fuzzy ball; it couldn't move in the air, but hovered somewhere in the dreaming senses. Ss-ssttro-ooo . . . hberrrrrrrr-ee! William wanted to shake off this rather lazy sensation and concentrate on a few scalping propositions, but—the

"William!"

"Yes, ma'am," he nodded pleasantly, and went on dreaming.

"William!"

Oh, that would be his mother. "Yes, ma'am," he answered, this time audibly.

"Haven't you finished those lessons yet?"

"Yes, ma'am," he called, hurriedly filling in any figure that came from his pencil in order to be technically truthful.

"Well, come down from there and run out and play. You shouldn't be moping around the house on a lovely afternoon like this."

Moping around the house. A funny way to put it. He jumped up, buckled on his scalping sword, pulled on his cap with the buttons saved from the last election, stuffed

in some of his shirt, and jumped heavily three steps at a time down the stairs.

"For heaven's sake, you'll break those steps!" his mother exclaimed.

He'd been jumping downstairs ever since he could remember, and he hadn't broken them yet, he thought, ignoring the admonition.

In the street he thought he would wear down the soles of his shoes a bit by shuffling along the sidewalk. This sole-wearing business would be complicated to express, but it was quite clear and logical in William's mind. It had to do with the Italian cobbler, whose three kids didn't have bicycles or air rifles or even reely marble shooters. William and his pal Gookey had embarked some time ago on a shoe-wearing campaign. Between them they agreed to shuffle as much leather from their feet as energy and convenience would permit in order to stimulate the cobbler's business. It combined philanthropy and amusement, for they could imitate ice skaters doing fancy flat-foot gyrations on the cement walks.

As William now did a few graceful figure eights he wondered if Gookey's mother had let him out to play. Probably not. Gookey had thrown an apple, a small tiny apple only, however, through Mr. Schultz's store's doorway—by accident, naturally—and it had hit old mean General Connor in the nose. It didn't even break the General's nose or anything. But Gookey was, for the moment, *persona non grata* at home.

But just wait'll Saturday, when they would swim over the river inlet.

"Why, I could swim like a fish when I was William's age," his father said at the table one night, and William had immediately made up his mind to swim like a fish. A fish always swam in places over their head, of course. So Gookey and he had decided to use the deep inlet instead of the shallow mud beach where the little kids went.

William picked up a maple seed, split the stem down the middle until the sticky substance oozed,

stuck it against his nose, and sauntered on. He tried to look at this de Bergeracian appendage, but crossing his eyes made him dizzy, so he forsook that for a study of a worm, whose head had just slithered back into a hole in the ground. William wondered how worms breathed. Maybe they held their breath the way the big fellows did when they dived in the river by Rouse's Pavilion. He

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“It all came about through a combination of things—moonlight—soft music——and the quarterly report of his net earnings!”



PAINTED IN ENGLAND FOR ESQUIRE BY LESLIE SAALBURG

America: Happy Hunting Ground

A "drag" may stand in for a fox, but there's always the Master, the Joint Master, the Whipper-in, and Kennelman

by ILES BRODY

• SPORTS •

A SMALL, rust-red, dog-like creature is running for its life on a misty December or January field. It is being pursued by thirty or forty husky hounds and about as many mounted humans. A bushy tail is the most salient feature of the skinny animal. This is flaunted high in the air—it really seems to fly—as the fox swims rivers, jumps tall hedges, crawls through intricate passages in his mad scramble to escape. Sometimes the clever beast hides in a Maginot line, he has built for just such emergencies. But there is no get-away: either a huntsman starts to use a pick and shovel, or a nasty little fox terrier descends after the doomed fox into the depths of Mother Earth where he had entrenched himself. In the meantime the hounds are standing by, howling impatiently. For the moment they are useless—their bodies are not made for crawling. Perhaps the terrier frightens, bites, scratches the fox into one more last terrific dash through a secret exit. But ultimately hounds, horses, and humans tire of the chase, and demand the final scene: The Kill. When the little animal is cornered at last a huntsman quickly dismounts and reaches down with his gloved hand under the hounds' excited muzzles. He lifts a half-dead fox by its neck high in the air, as one would lift a kitten. The beast about whom Monsieur La Fontaine wrote so many charming anecdotes has one last split second to think about the silly chickens he has killed, before a blow from the handle of a heavy hunting-crop snuffs out his life. After the kill, the *brush* or tail of the fox, and the *mask* or head are given away, usually to a guest or a lady.

Rarely has the fox a chance. It seems somewhat ironical and sad that such a tiny, insignificant beast is hunted down by packs of hounds, horses and people. But although we are—at least in theory—always on the side of the minority, for the present we will forget all sentiment and moralizing, in order to talk about this king of all sports.

Tender-hearted people will be glad to learn that a fox hunt (especially in this country) need not be a hunt for a fox! It may be merely a "drag"—a kind of sham fox hunt—where no live animal is pursued. However aside from the lack of a fox, and the lack of the final kill, every other phase of the sport is the same.

In the "drag," a pad soaked in citronella and sweet oil plays the part of the fox, and is pulled by a horseman for a distance of ten to twenty-five miles over the designated hunting country. But since fox hunting is a ceremonious affair full of tradition, even the "drag" has to be conducted by the entire staff of the hunt club: the Master, the Joint Master, the Whipper-in, and the Huntsman.



Mounted, they line up in a sort of square, just the same as for regular hunting. At the head of the procession rides the Master; a few paces back and to his right, the Joint Master; parallel with the latter, on the Master's left rides the Whipper-in, and at the back the Huntsman, or Kennelman. He it is who holds the end of the long cord attached to the soaked pad, the smell of which will later on serve as scent for the hounds.

At the termination of that later "drag," the hounds are given chunks of meat, also smeared with citronella and sweet oil, to connect the idea of their food with the hunt, so that they will follow the scent faithfully. More exacting hunt clubs sometimes have the coat of a dead fox rather than a pad dragged around the course in the same manner.

After England, America is the most important fox hunting country. And although the sport was begun at almost the same time in both lands, its development was much more rapid and thorough in England. Perhaps it is because Britain was civilized earlier; perhaps it was the more suitable climate (the scent of the fox is more intense and lasting on damp ground, and hounds cannot run as well in warm weather). Perhaps it is because, believe it or not, there are more foxes in England. But we shouldn't be surprised if the main factor is that fox hunting has always been taken more seriously in England than over here. In America fox hunting is put down as fun: an additional attraction to riding, good comradeship, exercise, excuse for parties. In England fox hunting is a national institution, a national bulwark, and many an Englishman buys the *London Times* in preference to other papers, solely because it carries full and extensive hunting news.

In writing on this subject we should like to keep the lower budgeted man in mind.

Why should American lovers of riding with pocketbooks below par be unable to afford this magnificent sport? Everyone hunts in England; bank clerks, professional dancers, mechanics, truck drivers. On the door of an English or Irish village barbershop, green-grocer, or other tradesman this sign is not at all infrequent: "Out hunting, will return at 6 p. m." If "Charlie" (as the British call the fox) is caught by that time, the proprietor will be back. But if the hunt has not ended, no marmalade will be available for high tea, and those in need of a barber will go home to their cottages unshaven and unshorn. And far in the distance, over emerald-green pastures and through the hazy English mist, will gallop the hunt; tiny red coats gleaming in the saddles; village barbers among earls . . .

In America there are about fifty hunt clubs; the least expensive membership fee being one hundred seventy-five dollars. Ladies and children generally pay fifty dollars less. But there are other expenses too, which are voluntary, and their size is left to the generosity of the members. There is the fence-fund, out of which the club erects the jumps if there are no natural ones on the hunting territory. Then, also, there is the "landowner's party" fund; the farmers have to be bribed to close their eyes to the real or imaginary damage the hunters following the hounds may have done to the land. The landowner's party is staged once a year, and it is a truly grand affair; three or four hundred farmers attend, an orchestra plays all night long, and beer and punch and all sorts of food are served.

As to personal expenses, a horse (that is to say a hunter) and its upkeep, is the most expensive item. Horses must be strong, good jumpers, and fast: qualities which cannot be bought cheaply.

The Irish horse is the best for hunting. This animal has an extremely powerful frame; with exceptionally muscular hindquarters and chest. Bones like iron, and forelegs like stone pillars, make this the ideal hunting and jumping horse. As a rule their muzzles are large with bent, almost Semitic, noses. They have thick coats in the winter, and although colors vary, gray and bay are not infrequent. The height also varies: there are some as small as ponies and there are others almost as large as a small elephant, but with the grace of an antelope. These Irish hunters can canter for hours without getting tired, and can jump marvelously. Of course, they have their disadvantages: they often have strong mouths, they are sometimes obstinate and run away in canter so that only a good horseman can handle them; and they often exhibit dreadfully bad tempers. The writer once knew an Irish hunter named Motor. A beautiful horse

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The Libel Racket

**Maintaining that the loud silence of
newspapers concerning libel actions
is a big help to crooks and shysters**

by **BURTON RASCOE**

• ARTICLE •

NEWSPAPERS are largely responsible for the growth of a racket which mulets them out of millions of dollars annually in legal fees and out-of-court settlements which are no more than payments of hush money in a legalized blackmail. These out-of-court settlements not only compromise the integrity of newspapers as disseminators of the news; they also condone one of the most sinister of the influences restricting the freedom of the press.

This is the private and even open conviction of many jurists as well as of some of the very lawyers who stand to profit by a head-in-the-sand policy of the newspapers concerning the racket of which the newspapers are the chief victims.

This head-in-the-sand policy is the tacit agreement among newspaper publishers to omit all mention of libel suits in their news columns, except in rare instances, such as when a libel suit is brought against a magazine or book publisher, against a radio corporation or any other defendant except a newspaper, or when the newspaper itself has successfully defended a difficult libel action in which heavy damages have been asked. Even in the latter case it is rare for any other newspaper, except the one that has triumphed in a libel suit, to print the news of this triumph.

An important newspaper publisher recently was asked why newspapers do not mention libel suits brought against newspapers, although they occasionally carry stories about libel actions brought against magazines and other corporations. His answer was: "Because libel suits against newspapers aren't news. They are matters of almost daily occurrence."

The publisher was right but disingenuous. The real reason for the conspiracy of silence on the part of newspapers concerning libel suits is based upon a belief—entirely fallacious—that mention of libel suits calls attention of the general public to the law of libel and tends to put notions into people's heads about a possible source of easy money.

The newspaper publishers and editors know that so wide, vague, and elastic is the present legal definition of libel, that there is never an issue of their publications brought off the presses which does not contain upward of a hundred statements, comments and pictures, including cartoons and caricatures, which, in a technical sense are actionable and on which suits may be maintained with the amounts of damages asked by the plaintiffs governed only by the limits of the imagination and megalomania of the lawyer drawing up the bill of complaint.

Within the week that this article was written, a libel suit was dismissed as without merit, on the evidence presented by the

plaintiff's attorney, by a judge in the Supreme Court of New York County, in which the plaintiff alleged that he had been libeled by two words: "international spy," although these words were preceded in the press association and newspaper accounts by the words "alleged to be" and "called."

The plaintiff had asked damages in the neat sum of \$2,500,000. The plaintiff, on the certified and exemplified documents presented in this case as evidence, was not only alleged, but *proved*, to be a deadbeat, a charlatan, a fake, an obtainer of money under false pretenses and false promises, an absconder, a double-dealer, a grotesque liar, an international trouble maker, who had duped a cabinet minister in Washington and had not only made a fool out of the cabinet minister but had involved his department and the United States government in a ridiculous but nevertheless somewhat serious mess, an agent who had taken money, not only from the government of the U.S.S.R., in Moscow but from other countries as well, upon agreement to perform certain actions which there is no record that he ever performed, and that he did this on the time, salary and expense money innocently paid him by the United States government on a special, presumably harmless domestic economy mission. On this U. S. mission he did nothing whatever that he had proposed and contracted to do.

Even the newspaper against which this charlatan brought this preposterous suit printed no news of its own vindication in court. Yet in order to defend itself in the suit, the newspaper had been put to very heavy expense in procuring the documentary evidence necessary for the defense. Expert and expensive investigations had to be conducted in countries scattered all over the globe, London, Moscow, Paris, Alexandria, Vladivostok, Washington, Chicago, New York, Tokio, Los Angeles, Shanghai, Calcutta, Harbin, Peiping, Tientsin, Bombay and Lhasa in Thibet; letters, public documents, court records, promissory notes, leases, contracts, etc., had to be photostated, certified and exemplified to be admissible as evidence. And of course, there was also the fee necessary to retain a lawyer who is an expert in libel defense—a very large item in itself, because there are not many such experts and such few as there are get none of the publicity given to divorce lawyers, criminal lawyers, corporation lawyers and lawyers who battle for the cause of labor or for the cause of constitutional rights without fee but for the personal satisfaction and for the newspaper notice they get out of it.

The proper and logical thing, it seems to me, for the newspaper, as the successful defendant in this libel suit to have done would

have been to publish not only news of the court's dismissal of the suit on a decision that there was "no cause for action" but to publish the plaintiff's bill of complaint or an abstract of it, state the amount of damages asked, and then *publish a well-documented history of the plaintiff's nefarious career.*

There is a wise injunction against suffering fools gladly; but fools are comparatively harmless when you take the career of this clever charlatan (as it is disclosed in the voluminous dossiers on him) into account.

Instead of using the means the newspapers had at hand to throw this scoundrel into jail or run him out of the country, they not only suffered him gladly though very expensively—by obeying the unwritten newspaper law not to mention libel suits—but they also turned him loose to prey again upon the populace and probably to bring further suits asking millions in damages against other newspapers that might hinder or hamper his palpable frauds by any slight reference to his true character and occupation.

The law sets no limit upon what a man with the vilest reputation can ask in cash money and court costs as satisfaction for the damage he alleges has been done his "reputation" by any mild statement concerning him which, considering the facts of his career, may be downright flattery.

Every metropolitan newspaper in the great urban centers of the United States has constantly pending against it numerous actions alleging libel in which the total of all the sums asked for in satisfaction of these claims of libel amounts to from \$2,000,000 to \$50,000,000.

Ninety-eight per cent of these libel actions are without any merit whatever. They are brought with no idea on the part of the lawyers, who draw up and file the bills of complaint, that the cases will ever come into court or that the newspapers will show guts and fight them.

The suits or threats of suits are a species of stick-up or blackmail performed in perfectly legal order, in which the courts are innocently made accessories to this form of extortion and pocket-picking.

They are contingency cases for the most part, wherein the attorney for the complainant asks for no retainer. He draws up a "lawyer's action" on technical grounds, enters into an agreement with the client for a split on the amount of cash extracted from the victim, plus expenses, *i.e.*, for the major portion of the money so acquired. Then he files the bill of complaint alleging damages and serves the victim with a summons.

Sometimes, when he realizes that the suit he is threatening is "hot," that is, when the merits of the complaint are extremely dubious.



AQUATINT BY WILLIAM SHARP

when the character of the complainant is unsavory and when the case may be fought, he serves the intended victim with a summons and a bill of complaint but omits to file the complaint.

His hope then is that the victim will be scared into an out-of-court settlement of a suit that doesn't exist. And he always has a ready alibi, legally justified, technically unimpeachable, and properly phrased. One of these alibis of the legal profession (to avoid disbarment proceedings) is for the lawyer to say that, after causing the summons to be served, he made further investigations of his client's charges and decided that they were not, in his opinion, meritorious, so he had withdrawn as attorney for the client. Very ethical, you see.

The haul in out-of-court settlements of libel stick-ups varies in amount from \$300 to \$2500 and averages around \$500, although the damages asked range in amounts of from \$50,000 to \$2,500,000.

In the so-called "nuisance suits" the out-of-court settlement by newspapers and magazines is a pay-off to the racketeers for all the world like the "dues" paid by laundrymen and dry-cleaners for "protection" against the very racketeers to whom the "dues" are paid. So far the libel racket has not yet been organized by a Capone. It is still an individual enterprise like petty thievery.

There are lawyers of the "ambulance chaser" kind, who make it a business of reading all the newspapers with care, their eyes alert for an assertion which they can blow up to the potential client as the basis for a libel action. The victims of these racketeers of the law are not the newspapers but the clients themselves. The average person is not

only ignorant of the law but ignorant also of his elementary civil rights; and the average person, who because of his ignorance is gypped, defrauded and kicked around a great deal in a perfectly legal way, is especially susceptible therefore to the chicanery of the shyster. Such an honest dub is ordinarily as much in awe of a lawyer as he is of a priest or doctor, believing the lawyer to have esoteric knowledge and to be gifted with magical powers. Therefore he gives an eager ear to the lawyer who comes to him with a newspaper or some other publication, points to a paragraph containing the man's name, and says, "They can't do that to you. There is a law against that. You can sue them for \$150,000."

Mind you, the lawyer does not say he can get \$150,000 for his victim: he merely says the man can sue for \$150,000, which the victim readily translates as meaning that much money in the bag for him. The lawyer explains that he will take the case on a contingent fee, asking only fifteen or twenty per cent of the amount collected. The victim readily figures that even if the lawyer gets twenty per cent, that will still leave \$120,000 for him. The lawyer then explains that certain expenses are incurred in the filing and conduct of a suit and that the client will have to advance the money for this. The lawyer says this advance will be deducted from his share of the damage payment, and he gouges out of the client any amount up to \$500 that the client can raise in cash.

Then the lawyer has the summons issued and served. He may even, for self-protection, file a complaint; but that is usually as far as he intends to go with the matter. He has already got the cash he was after (the advance "expense" fee which the client has paid on

the nose). If the client wants to know what about his \$150,000, the lawyer can then explain that there is a great difference between suing for \$150,000 and getting an award of \$150,000. There certainly is!

Libel actions are frequently brought by criminals, fakers, charlatans and sharpers of all kinds, and the reason is that a *libel suit asking heavy damages is often their only refuge against being run out of town, exposed or thrown into jail*. They institute these actions without the remotest idea of ever bringing them into court for trial. Therefore *they use the courts not only to sustain a nonexistent reputation but also as a protection under which to continue to ply their illegal trades or professions*. The law, as it is at present constituted, offers this legal curtain behind which the crook can continue to operate, unmolested and immune from exposure.

For instance it sometimes comes to the notice of a newspaper that a "faith-healer," palmist, fortune-teller, astrologer or traveling evangelist is using his or her hocus-pocus not merely as a means for getting dimes, quarters and dollars by mystifying the gullible, but also for separating his or her victims from their property, valuables, large amounts of cash, and even life insurance on vague and fraudulent promises. Tips on these frauds usually come to a newspaper from some victim who has finally awakened to the fact that he or she has been gypped, usually in a way which, though actually fraudulent, is difficult to prove to be fraudulent in the technical, legal sense.

A newspaper, let us say, starts an investigation and runs an exposé of the charlatan and his methods. Usually upon the very first appearance of the series of articles the

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Jeff Coongate's Perfect Crime

He hoped he'd get caught shooting the deer, for what better place for an old man to spend the winter than in jail?

by EDMUND WARE

• FICTION •

LATE in October, the year of the great drought, Uncle Jeff Coongate found himself in a deserted trapper's cabin far up the Mopang River. He had poled upriver in his brand new canoe on a nice pitch of water. But in the weeks he had cruised the country in search of beaver sign, the water had lowered until the mere thought of putting a new canoe downstream saddened the one-eyed poacher. He was a good thirty miles from Privilege, and of that distance twenty miles was river. The thought of this, and the respect for his canoe, had served to prolong Jeff's stay. Moreover, he was feeling his age. Bad luck had dogged him without a let-up for several months. He had located no beaver, and he was now a long, long way from the villages where his old clients would buy venison or moose meat.

Sitting on a cold stone in front of the cabin one morning, Uncle Jeff was brooding over the prospects for a hard winter, when a small buck came nosing from the sear and yellowed beeches. His professional instincts keening, Jeff glanced hastily about for any signs of game wardens, picked up his rifle, and shot the buck through the heart. This completed his sense of melancholy. He had aimed for the neck. As he dressed out the buck, he muttered gloomily: "I can't even shoot where I point no more."

He rolled the paunch in the hide, carried it into the woods and hid it, and hung the carcass on the extended ridgepole of the cabin. The fresh venison, hanging there in plain sight, made Uncle Jeff uneasy. "A man can't rest good, with you dangling in front of his door," he addressed the swinging deer. "Better I lug you back in the woods, an' spring you up on a maple saplin'." It was this general line of thinking which brought to Uncle Jeff the perfect solution to all his problems. It enraged him that the idea had not come to him long before.

Three weeks ago, Warden Tom Corn had observed him loading his canoe at the public landing in Privilege. Uncle Jeff remembered their conversation now with beautiful clarity.

"I see you got some beaver traps there, Jeff," young Tom had said.

"Who said they was beaver traps?" snapped Uncle Jeff.

"The season opens November first—not before."

"I know when the season opens."

"That's fine, Jeff. Just wanted to make sure."

"Besides, you can't prove these here are for beaver."

"You must be going a long way, oldtimer."

"How do you know where I'm goin'?"

"I don't—but it's five weeks to trappin' season. A man can go miles an' miles in that length of time."

"Aw—go 'way an' leave me be."

At the time, Uncle Jeff had been extremely twitchy. In righteous indignation, he had shown Tom Corn his hunting and trapping licenses; and he had paddled across the lake feeling holy—but looking over his shoulder

then, and keep him in tobacco. There would be pleasant, lazy days talking with the turnkey—Ed Post—and—

Uncle Jeff looked upriver and down. He peered into the woods hopefully, mumbling: "Come on now, young Tom Corn. You got me this time, boy. Many's the old doe I've head-lighted in closed time under your nose, but this trip boy, you got me by the short hair. Yessir, there's the evidence dangling from the ridge. I shot that buck. I confess, son, an' I'm a-willin' to atone fer my crimes, an' square myself in the eyes of the law." But

there was no Tom Corn in sight that day, or for several days.

"Dang it to hell," Uncle Jeff grouched on the fifth day, "you might know a warden would always be in the wrong place. Here young Tom could make a big name for hisself, capturing single-handed the greatest poacher ever this country knowed, and he never appears on the scene at all. He better hurry, or I'll have the evidence all et up."

But when the old man dreamed of the actual working out of his scheme, he was deeply contented. He could see it all so plainly. His new canoe safe in the cabin, and himself resting comfortably in the bow of Tom Corn's, which would grate and rip on the jagged rocks. He would lie back in peace, look admiringly on the fading fall foliage, and smoke, while Tom Corn pushed and hauled. Every now and then, he would say: "Take a rest, boy. You'll tear your guts out. We got lots of time. Now jest side in here to Forty Brook, will you? An'

dodge up a way and fetch me a drink of that nice cool water. The river's still kind of warmish for my taste. There's a good fellow."

And on Chancery Portage the warden would have to lug the canoe all alone, and Jeff would walk along behind, encouraging him in his work. "She a little heavy for you, son? I'd put her across for you, only, that is, for my lumbago. Allus seems to come on me bad, right about here."

Uncle Jeff's one eye watered with anticipation of the meals they would eat. He was not certain whether the law would allow them to eat from the evidence itself, but he was fairly sure that Tom Corn shouldn't, anyway. So, while Tom Corn gnawed away on fried salt pork, he, Thomas Jefferson Coongate, would eat tender, juicy loin steak. He would say: "Warden Corn, fry me another junk of that. Your responsibility for your prisoner demands that you feed him well, an'

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“You want a girl sixteen and never been kissed? You don’t want a woman—you want a horse!”

Putting on the Dog

When a million dollars' worth of dogs bark together under one roof, it's not just a dog show—it's big business

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

• ARTICLE •

OF THE 15,000,000 dogs in the United States, not much over four per cent could get into a legitimate dog show by hook or crook.

As a matter of fact, of the 700,000 purebred dogs registered in the country with the American Kennel Club, not more than 100,000 ordinarily appear in the 300 or so shows held every year. Yet the pick of the kennels represents an investment in dog flesh of approximately \$60,000,000, plus an annual show overhead (footed by the exhibitors) of around \$35,000,000 more.

Sales of dogs at these exhibitions are few and inconsequential. All the prizes posted the country over don't exceed \$200,000 in any normal year. Why, then, does the average show dog enter from twenty to twenty-five meets and travel up to 3,000 miles a year?

For points.

Fifteen points make a champion. The most a dog can possibly win in his class in the best show is five points. Consequently, he will go in five, ten or twenty shows to pile up points that are to be acquired as Winner, Best of Winners, Best of Breed, or Best in Show. The more ribbons or rosettes the dog collects (one of S. S. Van Dine's Scotties has won Best in Show twelve times) the better for the owner. For while the dogs are paid off in "blues" or "purple-and-golds," the exhibitors aim to collect in the well-known long green. Because champions are well worth having.

Stud fees to a consistent winner run around \$100 or more—provided your bitch is acceptable. And puppies with a championship background ordinarily bring from \$75 to \$150, depending upon the popularity of the breed. The natural consequence is that a good dog with a record of wins in important shows will gross his owners an annual income of from \$5,000 to \$10,000 for five to six, perhaps eight years. Hence the outlay to make a champion, ranging anywhere from a minimum of \$500 (with swell luck) to several thousand, is a fair gamble, although not more than a thousand a year reach that exalted class.

Before you chuck up your job and go into the breeding business in a big way, however, take a long look at the word "gamble." Manufacturing livestock is quite a different proposition from producing laundry soap or silk stockings, and it requires a lot more than just working capital. There are not a few blooded dogs registered today that are "worth" from

five to fifteen thousand dollars—but try to buy them at that figure! And even if you could, your troubles would only start with the delivery of the purchase.

You'll never get back the investment on prizes which seldom run over \$25 in any one show, so you've got to become a breeder. And once you've become a breeder in a serious way the troubles you used to have with good old Rover's fleas and canker ear and follicular mange and ascarids (worms to you!) will seem like a vacation in Bermuda. Not to mention that dreaded word, distemper. Entire kennels have been wiped out after some shows from distemper carried from dog to dog by those thoughtless visitors given to promiscuous patting. And even without benefit of public exhibition, that stealthy infection has swept through many a kennel and left the distracted owner nothing but the pretty ribbons on the walls.

However, it's exhibiting we're interested in at the moment, not breeding. And exhibiting itself is a full-time job. At least three months before the first show they start conditioning the entries. Raw eggs or judicious doses of cod-liver oil are added to the diet in order to build up that desirable sheen in the coat. The long-haired dogs have their coats stripped to a mere fuzz and in the ensuing weeks they go through a course of "hair dressing" that would make any movie queen green with envy.

Show dogs must also be conditioned mentally for these tests as well as physically. To begin with, of course, they must have the proper temperament and the requisite showmanship if they are to make a favorable impression on the judges. They must have brains as well as points and don't ever kid yourself with the popular notion that mutts are naturally brighter than thoroughbreds, because that is a flimsy fiction.

With all this groundwork, however, the show dogs have to be trained first, to obey a command given in an almost inaudible voice and, second, to "show." Most dogs have to be "set down" in the ring before they assume the stance which shows their points to best advantage. But the trained show dog will hold that required pose without a move once his handler has tapped his chin, moved a foreleg an inch and run his

hand deftly down the length of his tail. Other things being equal, the dog who "shows" well will walk off with the ribbons, judges being human beings—although I've heard to the contrary!

Watching from the side lines, the behavior of the dogs in the ring (if not that of their handlers!) seems so natural and easy that the outsider takes it for granted. But if you got in

there with your own Rover and tried to make him do what the judge requested, you'd soon discover that the pet who was so keen and amenable at home has become a perfect blockhead under the confusion and distractions of the bustling show. The upshot would be that the dog would be showing you instead of your showing the dog.

That's one reason why you'll find handlers taking inexperienced dogs from the seclusion of their kennels to such busy

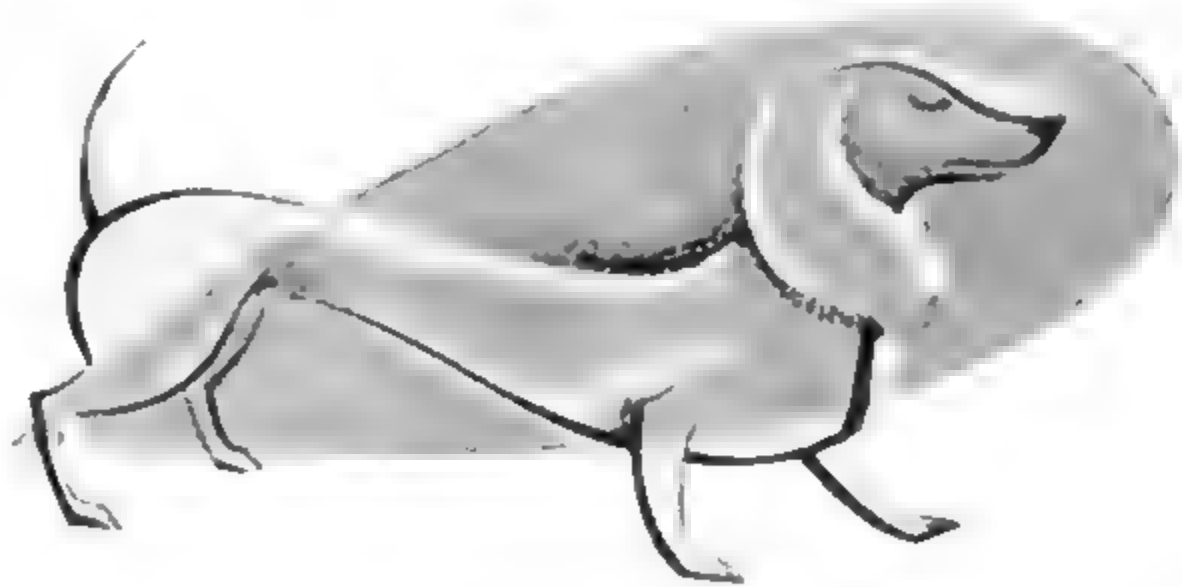
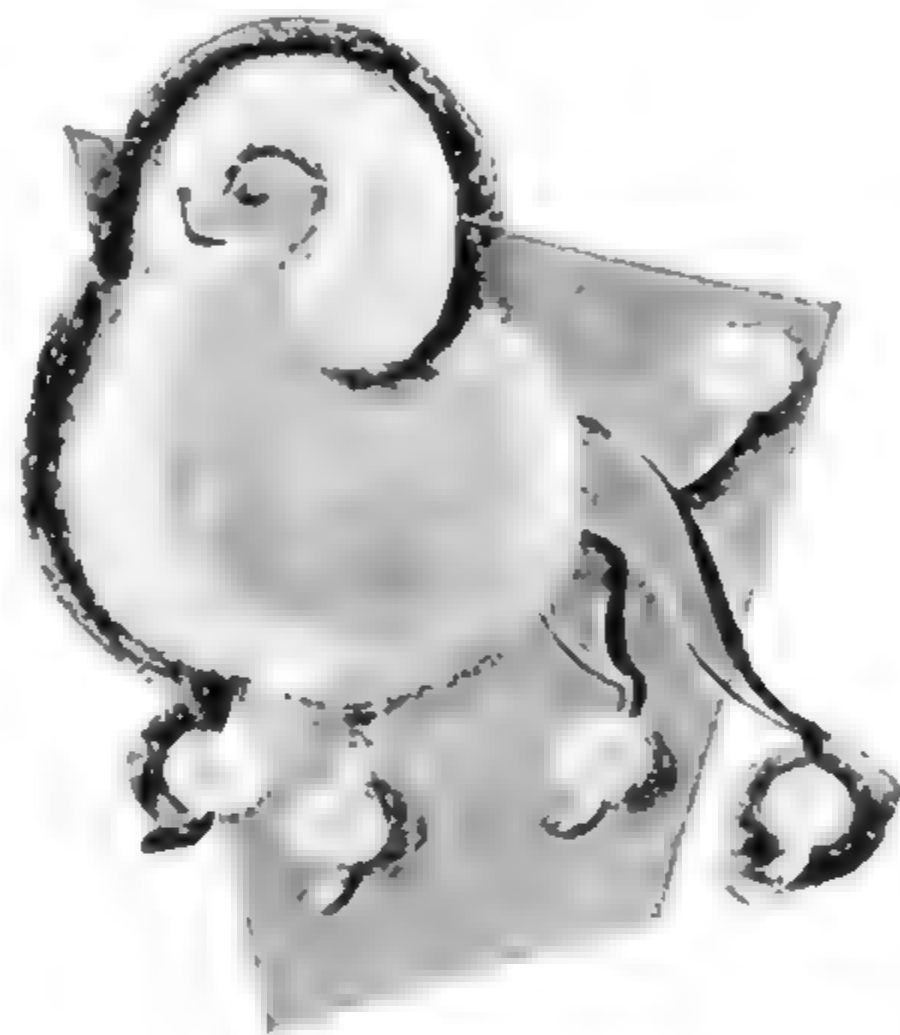
places as the shopping district, hotel lobbies, railroad stations, bus terminals, etc., where there are plenty of people rushing about. They are simply "conditioning" the beginners to the emotional stress of confusion and turmoil so alien to their lives so far. And until the last traces of skittishness and nerves disappear, they wouldn't dare risk showing the dog in any important competition.

Apart from the feeding, the exercising and the training which every dog needs for ring work, the single item of grooming would floor the average pet owner. The best evidence of this can be had by looking carefully at the condition of the coat of any wirehaired terrier in a show and then comparing it with the coat of Aunt Susan's dog of the same breed! The difference lies in the simple fact that while Auntie showers her pet with kindness and care, she isn't a professional handler.

Among numerous other details, wire-haired dogs have to be dry-cleaned rather than washed; short-coated dogs are usually sandpapered and then very often oiled and greased; long-haired ones are bathed, groomed and brushed (seldom combed). Just to give you a faint idea, one of the coat cleansers used consists of a mixture of one pound of crown soap, one ounce of mild mercury ointment, one ounce of powdered camphor. Raw eggs are first rubbed into the coat and then washed out with this "shampoo."

Theoretically, anybody who owned a good dog could take him into the ring and compete for the ribbons with the next man, but in actual practice only those who are experienced and ring-wise would attempt it. Usually professional handlers take care of the

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Split Cherry Tree

**Pa aimed to visit school and larn
the professor a bullet would make
a hole in him the same as any man**

by JESSE STUART

• FICTION •

I DON'T mind staying after school," I says to Professor Herbert, "but I'd rather you'd whip me with a switch and let me go home early. Pa will whip me anyway for getting home two hours late."

"You are too big to whip," says Professor Herbert, "and I have to punish you for climbing up in that cherry tree. You boys knew better than that! The other five boys have paid their dollar each. You have been the only one who has not helped pay for the tree. Can't you borrow a dollar?"

"I can't," I says. "I'll have to take the punishment. I wish it would be quicker punishment. I wouldn't mind."

Professor Herbert stood and looked at me. He was a big man. He wore a gray suit of clothes. *The suit matched his gray hair.*

"You don't know my father," I says to Professor Herbert. "He might be called a little old-fashioned. He makes us mind him until we're twenty-one years old. He believes: 'If you spare the rod you spoil the child.' I'll never be able to make him understand about the cherry tree. I'm the first of my people to go to high school."

"You must take the punishment," says Professor Herbert. "You must stay two hours after school today and two hours after school tomorrow. I am allowing you twenty-five cents an hour. That is good money for a high school student. You can sweep the school-house floor, wash the blackboards and clean windows. I'll pay the dollar for you."

I couldn't ask Professor Herbert to loan me a dollar. He never offered to loan it to me. I had to stay and help the janitor and work out my fine at a quarter an hour.

I thought as I swept the floor: "What will Pa do to me? What lie can I tell him when I go home? Why did we ever climb that cherry tree and break it down for anyway? Why did we run crazy over the hills away from the crowd? Why did we do all of this! Six of us climbed up in a little cherry tree after one little lizard! Why did the tree split and fall with us? It should have been a stronger tree! Why did Eif Crabtree just happen to be below us plowing and catch us in his cherry tree? Why wasn't he a better man than to charge us six dollars for the tree?"

It was six o'clock when I left the school-house. I had six miles to walk home. It would be after seven when I got home. I had all my work to do when I got home. It took Pa and me both to do the work. Seven cows to milk. Nineteen head of cattle to feed, four mules, twenty-five hogs, firewood and stovewood to cut and water to draw from the well. He would be doing it when I got home. He would be mad and wondering what was keeping me!

I hurried home. I would run under the dark leafless trees. I would walk fast uphill. I

would run down the hill. The ground was freezing. I had to hurry. I had to run. I reached the long ridge that led to our cow pasture. I ran along this ridge. The wind dried the sweat on my face. I ran across the pasture to the house.

I threw down my books in the chipyard. I ran to the barn to spread fodder on the ground for the cattle. I didn't take time to change my clean school clothes for my old work clothes. I ran out to the barn. I saw Pa spreading fodder on the ground to the cattle. That was my job. I ran up to the fence. I says: "Leave that for me Pa. I'll do it. I'm just a little late."

"I see you are," says Pa. He turned and looked at me. His eyes danced fire. "What in th' world has kept you so. Why ain't you been here to help me with this work? Make a gentleman out'n one boy in th' family and this is what you get! Send you to high school and you get too onery fer th' buzzards to smell!"

I never said anything. I didn't want to tell why I was late from school. Pa stopped scattering the bundles of fodder. He looked at me. He says: "Why are you gettin' in here this time o' night? You tell me or I'll take a hickory withe to you right here on th' spot!"

I says: "I had to stay after school." I couldn't lie to Pa. He'd go to school and find out why I had to stay. If I lied to him it would be too bad for me.

"Why did you haf to stay after school?" says Pa.

I says: "Our Biology Class went on a field trip today. Six of us boys broke down a cherry tree. We had to give a dollar apiece to pay for the tree. I didn't have the dollar. Professor Herbert is making me work out my dollar. He gives me twenty-five cents an hour. I had to stay in this afternoon. I'll have to stay in tomorrow afternoon!"

"Are you telling me th' truth?" says Pa.

"I'm telling you the truth," I says. "Go and see for yourself."

"That's just what I'll do in th' mornin'," says Pa. "Jist whose cherry tree did you break down?"

"Eif Crabtree's cherry tree!"

"My God," says Pa, "what was you doin' clear out in Eif Crabtree's place? He lives four miles from th' County High School. Don't they teach you no books at that high school? Do they jist let you get out and gad over th' hillsides? If that's all they do I'll keep you at home, Dave. I've got work here fer you to do!"

"Pa," I says, "Spring is just getting here. We take a subject in school where we have to have bugs, snakes, flowers, lizards, frogs and plants. It is Biology. It was a pretty day today. We went out to find a few of these.

Six of us boys saw a lizard at the same time sunning on a cherry tree. We all went up the tree to get it. We broke the tree down. It split at the forks. Eif Crabtree was plowing down below us. He ran up the hill and got our names. The other boys gave their dollar apiece. I didn't have mine. Professor Herbert put mine in for me. I have to work it out at school."

"Poor man's son, huh," says Pa. "I'll attend to that myself in th' mornin'. I'll take keer o' 'im. He ain't from this county nohow. I'll go down there in th' mornin' and see 'im. Lettin' you leave your books and galavant all over th' hills. What kind of a damn school is it nohow! Didn't do that, my son, when I's a little shaver in school. All fared alike too."

"Pa please don't go down there," I says, "just let me have fifty cents and pay the rest of my fine! I don't want you to go down there! I don't want you to start anything with Professor Herbert!"

"Ashamed of your old Pap are you Dave," says Pa, "atter th' way I've worked to raise you! Tryin' to send you to school so you can make a better livin' than I've made."

"I'll straighten this thing out myself! I'll take keer o' Professor Herbert myself! He ain't got no right to keep you in and let the other boys off jist because they've got th' money! I'm a poor man. A bullet will go in a Professor same as it will any man. It will go in a rich man same as it will a poor man. Now you get into this work before I take one o' these withes and cut the shirt off'n your back!"

I thought once I'd run through the woods above the barn just as hard as I could go. I thought I'd leave high school and home forever! Pa could not catch me! I'd get away! I couldn't go back to school with him. He'd have a gun and maybe he'd shoot Professor Herbert. It was hard to tell what he would do. I could tell Pa that school had changed in the hills from the way it was when he was a boy but he wouldn't understand. I could tell him we studied frogs, birds, snakes, lizards, flowers, insects. But Pa wouldn't understand. If I did run away from home it wouldn't matter to Pa. He would see Professor Herbert anyway. He would think that high school and Professor Herbert had run me away from home. There was no need to run away. I'd just have to stay, finish foddering the cattle and go to school with Pa the next morning.

I would take a bundle of fodder, remove the hickory witheband from around it and scatter it on rocks, clumps of green briars and brush so the cattle wouldn't tramp it under their feet. I would lean it up against the oak trees and the rocks in the pasture just above our pigpen on the hill. The fodder was cold

and frosty where it had set out in the stacks. I would carry bundles of the fodder from the stack until I had spread out a bundle for each steer. Pa went to the barn to feed the mules and throw corn in the pen to the hogs.

The moon shone bright in the cold March sky. I finished my work by moonlight. Professor Herbert really didn't know how much work I had to do at home. If he had known he would not have kept me after school. He would have loaned me a dollar to have paid my part on the cherry tree. He had never lived in the hills. He didn't know the way the hill boys had to work so that they could go to school. Now he was teaching in a County High School where all the boys who attended were from hill farms.

After I'd finished doing my work I went to the house and ate my supper. Pa and Mom had eaten. My supper was getting cold. I heard Pa and Mom talking in the front room. Pa was telling Mom about me staying in after school.

"I had to do all th' milkin' tonight, chop th' wood myself. It's too hard on me after I've turned ground all day. I'm goin' to take a day off tomorrow and see if I can't remedy things a little. I'll go down to that high school tomorrow. I won't be a very good scholar fer Professor Herbert nohow. He won't keep me in after school. I'll take a different kind of lesson down there and make 'im acquainted with it."

"Now Luster," says Mom, "you jist stay away from there. Don't cause a lot o' trouble. You can be jailed fer a trick like that. You'll get th' Law after you. You'll jist go down there and show off and plague your own boy Dave to death in front o' all th' scholars!"

"Plague or no plague," says Pa, "he don't take into consideration what all I haf to do here, does he? I'll show 'im it ain't right to keep one boy in and let the rest go scot-free. My boy is good as th' rest, ain't he? A bullet will make a hole in a school teacher same as it will anybody else. He can't do me that way and get by with it. I'll plug 'im first. I aim to go down there bright and early in the mornin' and get all this straight! I aim to see about bug larnin' and this runnin' all over God's creation huntin' snakes, lizards, and frogs. Ransackin' th' country and goin' through cherry orchards and breakin' th' trees down after lizards! Old Eif Crabtree ought to a-poured th' hot lead to 'em instead o' chargin' six dollars fer th' tree! He ought to a-got old Herbert th' first one!"

I ate my supper. I slipped upstairs and lit the lamp. I tried to forget the whole thing. I studied plane geometry. Then I studied my biology lesson. I could hardly study for thinking about Pa. "He'll go to school with me in the morning. He'll take a gun for Professor Herbert! What will Professor Herbert think of me! I'll tell him when Pa leaves that I couldn't help it. But Pa might shoot

him. I hate to go with Pa. Maybe he'll cool off about it tonight and not go in the morning."

Pa got up at four o'clock. He built a fire in the stove. Then he built a fire in the fireplace. He got Mom up to get breakfast. Then he got me up to help feed and milk. By the time we had our work done at the barn, Mom had breakfast ready for us. We ate our breakfast. Daylight came and we could see the bare oak trees covered white with frost. The hills were white with frost. A cold wind was blowing. The sky was clear. The sun would soon come out and melt the frost. The afternoon would be warm with sunshine and the frozen ground would thaw. There would be mud on the hills again. Muddy water would



then run down the little ditches on the hills.

"Now Dave," says Pa, "let's get ready fer school. I aim to go with you this mornin' and look into bug-larnin', frog larnin', lizard and snake larnin' and breakin' down cherry trees! I don't like no sicha foolish way o' larnin' myself!"

Pa hadn't forgot. I'd have to take him to school with me. He would take me to school with him. We were going early. I was glad we were going early. If Pa pulled a gun on Professor Herbert there wouldn't be so many of my classmates there to see him.

I knew that Pa wouldn't be at home in the high school. He wore overalls, big boots, a blue shirt and a sheepskin coat and a slouched black hat gone to seed at the top. He put his gun in its holster. We started trudging toward the high school across the hill.

It was early when we got to the County High School. Professor Herbert had just got there. I just thought as we walked up the steps into the schoolhouse: "Maybe Pa will find out Professor Herbert is a good man. He just doesn't know him. Just like I felt toward the Lambert boys across the hill. I didn't like them until I'd seen them and talked to them. After I went to school with them and talked to them, I liked them and we were friends. It's a lot in knowing the other fellow."

"You're th' Professor here, ain't you?" says Pa.

"Yes," says Professor Herbert, "and you are Dave's father."

"Yes," says Pa, pulling out his gun and laying it on the seat in Professor Herbert's office. Professor Herbert's eyes got big behind his black-rimmed glasses when he saw Pa's gun. Color came into his pale cheeks.

"Jist a few things about this school I want to know," says Pa. "I'm tryin' to make a scholar out'n Dave. He's the only one out'n eleven youngins I've sent to high school. Here he comes in late and leaves me all th' work to do! He said you's all out bug huntin' yesterday and broke a cherry tree down. He had to stay two hours after school yesterday and work out money to pay on that cherry tree! Is that right?"

"Wwwwy," says Professor Herbert, "I guess it is."

He looked at Pa's gun.

"Well," says Pa, "this ain't no high school. It's a damn bug school, a lizard school, a snake school! It ain't no damn school nohow!"

"Why did you bring that gun," says Professor Herbert to Pa.

"You see that little hole," says Pa as he picked up the long blue forty-four and put his finger on the end of the barrel, "a bullet can come out'n that hole that will kill a school teacher same as it will any other man. It will kill a rich man same as a poor man. It will kill a man. But after I come in and saw you, I know'd I wouldn't need it. This maul o' mine could do you up in a few minutes."

Pa stood there, big, hard, brown-skinned and mighty beside of Professor Herbert. I didn't know Pa was so much bigger and harder. I'd never seen Pa in a schoolhouse before. I'd seen Professor Herbert. He always looked big before to me. He didn't look big standing beside of Pa.

"I was only doing my duty," says Professor Herbert, "Mr. Sexton, and following the course of study the state provided us with."

"Course o' study," says Pa, "what study, bug study? Varmit study? Takin' youngins to th' woods. Boys and girls all out there together a-galavantin' in the brush and kickin' up their heels and their poor old Ma's and Pa's at home a-slavin' to keep 'em in school and give 'em a education! You know that's dangerous too puttin' a lot o' boys and girls out together like that! Some o' us Paps is

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Sponsor Trouble

It's hard for a sober exec to see the logic in paying a hooper forty-five hundred smackers for crooning

by ROBERT J. LANDRY

• ARTICLE •



A SPONSOR is a business man whose competitor—the rat—has already gone on the radio and thereby forced the business man to follow suit. Having contracted for time and stations the sponsor finds that on the average he must add forty per cent to the cost of facilities to provide for actors, musicians and scripts. This sinks the sponsor up to his necktie in show biz even though temperamentally many a business man cannot bring himself to admit the fact. One sponsor, for example, will not allow the introduction of a few lines of spoken dialog in the midst of a vocal chorus on his radio program. The minute the singer stops singing and starts reciting he says it's show biz and he's not in it—no, siree.

Snappy business men become as indecisive as a bride picking her trousseau when it comes to selecting talent for their programs. Actors get audition mildew waiting for sponsors to make up their minds. After listening to everyone from the Grand Duchess Marie to Rubinoff a prospective sponsor may end up buying thirty-word announcements on Martha Deane's household hints program.

It's the prices that scare 'em. An ordinary orchestra leader says "Ladies and gentlemen, our next number—" and he is strictly union scale. Ben Bernie says, "Youse guys and youse gals will now have flung at yuz a saucy little ditty entitled—" and that costs the sponsor \$4,000. "Vas you dere, Sharlie?" inquires Jack Pearl in a Dutch dialect that assays fifty rubles to the syllable. A distinctly repetitious allusion to a possible market for a duck catapulted Joe Penner into the \$2,500 per broadcast class. Jack Benny comes wrapped in a package marked \$8,500.

Richard Crooks will show up for a stated number of rehearsals and will sing a reasonable number of songs of an evening for a

commercial radio program. His fee will be \$4,000 per appearance. Lily Pons, Lauritz Melchior, John Charles Thomas, Kirsten Flagstad and other operatics will pocket comparable fees.

In Hollywood where the stars have been slumming on kilocycle avenue Marlene Dietrich may read a few love passages from a manuscript. Clark Gable will flip back the appropriate responses. Each will pick up \$5,000 in small change for the evening's chore which includes a curtain speech endorsing the sponsor's product. Fred Astaire, a dancer, gets \$4,500 to sing on the radio.

No wonder the business man gulps hard and feels his head doing a spiral. He's not accustomed to such a scale of values. Not at the bottling works. In his own world diligent application and astuteness over a period of years yields nominal rewards. A business man at \$25,000 per annum may be a ditch-digger to a radio star but among his contemporaries he's thought to be rather bright. The fellow getting \$50,000 a year in the business world is a near-genius and above that bracket it's the voice of destiny speaking.

Major Bowes has spanned the jump between successful business man and successful radio entertainer. As managing director of the Capitol Theatre in New York City he received \$25,000 a year. He had other resources and was, all in all, an executive of standing and prestige. A quirk of freak circumstance has skyrocketed him into a fantastic success as an entertainer and today—incredible though it may appear—he now earns almost as much in a single week as an entertainer as he previously banked in a year.

Nor are the high costs of radio programs necessarily limited to such familiar top-notchers as Benny, Bowes, Fred Allen, Al Jolson, Bing Crosby, Kate Smith, Phil Baker, Nelson Eddy, Guy Lombardo, Walter Winchell, Ed Wynn, Amos 'n' Andy. Even a program for children like "Popeye the Sailor," a simple little bedtime frolic, represents a weekly production budget—not counting the cost of time—of \$5,000.

But let's go back, take the puzzled business man by the hand, and start from the beginning. There he is, Joe Exec. Perfectly normal, satisfied with everything but his golf score. A little annoyed that the competitor is now sponsoring "The Charm Girl" on the network but as yet not thinking of doing anything so rash himself. All his life Joe Exec has thought of show biz as a big chiz. He wants to live his own well-ordered life.

When it is seriously suggested that he put a well-known crooner on the payroll Joe Exec reacts like a Kansas schoolmarm who has been invited to have a whiskey and soda. There is an automatic stiffening of the sales resistant



ILLUSTRATION BY ERIC LUNDGREN

muscles. Ultimately they get him into the special elevator for sponsors, sit him down in the special chair, introduce him to the radio director, fourteen vice-presidents and Miss Ga-ga, the office romance who flutters prettily. Then they give him the sad news about how his competitor ought not be allowed to get away with this thing.

They slip him the tip that if he signs up Joan Del Rio—and she's a steal for a mere \$1,750—she'll come to tea at Mrs. Exec's Garden Club. And won't that be ducky. Confidentially, they're not kidding—Mrs. E. beams brightest when conveying a celebrity around the Garden Club.

He prides himself, however, on being a ten-minute egg. He discounts the build-up, he fails to take Miss Ga-Ga out for cocktails or to sign up Joan Del Rio on the spot. Joe Exec is suspicious when he wins the golf game and loses the dinner check. He's suspicious of the velvet ropes that keep others out but let him in. He doesn't know a good show from a bad one, to tell the truth. Personally he likes Mickey Mouse best. The only thing that bothers him is his competitor. Trust that low, sneaking no-good blankety-blank.

So he goes on the radio. Then he finds out. His son who goes to Princeton wants him to hire Casa Loma. Aunt Minnie warns him against that Delys DeFluze who puts a little too much hip movement into her sopranoing. The clubwomen don't approve of Miss DeFluze since she hired that new press agent. Mrs. Exec favors something cultural—a 90-piece symphony or something intimate like that. Symphonies are so uplifting. They have such lovely deficits. Which proves they're cultural.

The big night of the first broadcast arrives. A large broadcasting hall is crowded with

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“Well, I see they’re reviving that Santa myth again”



"Can I help solve your problem, madam?"

Consumers, Awake!

Mr. Lathrop said they'd no longer be Guinea Pigs, they'd know the Best Buy, Approved, Also Approved and Inferior

by MARK CARLSON

• SATIRE •



IT WAS just an ordinary Tuesday evening when Mr. Lathrop came home from the office looking very much pleased with himself. "See what I brought you," he said proudly and thrust into the hands of Mrs. Lathrop, who had been knitting and listening to the news on the radio, a large white paper certificate, impressively signed and sealed, stating that Mr. and Mrs. George S. Lathrop were now members in good standing of the Consumers' Guild of America.

"What," asked Mrs. Lathrop blankly, "is that?"

He explained while Bertha, the maid, brought in the soup, "The Consumers' Guild is a union of buyers who have banded together to get their money's worth. As members of the Guild we receive monthly unbiased information about articles of all kinds, and besides have access to the *Consumers' Manual*, a guide to practically everything anybody buys. We don't have to be guinea pigs any longer," he said magnificently. "This is an intelligent step. Consumers' Co-operatives. Like the Swedes, you know."

"Sh!" said his wife, indicating the pantry door. "Bertha's family is Swedish." And then added, as flatteringly as possible because Mr. Lathrop always accused her of catering too much to Bertha, "It was terribly clever of you to join. How did it happen?"

It seemed that a man in his office by the name of Butch Evans had taken him out to lunch that day. "By Jove, it was an inspiration!" Mr. Lathrop said, waving his spoon enthusiastically about.

"He didn't order a single thing in the restaurant without asking the ingredients and the brand. Boy, he certainly gets his money's worth. He had the waiters on their ears, I can tell you."

"I shouldn't wonder," Mrs. Lathrop murmured.

He went on, "The thing that really made up my mind was automobile tires. Look."

He whipped out of his breast pocket a thick booklet of a nasty green color, on the cover of which was printed in large black letters the challenge, "Consumers, Awake!"

"This is the *Manual*," said Mr. Lathrop proudly. "You must never, never go shopping without it. Every known product is graded here as Best Buy, Approved, Also Approved and Inferior. Do you realize that those new tires are not even Also Approved? They are

Inferior. That means absolutely lousy." He banged so hard on the table that Bertha ran in in alarm. Mrs. Lathrop diverted her with a signal to remove the soup plates.

Mr. Lathrop, however, ran on about the tires, and did not even notice that his favorite candied sweet potatoes were being served with the ham. "Now here's another thing," he said ominously, flipping over the pages of the *Manual*. "The car. Not the Best Buy by any means. The clutch is weak, the upholstery poor quality and the carburetor won't stand up. Besides, we should have bought a Business Model, not a De Luxe." Mrs. Lathrop had talked him out of the business model in the first place.

"Eat your dinner," she snapped, also remembering it.

He ate absent-mindedly, his eyes on the open booklet. Suddenly he put down his fork. "Ham!" he exclaimed. "What brand?"

"Brand?" echoed Mrs. Lathrop. "Why, we've had the same butcher for years."

"A fine housekeeper!" said Mr. Lathrop scornfully.

"The meat is delicious," said Mrs. Lathrop loudly enough for Bertha to hear. "What possible difference can the brand make?"

"Only all the difference in the world," he replied with a pitying look for the moron he had married. "Curing, inspection, quality. By the way, is this meat Grade One, Two or Three?"

"Grade?" murmured Mrs. Lathrop before she had time to give it thought.

"Well," said Mr. Lathrop in an indescribably lofty tone. "I see you still have to learn your consumer's ABC's."

"It can't be hard. You certainly learned fast," said his wife quickly.

It was a bad meal. During the course of it Mrs. Lathrop was informed that they were using the most expensive type of butter; that the canned green peas, which she

loathed and only served because Mr. Lathrop was fond of them, were poorly packed and only Also Approved; and that the stewed dried apricots, another favorite of his, had been treated with poisonous sulfur dioxide and probably were insect-infested into the bargain.

"You didn't eat nothin'." Bertha said in an injured tone as she cleared away the dessert things. "Did I do something wrong again?"

Mrs. Lathrop reassured Bertha and gave her husband a dirty look, which he, concentrating on the *Manual*, missed entirely.

They went into the living room for coffee. Instead of settling down in his usual armchair, Mr. Lathrop walked to the corner of the new mulberry rug, inspected the label and shook his head sadly.

"I suppose it's treated with sulfur dioxide and will give us hookworm," remarked Mrs. Lathrop.

"Don't be facetious," responded Mr. Lathrop with dignity. "You'll find out soon enough all the mistakes you made furnishing this house."

His wife merely said "Nuts!" in an amiable tone and poured out the coffee.

"Ha! Coffee!" said Mr. Lathrop, settling down in his chair and turning to the C's.

"Suppose I give you some information now," said Mrs. Lathrop impressively. "Our grocer blends it specially for us because you're so fussy about your coffee. You've always said Bertha's coffee is the best you ever tasted." She smiled encouragingly at Bertha standing by with the cream and sugar.

"But *how* does she make it?" demanded Mr. Lathrop triumphantly. "In a percolator. Listen to this: 'Percolators boil the coffee causing it to lose its more volatile flavor constituents.'"

"It's volatile enough for me," said Mrs. Lathrop. "And for you too, till this minute."

"I bet you don't keep it in the refrigerator either," said Mr. Lathrop, still reading. "Coffee deteriorates less if stored in the icebox."

"Coffee in the icebox. My Gawd!" cried Bertha and fled as if from a homicidal maniac.

"George," said his wife in a low, trembling voice. "If you don't shut up Bertha will walk out on us and we have that dinner party on for tomorrow night."

But he was lost in Refrigerators.

"We have a bridge date with your friends the Bentleys," said Mrs. Lathrop nastily. "And while I'm powdering my nose, why don't you look them up under the O's—for Old Crocks?"

* * *

After an evening of wrangling over bridge hands with the Bentleys, the Lathrops got home very late, but Mr. Lathrop insisted he wasn't sleepy. "I want to try some of this new

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"Whom do I see about complimenting the store management?"

Robert Philipp: Collector's Artist

**While he has come a respectable distance,
it is for the next generation, with all
his work before them, to weigh his worth**

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

SOME years ago, in one of the better picture galleries on 57th street in New York, I heard an old man excitedly and enthusiastically proclaim his discovery of a painter whom he was calling the best since Renoir. This man had recently arrived from some small town in the Middle West and had seen several paintings that threatened momentarily to unbalance him. (There are a few people like that, fortunately for painters.) The pictures he had seen were by someone of whom, until then, I had never heard—Robert Philipp, an American whose name looked as if it might have been derived from the French. Some time afterwards, during December, 1937, the Whitney Museum was conducting its annual exhibition of contemporary American painting, hanging 115 pictures by as many artists. Among them was *Ground Floor*, the portrait of a young woman looking out of a flower-boxed window, the whole thing very French in feeling and execution. It was not only possible to like it, it was easy to do so.

On the settee which was placed right in front of *Ground Floor* was an oldish man who, cutting through all the talk that was buzzing about him and asserting his own authority in matters of art, pointed at *Ground Floor* and said to all around him who cared to listen: "That's the best picture in the place!"

Mr. Philipp did not come into recognition, which was at a rather early age, until he had made use of the lessons of Impressionism. It is since then that he has become one of the more important of the younger painters, the recipient of prizes, honors and elections. His sales have mounted steadily, his pictures are in many good collections, among them being those of several museums, and even dealers have been buying them. He is a very able painter, certainly from the technical point of view, and sometimes communicates a considerable amount of emotional power. He is also a capable draughtsman, which is not always an axiomatic quality among artists. He is versatile and sensitive. He possesses vitality and a large quantity of strength. He is an ambitious painter with a locomotive engine's powerful drive that will not be deflected from its course by physical obstacles or a recurrent tendency to philosophical doubts. As a painter he seems to me to be strong though sensitive, healthy though cultivated, broad and vigorous in his effects as well as subtle and refined.

The painters to whose influence he has submitted himself belong to anyone with the capacity and the desire to use them. Art is an endless chain every single link of which is related to the link that went before. Art is



MARTHA

created by men and the art that each man creates is as big, or as little, as he is himself. The limitations, or the grandeurs, of each man are brushed onto the canvas and can be read by anyone versed in the grammar of art. Philipp is still a young man. By dint of study and through patient experimentation in the struggle to become an artist, he has come a respectable distance, but at the present time one can only report the place at which he has arrived today; it will be for others, a generation hence, with all of Philipp's characteristic work before them, to make the definitive statement about the contribution that is his, and no one else's.

In his first period, of which I know only by Philipp's own report, he struggled to become a portrait painter in the manner of Sargent; and his other gods, also by his own report, were Velasquez, Hals and Goya. When he was only twenty-seven he won a prize at the National Academy. Philipp can still prove himself free from debt to any single preceptor, as he did in his *Dust to Dust*. This was the only canvas by an American to be awarded a prize at the 1937 Carnegie International. To the International of 1938 he sent *The Transgressor*, a picture in the same dusky dramatic mood. *Manhattan Symphony*, also reproduced, is likewise in what may be called his new manner. These more recent paintings, especially *Manhattan Symphony*, are also full of story content and suggest possibly untapped resources. Philipp's pictures are those to which the average collector will instinctively warm, as Mrs. Frank J. Logan of the Sanity in Art movement

implied when she approved the award of the first Logan prize and the Chicago Art Institute medal of 1936 to Mr. Philipp's *Olympia*. It is also worth noting the fact that no collector has only one of his pictures; they come back for a second, at least, and one collector has fifteen. Probably the leading art critic, Henry McBride, regards Philipp as one of the six best painters in America.

Robert Philipp was born into a family of the theatre in New York in 1895 and for some time was himself destined for the stage. His father, Paul, was a producer, and his uncle, Adolph, a playwright and composer. Together the brothers Philipp created, staged and produced such well-known musicals of an earlier generation as *Alma*, *Where Do You Live?*, *Adele*, *The Midnight Girl*, *The Girl Who Smiles* and *Two Is Company*. When Robert was five, the family moved to Germany, in whose capital his father and uncle conducted a theatre for five years. They produced musicals and plays in Hamburg also. When, after more than thirteen years abroad, the family returned to New York, the future artist hardly knew enough English to get about with. Young Philipp was always drawing and being encouraged to pursue his art studies, and was quite certain that he would attain professional status as a painter. His interest in music also was encouraged and he received training with a hopeful glance in the direction of the grand opera stage. Perhaps his art studies were alternative to his music; already he had taken courses at the National Academy school and at the Art Students' League; he had even earned a little money on portrait commissions and the sale of water colors to friends, but had not yet made a howling success as a painter when he survived a Shubert audition and was given a small part in a road company production of *The Student Prince*. Uncle Adolph preferred, however, that Robert stay in or near New York and offered him a leading role in a revival of *Alma* which he was presenting in the metropolis and vicinity. He kept his part for about a year and some time in 1925 or 1926 decided to abandon the stage and devote himself exclusively to painting. Colleagues of that period recall that Philipp's most intense enthusiasm was reserved for the glorious voice of Enrico Caruso. Today Philipp says he likes to listen to symphony music coming over the radio.

He has been painting since the age of thirteen. At an earlier age he was revealing his aptitude in pencil sketches. Like others of his age and inclination he made sketches of Teacher while his attention was supposed to be directed to more serious things. Some

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COURTESY OF THOMAS J. WATSON, ESQ.

CENTRAL PARK



DUST TO DUST



STILL LIFE

**A Portfolio
of Paintings**
by
ROBERT PHILIPP

The paintings: Dust to Dust, Still Life, Central Park, Seated Nude, reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of the Grand Central Galleries, 1 E. 51st Street, New York, N. Y. The paintings: On the Lake, Manhattan Symphony, Connecticut Landscape, Martha, reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of the Milch Galleries, 108 W. 57th Street, New York, N. Y.



MANHATTAN SYMPHONY



SEATED NUDE



ON THE LAKE



CONNECTICUT LANDSCAPE



"I'm going to give you something terribly expensive this year, darling. Lend me your checkbook"

Headaches for Money

Professional player asserts that in golf, as in any other business, you can't get away with two-time thinking

by **RALPH GULDAHL**

• SPORTS •



IF I would come to your office to interrupt you while you were busy on some important work, I probably would talk to you for five minutes before you'd say much more to me than "huh?"

Of course that supposes you'd let me in. Your secretary most

likely would have orders to keep you undisturbed. I couldn't complain about the way you treated me. I'm one of those guys who tries to make a living in a way that calls for intense concentration all of the time I'm at work. The difference between us is that when you have to concentrate on a job you shut yourself up in strict privacy. When I must concentrate, I have to try to lock out from five hundred to ten thousand people who are separated from me only by sunshine.

That's why the professional golfer is fortunate to make enough money to pay for his headache remedies. You try figuring out the answer to 738 times 59.104 when well-meaning strangers are crowding up to you and saying, "Good boy, Ralph old boy, five or six more birdies and you're in-- if the other boys blow up!" That's what a golfer in a big championship is up against, mentally. I don't think you'd get very far in handling concentration under that sort of a setup. Still, golfers who are referred to "as those dumb pros" have to do business demanding the most delicate and complete concentration under those disturbing conditions.

Even after you've played your shot, you're not relieved of the necessity of concentration. I'll give you an instance:

At the Shawnee Country Club, during the Professional Golfers' championship last summer, I was playing Dick Metz in the second round. I'd lost the sixth on a stymie, the thirteenth on another one, and the sixteenth on the third stymie of the match which I eventually lost, 1 down. I'd squared the match on the fifteenth hole and was about eight feet from the hole with my tee shot on the sixteenth. This third stymie meant halving a hole, which kept me from going 1 up in the match. But despite that unusual development, I was still concen-

trating on my business, concentrating hard.

Those stymies were not deliberate. Anyone who can putt well enough to lay a stymie is going to putt to drop the ball into the hole. With Dick and me in that match it was a case of seeing who was the best golfer of the two because I'd led him in a few weeks before when I won my second National Open, and Dick had had the tough luck to drop a good lead in the final round, and finish second. He's one of the very grandest sportsmen in golf, and no sportsman in the game plays to win or halve a hole with a stymie. That remark tips you off to what I think of the stymie as an element which determines the respective abilities of two golfers.

However, as I said, I was still thinking intently about me. After I'd holed out I unconsciously rapped Dick's ball away, intending to bat it so his caddie could pick it up. I was burning with disappointment and my disgusting bad luck at being stymied on three holes. In my fever, I hit Dick's ball too hard. Then the stories started to spread that I'd kicked his ball off the green and threatened to whip Metz on the spot.

Well, when you hear such rumors later, or read them in the papers after the rumors reach some of the boys working in the press room, you're bound to feel bad. First, you think that someone maliciously must be trying to get you. Then you realize that couldn't be, so you just decide "to hell with it" and throw it out of your mind.

But, when I discovered that I'd really given the Metz ball a stiff rap instead of tapping it in a formal way, it upset me. I played the next hole like your old Aunt Liz, hooking my drive into the rough, staying in the rough with my second, and being short with my third blow. Dick was taking a 4 to my 5. We halved the last hole so the show was over for me because I'd paid the penalty of not concentrating on batting away a ball that

wasn't even in play.

Jimmy Thomson tells one of the funniest ones I've heard about how a good professional golfer's concentration may backfire on him. Jimmy is the most amiable fellow you'd ever meet, and in one tough business. He has to sandwich his tournament play between exhibition matches in which, regardless of the titular or financial unimportance of the ex-

hibition, everyone expects Jimmy to hit the ball ten country miles and break the course record. He can't ease up in his concentration and let the public down.

One time Jimmy was walking up to a shot during an exhibition when some young fellow came up to him and poked a piece of paper and a pencil at him. Jimmy is built like a heavyweight wrestler so the young man, being flip, said to Jimmy, "Butch, sign this." Jimmy reached and signed, automatically, "Sincerely yours, Butch."

The next day Thomson was amazed to read in one of the papers that Thomson had a fit of temperament during the exhibition

and refused to sign his real autograph. That case bewildered Thomson until, by accident, he learned what had happened. Then it was a laugh to him, but there may be people who read that little reference to Jimmy and got the idea that he was upstage the wrongest idea in the world. That's what pro golfers are up against.

Don't tell me that any of these fellows who are up around the top in pro golf

hit their shots by accident. They think them. You try thinking a lot any day; I mean firmly concentrated thinking. I'll bet there are very few successful businessmen who can do that. They're not in that habit.

Sometimes we think too much about our shots. I almost slopped away my third Western Open title at Westwood last summer because I over-thought myself. It may be hard for some of the wise crackers to think that a pro golfer thinks, and I guess those pictures of me right after I'd won the National Open at Denver didn't help the pro case for brains any, because I sure had a blank look on my face. To tell the truth I was in so much of a trance I didn't realize I'd won the thing.

A crowd rushed around me the instant after I'd holed out. I had the nutty idea that there was a big fight or a fire or some kind of a panic going on. I kept asking for my wife. I don't let her follow me when I'm playing golf. I'm apt to get thinking about her, then, and it takes my mind off the shots.

Some people got her through the crowd. She kissed me while a bunch of pictures were being taken. I was punch-drunk from keeping my mind so set on my golf. But with all that picture taking I came out of the fog far enough to appreciate that we were at the golf championship. I asked her who'd won. She told me later that I must have asked her a dozen times "who won?" She finally told

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Witchcraft in Africa

**We can dismiss most magic as trickery
but there are certain glimpses into
another world which we cannot explain**

by COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI
•ARTICLE•

WHEN I see, as often I have, a witch doctor the "veterinary," let us say, of a district burning magic herbs and performing ritual dances around a sick ox, it is impossible for me to judge the efficacy of his craft. Even if afterwards I find the animal recovering and regaining its usual appetite, I cannot be sure whether this recovery has taken place through the merit of the witch doctor, or because of the natural disappearance of some slight indisposition.

This, too, is true in the case of invoking rain. In Zululand one year when the rains, which are so indispensable for the crops and the grass, failed to arrive and the menace of a catastrophic drought weighed on the country, I had occasion to watch more than one propitiatory ceremony.

Around a hut in which lived twins sacred to Ungiana, the god of rain, all the virgins of the kraal danced for hours and hours, singing in chorus some cabalistic chant.

In another kraal a specialized witch doctor called in a loud voice upon Ungiana, and to let him understand what the good Zulus of the mountains desired from him, threw on the dry ground some water from a calabash held up above his head—well up, so that the god could not avoid seeing it. It is true that all the members of his large family shouted with him "*Maanzi! Maanzi!*" (water) in voices certainly shrill enough to mount to the skies. But I would not say that I shared the absolute conviction held by the witch doctor and the virgins that the rain, which began to fall a few days later, came solely because of their appeals to Ungiana.

The same uncertainty, I must say, is attached to many other magics. To the enchanted necklace hung around the neck of a child to insure to him a happy future, the fulfillment of which, obviously, one does not have time to await; or to the interpretation of the movements of a viper which a Zulu finding in his hut at once recognizes as the spirit of his dead mother-in-law come to express through those particular movements some posthumous desire.



But although one may laugh at such examples of witchcraft which seem to be nothing but the manifestations of ridiculous superstitious beliefs, there are other manifestations toward which everyone who observes them in good faith must take a very different attitude.

That is, when the witchcraft, spell, magic, healing or whatever the manifestation may be, points even in a primitive and crude way to the supremacy of mind over the body and the material world. That is, when ignoring or surpassing, or even reversing the only evidences we call real because they are the only ones recorded by our five senses, the witchcraft brings us abruptly into another world of which in one way or another each of us at times has had an intuitive glimpse—usually being quick to deny or to dismiss it as nonexistent simply because those five senses of ours cannot perceive, explain and analyze it as we are accustomed to do with the physical world about us. Which, naturally, is disconcerting.

And to facts of this kind, the effects of which we see but not the cause nor the *modus operandi*, each one reacts in accordance with that complex of mingled elements which forms the conscious and subconscious strata of his mind and which differs in every individual.

Therefore, in recounting some of the experiences of witchcraft I have happened to witness, I do not attempt to give an explanation of them. Leaving the reader to reach his own conclusions, I limit myself to vouching for their factual accuracy, as they are things which I, often in the presence of various companions of my expeditions, have observed step by step, trying to register each detail with absolute impartiality. Records of every instance are preserved in the Royal University of Florence, the Italian Society of Anthropology and Ethnography and other scientific institutions under whose auspices my expeditions were made and to whom I presented all our collections and observations.

Some of the native sorcery is not as exotic as it may seem at first sight. And it is enough to think for a moment to find very similar equivalents in our own customs and superstitions.

What, for example, does the young warrior do when he wishes to awaken the love of the girl of his choice? In Zululand, he cautiously conceals himself near the pool where the virgin goes to fetch water and to bathe. And when she has departed he slips out from his hiding place, wades into the water to the exact spot where she has bathed and three or four times fills his mouth with the water that has touched her body, murmuring words of



magic toward the retreating figure of the girl, who is completely unaware of what is going on, and concentrating all his force of will in the repetition of the thought that she will love him and become his wife.

A very similar method, although to obtain an opposite effect, is used by the native who has an enemy he wishes to be rid of. With infinite patience he awaits the opportunity to secure some intimate possession of this enemy, a garment, an ornament, or even better a tuft of his hair or beard; in the latter case perhaps running the risk of creeping up to the sleeping man and cutting off the lock himself. Then in some secret place he will burn that object or those hairs, or he will boil them with a bit of cobra skin, or cut them into small pieces with his knife.

He certainly does not understand the process by which his hate is transferred into action against his adversary. But he is perfectly and deeply convinced that the wish vitalized by this magic ceremony will soon be effected upon the hated man, who will die in a fire, or by the bite of a poisonous snake or of some wounds received during a fight.

Now we do not use systems so dramatic, and in a certain sense so picturesque. But the philtres and enchantments of love or death which our ancestors used and those which still today are employed by seers in the most backward countries; the same benedictions or maledictions which one, under the impulse of affection or wrath, expresses in words or in the innermost chambers of his thought toward a friend or a foe, are they not more or less the same thing? Are they not perhaps based on the same usage of forces and powers almost unknown to us, but of which we perceive the existence to such a point as to have acquired recourse to them ourselves?

The strangest part of it is, I must add, that of dozens of enchantments of this kind which I have seen in Africa I later ascertained that the greater part had attained the desired objective. If merely through chance, or through the power of the spell, I cannot, of course, say.

A more impressive form of witchcraft, and one which may
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“Look, Honey—isn’t this nicer!”



"It's not for any organization, lady . . . just for myself!"

The Far Pastures

Whatever happened, the land was still theirs, and owning a piece of land was like having an anchor

by **LOUIS ZARA**

• FICTION •

THESE people, Gardner thought, watching the countryside unroll through the frame of the windshield, have something their own—earth, land, clay, something to grip, something to hold fast. He felt his heart flooding romantically with the spirit of the clear day and the fruitful scene. Green fields, gray churches, red farmsteads, blond grain, the dun color of water at a distance, the motley pattern of cattle on a hillside, and over all the sky bursting with new white blossoms of cloud.

Peace, possession and serenity, he reflected—these things a city dweller could not know so easily—men of the soil had for themselves. The road was a chalk-line to the horizon. The tires sang. The motor made its monotonous obbligator. The needle of the speedometer caressed fifty and beckoned to sixty.

That was at seven-thirty in the morning. By nine he had swept through the last of the fields where the corn was waist-high and the earth rich and dark, where the houses and barns looked like toy structures, snug and secure on the broad acres. The car shot to a bridge. The river below was muddy and lean as an eel in its wide parched bed. The wheels rumbled over the loose boards and suddenly there was a new backdrop for the scene.

The barrenness of the paupered land struck him first. The grass was gone. Unconsciously he released the throttle he was so surprised. The wheels gripped the road as the car coasted. As far as his eyes could see there was no green thing. Where the stalks of grain should have been coming up in the fields only pitiful sticks protruded from the ground. For broad stretches there were not even dead plants. This was a brown land; not a green land but a baked arid brown land. The realization made him solemn.

He had heard of the dust bowl, but he had not seen it before. This was the dust country then, where the great plains, ravished by the merciless plough, had surrendered and wasted to desert. He was impressed and awed by the bleak face of the new wilderness. He clamped his fists over the wheel and drove hard. But he could not so quickly escape the sickening vista.

The car ground over an iron cattle guard in the roadway. On a hillside several scrawny-looking horses cropped listlessly, their ribs and backbones painfully evident. Near a dry irrigation

ditch, a straw-hatted grim-faced farmer urged several lean cows to lie down in a soft moist spot. Once a dog came out of a farmstead and stared hot-tongued at the passing vehicle. Gardner observed that the usual flocks of poultry were gone from the farmyards.

The morning had begun lively enough but now there was a yellow smokiness in the sky, diffusing no sunlight, and the last patch of blue sky was gone. From the left a long dark threatening cloud rolled across the fields, spreading a murky gloom. He noticed the absence of birds from the few trees and the telegraph wires. Its headlights casting a feeble light before it, a car sped past. Mechanically, he switched on his own dimmers.

He slowed down for a school zone and then, at a moderate pace, cut through a little town. The houses were neat but they had an ashamed look about them, as though shrinking from the early night. He wanted to stop and gas up but decided to wait. Perhaps he could get to the next town before it was completely dark.

Near the town hall children were rolling barrel hoops. Before the complaint of his horn they dispersed. He swung past the last filling station, skirted a junkyard crowded with rusted and dismantled automobiles, and shot down the road. He swore as a yellow marker: "Pavement Ends" leered at him. The soft swirr! of the tires ceased and the grinding, crunching sound of rubber against gravel began. Pebbles rat-tatted against the fenders and leaped up to plink! on the windshield.

In his rear-vision mirror he saw the swirling mist which the car exhausted. A passenger

bus roared by and rained stones against the windows.

By ten o'clock he was certain it was a dust-storm. The sepia tone of the landscape had deepened. The threatening cloud was dark gray, advancing directly toward him now. The air was thick with fine grains of dust and with every blast of wind invisible particles sifted into the car and coated his hands and face. He licked his lips and spat. The dust had an acrid taste.

The wind began to howl. He could feel it pressing stubbornly against the flank of the car. A bird flitted forlornly in the headlights. He cut his speed down to twenty-five miles and switched on the bright lights. Now the yellowness was all gone. Soon even the sepia had slipped into darkness.

Gardner was frightened. He halted long enough to try the windows and to shut the ventilator. He wondered whether the dust would get into the motor, onto the starter brushes, or on the distributor points; and whether his automobile insurance would cover damage from a dust blizzard.

Black dust was everywhere. He thought he heard thunder and then decided it was a truck backfiring somewhere, or a similar sound. The headlamps made feeble circles of yellow light. He could hardly see more than a dozen feet beyond the radiator. He sensed that vehicles passed on the other side of the highway, but he could see no more of them than the brief flickers of their lamps as they ground down the road.

His eyelashes felt gritty. His nostrils were caked with dirt. Once the engine coughed and fear clutched his heart that the motor would stop and leave him stranded here; he could go into the ditch or wait here in the darkness for another blind car to run into him. But the motor ran smoothly again and, penitently, though with reluctance, he let the speedometer needle retreat to fifteen miles.

The wind hurled acres of sand at the car. He felt the grains in his shoes and on his lips. He could see the pebbles rolling from the hood. Splashes appeared on the windshield and Gardner surmised that patches of moist soil had been ripped from the earth somewhere and flung thus wantonly across the plains. He turned the wipers on, but



ILLUSTRATION BY ENCLINSON

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"We've got a reciprocal trade-agreement!"

Story of a Law

Mr. Print argued it wouldn't hurt any good business to publish the truth about it, but They said No

by PARKE CUMMINGS
• SATIRE •



IT CAME to pass that as time went on there were more and more airplane wrecks on account of the fact that airplanes still were not very good at flying over mountains in bad weather. Although the planes had more safety gadgets all the time, the mountains got no lower and the weather got no better, and, as I said, there were a great many accidents. One very bad day there was an especially bad wreck, and fifteen people were killed including the pilot and the hostess.

So the papers printed the news very prominently as usual, including the *Cosmos*, a very important paper that was run by the famous publisher, Mr. Print. The article took up quite a lot of space on the front page, and it mentioned that the defunct plane had been flown by Colossal Airways. But this time something different happened. The boss of Colossal called on Mr. Print, and coming right to the point, said: "Hey, what is the big idea?"

"The big idea of what?" said Mr. Print.

"Of splurging the account of that wreck all over your front page and of mentioning the name of our company."

"Don't be silly," said Mr. Print. "We have always done that when big wrecks occur. And besides, we didn't print the name of your company in the headlines or even at the front part of the article. It was way down the column—practically on page two. We always do it that way, and so do all the other papers."

"Nonetheless," retorted the boss, "I want it stopped."

"Why?" said Mr. Print.

"Because it hurts the air travel business," said the boss.

To which Mr. Print replied: "What kind of a business is it, that can't stand having the truth printed about it?"

The boss looked very displeased, and said: "Cut out the sophistry. Besides, you have got to look at it this way: The air travel business is still, so to speak, an infant industry. Other infant industries in the past have been protected by tariffs, and so why shouldn't we be protected by the absence of unfavorable publicity. What have you got against us anyhow? Answer this question for me."

Mr. Print replied: "I am afraid you have got me wrong. I am not an enemy of the air travel business, but on the contrary, am a great admirer of what it has accomplished in a comparatively short while, but I am in the business of printing the news. And besides, speaking of protection, aren't the passengers entitled to protection too? I don't mean that they should be scared away, but aren't they entitled to know just how things stand, what air travel companies have better records than others, and just what the odds are on getting killed in a plane as against getting killed in a train or an automobile or on a boat, so they can judge for themselves whether they want to fly or not?"

To which the boss grumbled: "I said cut out the sophistry."

"And here is another point," continued Mr. Print. "You say it hurts your business when we print bad news about it, but aren't there other businesses? I mean just in this last wreck there was a prominent movie actor, a very famous chemical engineer, a doctor who might have finally unearthed the mystery of cancer, and a very capable steel company executive. I don't believe that any of those businesses or professions were helped by having those men bumped off—or bumped down. My opinion is that it works both ways, and that nothing is gained by building up one business at the expense of others."

"We are not trying to tear down other businesses," grumbled the boss.

"No," conceded Mr. Print, "but you get the idea. The *Cosmos* is going to continue printing the news of airplane wrecks just the same as always."

"Good-day," said the boss coldly, "Our advertising manager will doubtless pay you a call soon."

Mr. Print thought this last over for quite a while, and the result was that the next time Colossal Airways had a wreck, the *Cosmos* gave it half a column on page four and did not print the name of the company. Some of the other papers pursued their former tactics, however, and this is what happened: The boss of Colossal raised merry hell, and he said: "By God, They ought to pass a law about this!" So he started to lobby to get the law passed, and he was helped not a little by the fact that the *Cosmos* had played ball with him. Times were not very good, and so finally they passed an Emergency Law

known as the Air Travel Libel Law which made it a serious offence to print or broadcast any news of airplane wrecks.

Well, it came to pass that a couple of years later, some of the automobile companies got a bit careless and started putting out automobiles that weren't too hot. They were pretty safe to drive, but their engines didn't hold out very long. So Mr. Print didn't like this, and he started making some remarks about the fact in the *Cosmos*. In no time at all he found himself embroiled in a very bitter argument with the manufacturers who pointed out that times were getting no better and that Mr. Print had better go easy because the welfare of the country depended quite a lot on the automobile business.

Mr. Print replied that the welfare of the country also depended on the customers not being bilked by any business, but he did not get even a running start towards first base, and in fact he had, so to speak, hardly dropped his bat before They passed the Automobile Libel Law, which was of course an emergency measure, and could be repealed when times got better.

Unfortunately times did not get better or even a reasonable facsimile thereof, and before Mr. Print knew what he was doing, he had unwittingly put his foot in things again—through the medium of his dramatic critic who roasted every bit of juice out of a Broadway musical extravaganza called: *Boosts of 1951*. The theatrical business had been very bad indeed, and the producer lost

no time in descending on Mr. Print's neck, and saying: "What is the big idea? That show cost me a cool million to produce, and now you and the other lousy sheets have closed the show down with your critics' wisecracks, and I am out a pile of dough. Not only me. But a lot of actors and stagehands and ushers, etc., are out of work. Is that doing

this country any earthly good?"

And Mr. Print said: "Yes, I think it is. Suppose we had all praised that turkey, and so many people had seen your show that you made a million instead of losing it? O.K. How about the customers that threw away one—two—three—four—five bucks on that mess of rubbish? Wouldn't there have been a gigantic total loss there? And wouldn't that loss have trickled into other businesses? I



Continued on page 158

Bird Lands, Custom Made

Herbert L. Stoddard, capitalizing on the bobwhite's domestic talents, has helped save the species for hunters

by McNEILL VEREEN BELL

• SPORTS •

ON April 25, 1923, Mr. Charles Chapin of Bernardsville, New Jersey, gave a luncheon at the Links Club in New York. The guests were wealthy sportsmen and biologists, and the conversation, a single-tracked one, revolved mostly around the question of what, if anything, could be done to perpetuate quail as game birds. It was a question the Biological Survey was interested in, too, and F. C. Lincoln was there as the Survey's representative.

As the result of the discussion, The Co-operative Quail Investigation was formed, a partnership between sportsmen—most of whom had big game preserves in the South—and the Biological Survey. The sportsmen contributed money and permission to use their hunting lands for experimental purposes. The Survey contributed its scientific facilities and Herbert L. Stoddard.

The young expert, Stoddard, a quiet-natured man with an insatiable curiosity about wild life, packed his microscope and binoculars and field clothes and headed for Georgia, pretty excited. For in his hands was the fate of a most important species of life. The odds for success weren't encouraging. No large-scale attempt at game management in this country had ever been successful. Years of work would be necessary even for a decent failure. But he had financial backing and adequate equipment and unlimited experimental territory, and trained assistants whenever he needed them. Give a research man that and he will tackle anything.

From Thomasville, Stoddard went to the plantation and winter home of Colonel Lewis S. Thompson. On the plantation, surrounded by oaks, was a long, cool house called The Hall—also known as Insomnia Hall, a name it got after being frequently used as a guest house. This comfortable old place Colonel Thompson turned over to Stoddard to be used as a home and field office.

For miles around lay Stoddard's experimental territory—200,000 acres of game-preserve country belonging to Whitneys and Bakers and Teagles and such. The needs of each preserve differed somewhat. At a certain place one season's total bag was eleven birds. According to the kennel man, the general marksmanship was so bad that the dogs often got disgusted and quit hunting. On another plantation, Springwood, birds are to be hunted rather than shot, their most valued service being in providing training for Thomas C. Chubb's field-trial pointers and some

Italian animals that look like a cross between a sheepdog and a briarpatch. But on other preserves many hundreds of birds were killed. And regardless of the size of the bags, more quail meant easier hunting.

Stoddard began work by soaking in all the quail lore he could. He read what little had been written. He talked to hunters in the surrounding towns of Cairo, Thomasville and Tallahassee, to managers of the "Yankee places," and to field hands. Everything, of course, being absorbed with a scientific grain of salt. Some of the lore used the salt nicely, like the story that a quail chick hides himself by lying on his back and holding a leaf in his feet.

To begin with, observing the birds proved difficult, simply because nature has worked for a million or so years making quail as unobservable as possible. Blinds could be used near nests and experimental pens, where the watcher could be stationary, but when Stoddard tried to follow the wanderings of a feeding covey they invariably heard him and froze. The solution came when he discovered that the birds had no objections to being followed through burned-over woods by a tightly-curtained Model-T, something nature neglected to warn them against.

In gathering weed seeds for experimental feeding and planting, the Model-T came in handy again. Stoddard rigged up a canvas scoop on the front of it. Then when the car went bumping across the weed fields, the seeds were knocked loose and collected in the scoop.

Locating quail nests provided trouble, too, but they got the knack of that. At first Stoddard and his helpers had thought that in the *bobwhite* calls they had a fine clue to nest locations. But strangely enough, the vicinities that offered the most whistles produced the fewest nests. Eventually they discovered that the *bobwhite* from which the species gets its name is a mating call. After a cock finds a mate he whistles that call no more until next spring. The *bobwhite* whistles one hears in summer and early fall are from nestless bachelor birds, forlornly hoping to find a hen that hasn't been spoken for. They will immediately answer an imitation of a

hen's call note. One cock, on the very first note of Stoddard's whistle, flew in with an eager scream from a spot a hundred yards away and lit on top of the car in which Stoddard was sitting.

But the *bobwhite* calls did prove valuable when it was discovered that the ratio of bachelor cocks to mated pairs is constant. Therefore by counting the number of *bobwhite* calls a census of the entire bird population can be approximated.

The cocks always slightly outnumber the hens. So there is usually considerable argument, when the coveys break up in the spring, as to who enters matrimony and who remains bachelor. But both winner and defeated are birds of high character.

The mated cock, for instance, is completely monogamous. He has nothing to do with anybody but his own little brown wife. Moreover, the number of domestic duties he's willing to take over must be gratifying to her. About the only job that he can't help her with is the actual egg-laying. He builds the nest, rustles up the food, and when the hen feels the cramp of inactivity, he sits on the eggs uncomplainingly. If the hen dies or is killed, the cock completes the hatching process and expertly raises the brood himself, an important point in the perpetuation of the species.

In fact, Stoddard was exhilarated to find that this instinct to preserve the species is one of the strongest that quail possess. When it comes to hatching a clutch of eggs, *bobwhite* couples exhibit an admirable inflexibility of purpose. If a skunk or a snake destroys the nest and contents, the couple goes elsewhere, builds a second nest, and fills it with eggs. And if necessary, even a third one. They're going to have the pleasure of seeing some fuzzy, brown, bright-eyed little creatures emerge from those eggs or bust trying.

It is this stubborn persistence that makes artificial propagation possible. In captivity the hen quail is put on the nest, and she starts laying. The ordinary clutch of eggs is about fifteen, but now as fast as the eggs appear they are removed. The hen, with fine pigheadedness, is determined to fill the nest, so she keeps laying and

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"Why are we leaving? I just happened to remember—that's our house"



Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

With no malice toward Margaret Halsey,
your reviewer would rather read Anne
Morrow Lindbergh's *Listen! the Wind*

by CHARLES RUTHERFORD

• BOOKS •



DON'T take my word for anything. I'm just a book reviewer. I have been messing about with this chore off and on for fifteen years. Additional mis-experience: chief manuscript reader for some magazines once;

writer of stories and articles that have occasionally pleased sourpuss editors; some teaching, of the you-too-can-write variety.

All in all, my past had kidded me into assuming that by and large I could tell a bad or mediocre book at arm's length. Well, I may know some things after forty years of living, but I *don't* know the dear public and what it will go for.

Listen, I want to tell you about Jerry and his pals. The author introduces us to Jerry on page 1, and right from the start the lad begins to reflect. He sits there in front of the reader and goes over the past. Jerry brings his life up to date for us in seven dull pages, and by a strange coincidence he has reached the end of his ruminative rope when there is a footstep on the stairs—it's Bill Wolfgram, pal No. 1. He arrives out of breath to give Jerry a chance to study him feature by feature, although they have known each other for some time.

By now it is dark, so Bill lights the lamp. This gives Jerry a chance to "survey" the room, which he does in detail, although he has lived in it for a month. With the room inventoried, Hugh Brice, pal No. 2, comes in, and Jerry transfers his surveying activities to him.

Then, exactly on the cue, pal No. 3, Kelsey McManus, arrives, and arouses a lot of new dull reflection in Jerry. This is a sample:

The boy was undeniably handsome—"beautiful" better described him, Jerry reflected, although that word implied a certain quality of effeminacy. Effeminate, however, he was not, even in the wildest stretch of the imagination. It was his blond hair, the freshness of his complexion, and his long eyelashes

which gave him the girlish look, but they belied his nature. Kelsey was a devil-may-care young man, witty and clever. He was always up to some nonsense, perpetrating practical jokes, teasing, poking fun, waggishly



commenting—indisputably funny; inclined to be dissipated, the marks of intemperance already were noticeable on his face. He hailed from Hawaii . . .

So it goes, so it goes. Jerry's eyes wander about the room; it's a trick he has mastered, surveying, studying, reflecting, and the author tirelessly lays down one brick of observation after another, with a dab of dialogue every so often by way of cementing the stuff together. In due time, you may be sure, we shall meet the girl, and be treated to an inventory of features, clothes, thoughts, and outstanding historical items from her brief chronology, all done in that antique Godey's Lady's Book style that we had thought writers of 1938 had forever left behind them.

It's an odd mixture, this book: material which is vital, not trivial, on a theme that is universal—but also hackneyed—"the constant rebellion of each generation against the codes of its predecessor." The style, without distinction, travels along on flat wheels of old-fashioned and trite phrases. The technique betrays no sign that ten thousand novelists since Dickens and Balzac have added anything to the craftsmanship of building a story.

Here are the last sentences of the book:

"And we've got a secret, too, Dad," Bill spoke up. His arm was about his young wife's slim waist, and Janet, blushing, stood looking down. "We'd like to say 'Hello, Grandma and Grandpa!'"

Try that on your family sometime!

This novel, by the author of ten previous books, is Charles G. Norris' *Bricks without Straw* (Doubleday Doran, \$2.50). The book-stores of several cities have reported it in the best-seller lists—the sort of thing which, combined with Hitler, makes one wonder what the hell.

Meanwhile, stories with more guts, character, and meaning to them, and written with subtlety, understanding, and verve, fail to ring the cash register. My best wishes for the success of Richard Hughes' *In Hazard* (Harper, \$2.50), a man's story about a hurricane at sea, fit to stand alongside Conrad's *Typhoon* and Tomlinson's *Gallions Reach*. Reading it left me battered and limp as if I had been through the thing with the crew. Hughes handles the yarn with masterly change of pace, revealing what can be done by a writer who has something big to say and is able to take his time about it.

An equally fine narrative of entirely different tone and color is David Cornel DeJong's Houghton Mifflin Fellowship novel, *Old Haven* (\$2.50). A family piece with Holland as the background, its triumph is that it makes the characters live. All the little shades of feeling are there, and all the antagonisms and con-

flicts of three generations. If the author of *Dynasty of Death* had had Mr. DeJong's natural gift, his book would have been not only a good story but a great one.

Big Show by Charles Cooke

(Harper, \$2.50) will keep you from going to bed. A boy whose big brother calls him "Runt" trains a beautiful and talented collie pup for a circus career. The two make the grade, gradually rising from the smallest circus to the biggest in the world, in a series of incidents full of thrills and suspense. Mr. Cooke's insight into the psychology of performer and audience makes this tale worth while in itself. He has made the circus an exciting place.

Least exciting novel of the month is Mazo de la Roche's *Growth of a Man* (Little Brown, \$2.50), just another account of a young man who makes good against tremendous odds. Has the feel of a piece done with an eye on Hollywood.

Damon Runyon's *Take It Easy* (Stokes, \$2) makes me long for Ring Lardner, even though I'm ready to say amen to Heywood Brown's praise that Runyon is "supreme in orchestrating the idiom of the man in the street." I'm afraid Heywood has been living in N.Y. so long he has forgotten about the rest of the country, which has several cities full of streets too. The fourteen stories in this collection are more foreign to the U.S. west of the Hudson than an equal number of Chekhov's tales plucked at random. They have their zest, and maybe my lack of enthusiasm stems from the old Flemington days when Damon Runyon lent his by-line and his journalese to trying and condemning Bruno Hauptmann in the newspapers. He was, of course, one of Hearst's avid boys.

James Farrell adds another footnote to his conviction that Life is Hell in *No Star Is Lost* (Vanguard, \$3). I don't see what it adds to the Studs Lonigan epic. Of course, if you're a Farrell fan you can't get too much of it. And if you aren't, but have a taste for the bleak and the low-down, try Farrell spiced with Gallic wit and brilliance in Celine's *Death on the Installment Plan*.

The end of this month's fiction list is brought up by *Gallant Horses*,



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Who Said a Thousand Years?

Distinguished former Harvard University psychologist predicts that women will rule the world in another thousand years.—News item.

by **DOUG WELCH**

• SATIRE •



SCENE: A conversation between a husband and wife in the year 1938, A. D., in which men, thank heaven, are still the indisputable masters.

"Here's an interesting item in the paper, honey. Some psychologist . . ."

"Pardon me a minute, Tom, but I think Kitty wants to go out. Do you mind?"

"All right."

"And while you're up see if you can't get something different on the radio."

"Sure. Well, as I was saying, some psychologist says . . ."

"And that reminds me. You forgot to sweep the basement this afternoon. You remember we agreed that you were to clean the basement every Saturday, sweet?"

"I'll do it tomorrow, honey. Well, this professor . . ."

"I'm going to a tea Monday and I want the car to look nice. You needn't polish it, I think. Just dust it off."

"All right."

"The laundress says you had six shirts in the wash this week. I thought we agreed that you were to wear the colored ones two days?"

"I guess I forgot. But, getting back to the professor, it seems . . ."

"Did you remember to get the concert tickets today?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Katherine. Do we have to go to another one of those doggone . . ."

"Simply everyone will be there, precious. And you know how we enjoy concerts!"

"Anything to avoid an argument."

"Did the bank . . .?"

"Yes, I'll say they did! They called me up and . . ."

"I'm afraid I'm overdrawn. I'll need about thirty-five dollars."

"Listen, Katherine, I don't want to complain, but it seems . . ."

"Now we're not going to have another nasty quarrel over finances, are we, sweet?"

"All right, all right, but sometimes I . . ."

"Now, tell me about the psychologist."

"Well, he predicts that women will rule the earth in another thousand years."

"How silly! Look, dear, you're dropping your ashes."



Drink to Fair Game

**The hunter home from the hill should
drink white wine with white meat and
champagne or burgundy with heavy game**

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

• POTABLES •

WE HAVE often wondered if the casual Epicurean gets as much enjoyment out of game as does the happy hunter. Personally, we doubt it. To have arisen at dawn and crouched in the reedy brink of some lake or pond, awaiting the honk of the wary geese, or watching the circling mallards, hoping they will tarry a while on their southward flight, your heart beating a tattoo in your breast, is to live a phase of life that can be gained no vicarious way. Then there is the tingling morning, your boots crunching over frosty grass, while you slowly follow the vibrant noses of two superb Llewellyn setters, awaiting the moment when the covey rises and whirls away. Not all of them, you hope. Then there is the going along hedgerows, looking for the telltale tracks amid the snow, the silent stalking through deep woods alert for fox squirrels which might adorn a pie. Along with these sweet nostalgic vapors, there arises the memory of that night in Oklahoma (ah me, it was Indian territory then) when Sugar led us to the coon dogs baying in the brake. And as we reached the tree where the mournful chorus circled round the swaying possum, there against the harvest moon were turkeys—wild turkeys, the last we'll ever see. We shot and shot, we had only rifles and pistols, and they flew away. But the possum was something, baked with yams and so was the warming draughts of Bourbon, drunk from a gourd.

Your correspondent was never a big game man. That, by some Mendelian law, went to our ancestors and to our offspring. There was a grandmother who could hit a wild pigeon, or an Indian, in the eye with a musket as far as it could shoot. And an uncle who disdained anything of the buffalo except the tongue, soaked all night in whiskey, and gently boiled, or broiled straight over a chip fire. He had been scalped and wore a toupee to cover the souvenir of the Sioux. When he came to visit us he could not abide a bed, sleeping with his head to the door, on the front room floor. He was eating buffalo tongue, he told us, the day that the Sioux passed across the ridge of the hill.

The next day he was sent on a scouting trip, and to get more game near the river bottom, and when he returned he found the smoldering fires of what had been Custer's last camp.

We mention this because it brings up a point that has bothered us at times when we toyed over the crumpets and kidneys in some spacious paneled breakfast room, and listened to the chatter of men and women in pink coats back from the hunt. Or perhaps it has been some strapping youths home from school, who would arrange some brilliant pheasants on the lawn, as if for a still life painting. It would be especially galling if you had seen the birds that spring, hanging around the stables for the fallen grain. Somehow, none of this seemed hunting, but a social game. Scores were kept, and deportment seemed as much a part of it as the bag itself. We always hoped the game appreciated these amenities and were thankful that they had been killed aristocratically rather than being run over by a farmer's Ford. If they must shoot, say we, much better spend their time sighting down the barrel when there is a Nazi or a Fascist at the other end.

Well, the hunter is home from the hill and, if he was lucky, he has a haunch or two of venison hanging up in the icebox of the family butcher, or at least a brace of ducks, pheasant or partridge hanging from the fire escape. It is about ripe enough now for the board, and your enjoyment of it depends almost entirely upon your preparation of it before it comes to table. If you are past twenty, you will have a palate and not be content merely with the exultation that comes with the devouring of your own kill.

The game tradition of America is as old as the country itself. Of all of the so-called civilized group, the U. S. A. is nearest to the time when the killing of game was necessary for the maintenance of life. From the first wild turkey brought down by the Pilgrim's blunderbuss, up through the buffalo of the pioneer-infested plains to the days of the iron horse and better transportation of food, game has been our mainstay. It's a racial heritage

that will persist for many generations. Our national beverages, too, were born out of the need of the men who hewed out our democracy—good strong liquor made of wholesome grain to ward off the cold and build the sinews to level forests and bridge the streams.

Some of the methods used by our forefathers in cooking game are still good today. But in many instances there has been so much progress in the matter of kitchen equipment, the old recipes have only a senti-

mental value. Our palates have become cultured too, and except in the case of feathered game, the modern tastes require either aging or sauces to mollify the gamy tang. For outdoor camp life, the method learned from the Indians is still extant. We have tried it with both fish and fowl with success. That is the clay method: clean the game, then wrap in a thick coating of clay. Bake in hot coals, timing depends on the size, and when done, break off the fired clay. All the juices have been retained, and nothing is lost.

The other traditional method is the barbecue. The main thing to remember in this is, that the excellence of the dish depends upon the regularity of the basting. The game is put on a spit or skewer and allowed to rotate before a steady fire. A drip pan should be put under the piece and it should be basted constantly with the drippings. In the case of very fat, furred game, this is not so necessary.

The question of the proper potable for game divides itself into two camps: burgundy and champagne, or the whiskey and rum boys. Both, we feel, are right and have their place. The former school does not preclude the latter, and the two are usually combined in the dinners held indoors in urban centers where the wines are easily available. But for the game dinner in camp or afield, a great deal can be said for the old American tradition. Young Washington, surveying the hills and dales of what was to be his new homeland, gave his helpers a hefty concoction made by pouring rum into the skillet that had just been used for frying the thick bacon. With a little sugar added, this made a fortifying drink. Duck hunters today, in the Baltimore and Chesapeake regions, still start the day with a serving of Café Royale. This is obtained by pouring as much whiskey as you have coffee in the pot. It should be drunk while steaming hot.

Browsing over some early papers of American diners, we found an account of a dinner tendered some fifteen prominent gentlemen of New York by fifteen leading citizens of Philadelphia. The affair was a return bout for a banquet given the Penn boys at old Delmonico's in February, 1851. There were fifteen courses to the dinner, the seventh course being the roster of American furred game as then eaten: mountain sheep, northern hare, rabbit, squirrels, (all varieties) bear, opossum, woodchuck, venison, buck and doe, reindeer, antelope, moose, elk, buffalo. Behind each guest stood a server, equipped with a wine bucket and fortitude. Including the sherries, ports, brandies, whiskeys, Madeiras, there were fifty potables. In the list were champagnes and wines long since off the lists, but familiar enough to

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The Hollywood House

**Tony had thought of everything
for his mechanical house, even
a Tommy gun in a secret niche**

by GEORGE SLOCOMBE

• FICTION •

ANTHONY Toomis stood happily behind his own private cocktail bar and drank in, like wine, the flattering and excited comments of his guests on the appointments of his new house and its mechanical wonders. He was a large pale man with thick grey hair and handsome features beginning to lose their modeling in fat. The studio was already uncomfortably crowded, but the wide windows were open over a hillside that fell sheer like a wall, and far below them lay the lights of Hollywood and Santa Monica—all the octopus-tentacles of Los Angeles like a second sky, spangled with artificial stars.

Anthony had just conducted several parties of his friends over the new house. He had shown them the trick of opening the gates to the courtyard by pressing a button behind the front door, the air conditioning, the concealed motion picture projector, the shooting gallery, the fountain in the patio, the device for irrigating the garden on the hillside. The house was full of sliding doors, buttons, secret panels. Before he became an actor, Anthony had studied mechanical engineering. He was still proud of his mechanical skill. Now, his pale face perspiring a little, his eyes shining with repressed excitement, he stood smiling down at his friend, Carlos Aguila, and his wife, Anita. Anita was blonde and tall, taller than Carlos, almost as tall as Anthony. When she smiled at him, her eyes were almost on the level of his own. They seemed to be whispering secrets over the head of Carlos. She wore a green frock that matched her eyes. Anthony Toomis, who had a habit of noticing such things, made a mental note of this. When he had finished mixing a daquiri cocktail for Carlos and Anita, he signaled to them to come round to the side door of the bar. Glasses in hand, they obeyed.

"Watch this, Anita," he said proudly.

He took an empty Bacardi bottle from the shelf behind him and threw it into a container on the floor behind the bar fitted with a toilet seat. Then he pulled a lever. "Down the can!" he said solemnly. The bottom of the container opened, and the bottle disappeared with a crash into some oubliette below.

Anita laughed. "Tony, you certainly think of everything." She smiled over her glass into his eyes. Carlos chuckled, and



swallowed his cocktail in a single gulp.

"Gee, Tony," he said, "that was good. And I needed it. It's the first drink I permit myself since we started rehearsing. And after tonight, no more till the end of our run."

Carlos was a handsome young man with dark eyes and flashing white teeth. Partly Spanish, with a touch of Indian. He had been born not in Spanish America, but in Chicago. His mother was a Mexican dancer in one of the south side night cabarets. When Carlos was drunk he would admit to his intimates that he had never known a father. He was



DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

slightly drunk now, but not disagreeably so. He swayed on his feet, and his eyes were soft and liquid. He leaned on the bar and looked affectionately and admiringly at the grey-haired actor. "Gee, Tony, you certainly have given me one swell party." His Latin accent always grew more pronounced when he had been drinking.

"Glad you like it, Carlos," said Tony indulgently. "I wanted to celebrate your opening at the Hotcha, it gave me a chance for a real housewarming." He looked at Anita and she raised her glass slightly, and over it her eyes met his.

"But you haven't shown us the new house yet. Has he, Carlos?"

"No, by Gosh!" said Carlos loudly. "Tony, bring out your other tricks, you old wizard."

Tony came out from behind his bar, hung a napkin solemnly over the arm of a stout, bald, Hollywood writer who had just joined the party, initiated him into the secret of his bottle-evacuating invention, and led Anita and Carlos into the adjoining bedroom.

"We'd better begin here," he said modestly. "I've got a few things here that might amuse you."

The room was a high-ceilinged square room, in chromium steel and black. The walls were black. Black silk curtains hung over the windows, which Tony explained were never opened. He could not sleep except in utter darkness. He did not need to open the windows for air, since the house was air-conditioned. Against one of the black walls stood a large, divan-bed, also draped in black silk. On each side of it were bookshelves, and a panel of chromium steel buttons.

"I can control everything in the house from that bed," Tony explained. "I can open the front gates, open or lock the doors, regulate the heat and air-conditioning, water the garden, switch all the lights on or off, listen to the radio, and talk to the Jap in the kitchen. Watch this."

He went to the head of the bed and pushed over a small black switch.

"You there, Charlie?" he said sharply.

"Right here, Mister Toomis," said the voice of the unseen servant.

"Well, Charlie, I guess you'd better phone for another case of Scotch. When it comes you can go home."

"All right, Mister Toomis,"

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Experiment in Broadcasting

Whether you catch it or not, the
Columbia Workshop tries out a new
idea in radio technique each week

by **GILBERT SELDES**
• THE LIVELY ARTS •

LIKE the movies, radio runs in cycles. But the cycles come a little faster. At one moment you think that all the programs are giving you comedians or amateurs or quizzes, but the truth is that the styles overlap, you are probably getting a little of each type, and the variations within any given form are suggesting what the next step will be. The commercial sponsor of a radio program confronts a serious dilemma: he puts up a great deal of money and he wants something "surefire"; but whatever is surefire is what his competitors on the air are already doing. In fact, the absolute certainty may, at any moment, be on its way out. So the maker of a program needs, also, novelty; and novelty is dangerous in any form of entertainment; it is dangerous, but it is often tremendously rewarding. In the end, the cautious sponsor and his program maker may decide on a radio program in accordance with what the bride wears: "something old, something new...."

A vast amount of experiment, therefore, goes on behind the scenes. It may get as far as an audition; a record of a "new idea" may be made and offered to dozens of sponsors; a single station or a network may try something for a time, offer it for sale, and drop it if it doesn't take; or keep it on, if it takes with the public, even if a sponsor doesn't buy. Some sustaining programs have run for years, and the station or network has won immense good-will through them; but most sustaining programs originated by stations are naturally for sale. They are therefore about as experimental as the others, with enough novelty to escape odious comparisons, enough of the surefire to be a commercial possibility.

You can take a single idea and trace its development, seeing just where one program developed out of another and where the overlaps occur. About two years ago it seemed that the microphone would be snatched from the hand of the professional and taken over by the citizen. Back of this new phase were two programs, the amateur hour, of which the most successful instance was that of Major Bowes, and the interview with the public, of which the most successful at that time was the *Vox Pop* with Parks Johnson and Jerry Belcher bringing the citizens to the mike. There were several variants and many imitations of these; and I haven't any idea of priority in either case—in radio, you not only have to have a good idea first, but you must use it best.

In the next years you found programs in which people who had done unusual things were put on the air; the open forums flour-



ished; from the sidewalk, the microphone was taken into the average home and an entire family answered questions; then in Washington a newspaperman combined several of the separate items in these programs and invented *Professor Quiz*. This program ran sustaining for a while, began a vastly successful, sponsored career and wasn't seriously imitated for months; then, this year all the programs went quizzy, and one highly successful variant, *Information, Please*, was developed. In all of these programs the object was straight entertainment, but the material and the methods differed enormously from the entertainment offered by a Vallee or Kate Smith Show.

In the days of the silent pictures, people felt that experiments ought to be made totally outside the bounds of the studios, experiments just to see what could be done with the camera, what new materials could be used, with what new techniques; the same feeling touched a great many people in regard to radio, but the conditions were different. You could write a radio script, but you couldn't get an audience without a studio, its equipment, and a station to take on the broadcasting. And a transmitter is a costly object. Where could the experiments be made? Obviously one organization, more than any other, could benefit most by experiment: the network. New materials and new methods, if they proved good, would increase the audience and, ultimately, increase the number of salable programs; moreover, every radio station operates on a license from the government, which implies a service to the community. Therefore most big stations and all the networks attempt from time to time to do something new.

The only organized and consistent effort to do this, week in and week out, is, so far as I know, the *Columbia Workshop*. As I have some connection with the same network, I have imposed a rule on myself not to discuss the merits of individual radio programs; but the Workshop is totally an exception to all the radio rules, including my own. I have in-

quired around and found no similar organization (except the one founded by the British Broadcasting Corporation, after Columbia's model); and if I have missed anything, I apologize in advance. I hope that both single stations and networks will eventually create experimental units of their own; and I'll be glad to salute them, every one, at the end of their first year's work.

The Columbia Workshop is about three years old and for the greater part of its existence it was directed by Irving Reis; under him it produced the first play written by a dramatic poet specifically for radio: Archibald MacLeish's *The Fall of the City*. Since Reis departed for Hollywood, the Workshop has been directed chiefly by William N. Robson, and his most spectacular production to date has been *Ecce Homo*, a documentary on unemployment by Pare Lorentz, who made *The River*. These were more than magnificent beginnings; they were definite enlargements of the capacities of radio and probably the most skillful uses of radio's mechanisms and techniques; each had weaknesses, but in each case the writer, expert in a related field, was doing his first work for radio. In between these productions, Maxwell Anderson and Stephen Benét had written plays for radio, produced by NBC, and the general idea that it was worth a man's time to master the limitations of this new medium, had become accepted. That isn't a bad result for the Workshop's three years.

Behind these highlights lies the most important thing, that every week an experiment in radio is put on. Sometimes the precise nature of the experiment may escape the listener, because he may like or dislike the show without knowing that it embodied a new way to handle biography, or used sound in a new way; sometimes he may think that what he is getting isn't radio at all—some people did when Robson put on a surrealist program. At the beginning, especially, Reis used his time to try out new mechanisms; when he wanted to see the effect of reducing or enlarging the size of the human voice, fortune brought him a script of *Gulliver's Travels*; the listener got Gulliver and approved or not; but Reis had learned something about electrical acoustics. In one of Robson's experiments, *The Ghost of Benjamin Sweet*, the innovation was to let the ghosts talk on the ordinary mike and have living voices come through the filter (the device so familiar in the "Calling all cars" sequences). As these ghosts are the principal characters in humorous sketches, the method was psychologically correct, and had its proper effect even if the listener wasn't aware of the

Continued on page 130

"We Won't Get Home Until Morning!"

The signal for Bacchanalian revelry is this night, *The Night of Nights*, when the welkin rings, the night when the weary businessman homeward plods his weary way and leaves the world to the milkman and to me, that's New Year's Eve.

A catalogue of celebrants

DRAWINGS BY HENRY BOLTINOFF

Text by Murray Boltinoff



Hubert is one of those perpetual scoffers. He sneered at *The Jazz Singer* and predicted sound a fad, among many other miscalculations. He is the amalgamated symbol of the Y.M.C.A., the Salvation Army and the W.C.T.U. Andy Volstead was his idol. We suspect he despises humanity. But tomorrow is his day. Can't you picture that vicious delight, that smug smile as he comes across a penitent sinner of the night before?



Why night clubs have become the center for New Year's activity, we don't know. Our guess would be that it's a throwback to the herd instinct, but that's neither here nor there except to introduce this table. It's an ordinary table at the ringside, but its distinctive feature lies in the fact that tomorrow morning the scrubbing woman will come upon our gallant knight who politely passed out and under.



Judging by its popularity, the closing ceremony which arrives at day-break, seems to be sinkers and java at the Coffee Pot. The crowd congregates from all points, and this apparently is one time that caste does not count. Nick the Greek's has become the great equalizer.



Howard's accounts prevented him from dressing for the party. Close to the zero hour he toiled over his books, then dashed madly, as was, to the scene of gaiety. He dismissed his attire. He thought he could get away with it, but it seems the crowd got away from him. New Year's Eve, as Mrs. Thunderbottom whispered, is not the time for deliberate individualism.



Branding the festivities as a conspiracy on the part of café owners and florists, George refuses to submit to this grand larceny. He rejoices in his will power by staying home. That would be all right, but Josephine must do likewise and extract her amusement over the radio.



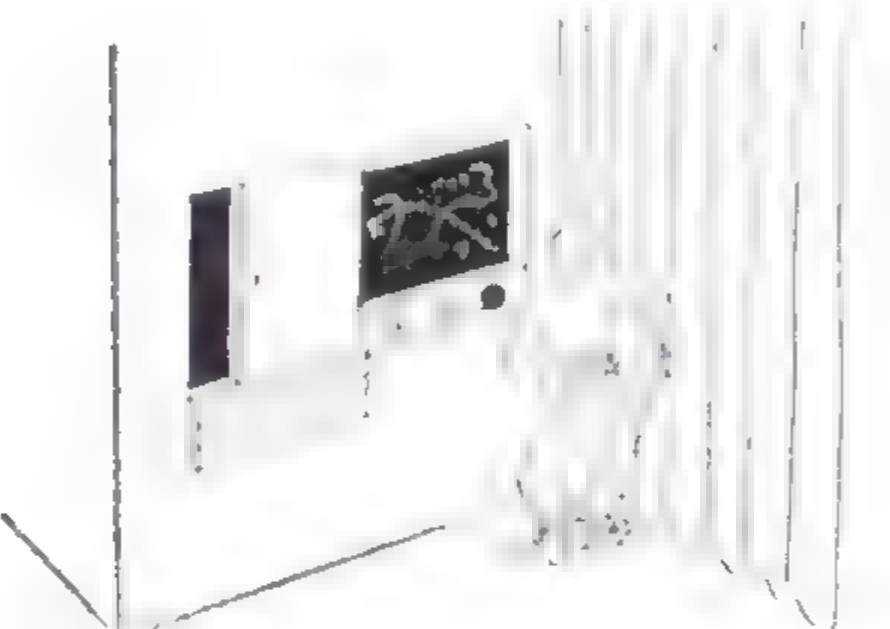
Built into the hillside on the north, the ski house has a steeply pitched roof (25°) to shed the snow. Note fireplace chimney.



Interior of the living room. The central fireplace allows you to enjoy its warmth and the window view at the same time.



The drying room. A large door pulls upward with pulleys and counter-balance weights. Note the clothesline and shoe rack.



Corner of living room adjoining kitchen. Adjustable shelf below door at left for bar or service. Right, weather map.



For Resting Your Skis

DESIGNED by RUSSEL WRIGHT

SEEING that skiers have to go pretty high to enjoy a really good fall, this designer decided it would be a humane gesture to make the hilltop comfortable for them. Accordingly, he designed a luxurious ski house to fit snugly against the slope of the hill, and equipped it with all the latest gadgets. Realizing that talking ski before an open fire is the pleasantest part of the sport, he drew up a circular fireplace. He made it of stone, six feet across. And he provided a metal hood, running straight up the roof to the chimney, keeping it well above the fireplace so that the window view is clear. Thus, skiers may loll on the reclining bench, made soft by padded sheepskins and leather pillows, admire the view, enjoy the fire and discuss such important matters as

ski wax, and whether cross country skiing is better than slalom. Wind and weather must be taken in dead earnest too, and the pole that supports the roof, placed strategically to catch the four winds, has attached to it a weather vane and weather indicator. In the living room below, there's a Friez Weatherman, which consists of wind velocity, wind direction, barometric pressure, atmospheric thermometer instruments and dials. All these jiggers have some connection with the outside pole—don't ask us to explain now. With one eye on the weather, a skier may trace his course on the blank map of the terrain, and fortify himself with a drink or snack from the kitchen next door.

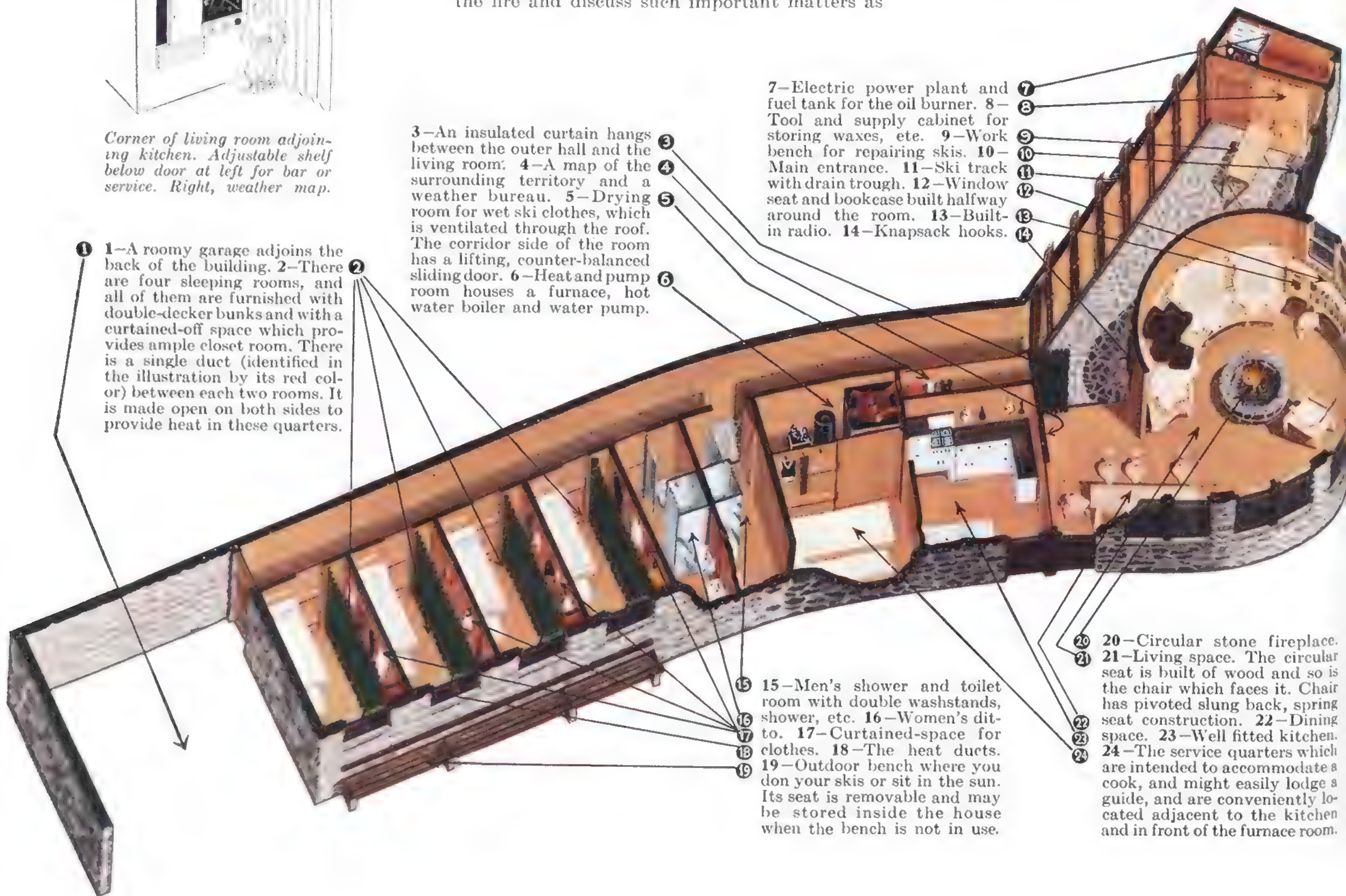
3—An insulated curtain hangs between the outer hall and the living room. 4—A map of the surrounding territory and a weather bureau. 5—Drying room for wet ski clothes, which is ventilated through the roof. The corridor side of the room has a lifting, counter-balanced sliding door. 6—Heat and pump room houses a furnace, hot water boiler and water pump.

7—Electric power plant and fuel tank for the oil burner. 8—Tool and supply cabinet for storing waxes, etc. 9—Work bench for repairing skis. 10—Main entrance. 11—Ski track with drain trough. 12—Window seat and bookcase built halfway around the room. 13—Built-in radio. 14—Knapsack hooks.

1—A roomy garage adjoins the back of the building. 2—There are four sleeping rooms, and all of them are furnished with double-decker bunks and with a curtained-off space which provides ample closet room. There is a single duct (identified in the illustration by its red color) between each two rooms. It is made open on both sides to provide heat in these quarters.

15—Men's shower and toilet room with double washstands, shower, etc. 16—Women's ditto. 17—Curtained-space for clothes. 18—The heat ducts. 19—Outdoor bench where you don your skis or sit in the sun. Its seat is removable and may be stored inside the house when the bench is not in use.

20—Circular stone fireplace. 21—Living space. The circular seat is built of wood and so is the chair which faces it. Chair has pivoted slung back, spring seat construction. 22—Dining space. 23—Well fitted kitchen. 24—The service quarters which are intended to accommodate a cook, and might easily lodge a guide, and are conveniently located adjacent to the kitchen and in front of the furnace room.



Sport Among the Vikings

Whether you go for jumping or take the hills straight, skiing is good in any language, including the Scandinavian

by M. SPRINGER & P. READ

• SPORTS •

IT LOOKS like a good skiing season for the Norsemen. This year many habitués of mid-European resorts will drift Northward to a land of high winds, crunchy snow, more hail, perhaps, but certainly less Heil.

There's Norway, for instance . . . the little country that started this whole ski business. The people from the district of Telemark, northwest of Oslo, did the most to develop skiing as a sport, instead of merely a means of transportation. In 1875 these inland Norwegian peasants introduced ski-jumping . . . and ever since then, they have been, and still are, clearly the undisputed kings of the flying leap.

The Norwegian landscape is spacious, undulating and open, much less precipitous than the Alps. The West coast is rugged, but the Eastern portion is hilly, with excellent places cut out for slalom. The Norwegians have been extremely conservative about their skiing, and still look with suspicion upon the more or less recent development of modern downhill skiing and slalom, considering these departures from the "jump" a pastime mainly for women and untrained men. The average Viking's idea of skiing is to take the easiest descent down a mountain, choosing a place where the hill can be taken "straight" at a comfortable speed without the necessity of turning. This he does in a practically upright position . . . a far cry from the Arlberg crouch as we know it. The slalom, however, is revolutionizing Norwegian skiing more and more . . . and the proud Norsemen are gradually bowing to genuflection.

Skiing season in Norway starts the end of January and runs until May. The high point, however, is at Easter time when the entire country spends a whole week on the wooden runners.

Don't go to Norway unless your primary interest is in skiing. You'll find few extra-curriculars . . . If it's women you want, you'd better bring your own. Norway operates on the theory that "all men and women are created equal." Norwegian women have equal rights in nearly all professions . . . even hold exalted positions as Supreme Court Justices. Lady medicos think nothing of manning their own little boats sailing to some little fishing village up North to answer an emergency call from the sick. These mental

mammamas also have equal rights in industry . . . and labor the same hours and same everything as their sturdy Norsemen.

Little wonder that masculine chivalry is at low ebb in Norway. Gallant overtures on your part would probably be regarded with suspicion. You are not expected to rise from your chair when a woman approaches. You do not uncover your pate in elevators. You need not offer your strong right arm for piloting purposes . . . and it is perfectly *au fait* to curb your lady on the street, as a Norwegian woman always walks at the gentlemen's right, no matter what.

Norwegian women, as well as men, consider skiing and skating a definite part of their lives. You'll find them at Finse, the one real important resort, a headquarters as well for the hardy type of Britisher who returns year after year, reserving his rooms far in advance. Finse is situated four hundred feet above sea level on the Bergen-Oslo railroad line, five hours from Oslo. The Finsnut peak, overlooking the hotel, has a variety of runs with a drop of one thousand feet, but a long, flat run out. On the vast Hardanger Plateau, consisting mainly of softly undulating country with a succession of not too difficult straight runs, you can get in all the long distance skiing you wish.

You stay at the Finse Hotel, which offers you . . . skiing, and as an added attraction, a ten thousand foot indoor skating rink. Social life aside from these sports, is nil. Your ego will suffer no inferiority complex, as the skiing standard here is not as high as in the fashionable Alpine resorts. It's a fine practice spot where you can keep your mind on

your work. An *anorak* (Norwegian parka) is a necessity for protection against the high winds which often reduce the snow to a corrugated condition called *skarle*.

But to get back to the beginning, the trip to Norway is an easy one. From this side of the ocean you'll head for Oslo via the Swedish-American Line on the justly famed *Gripsholm* or *Kungsholm*. Landing at Gothenburg, Sweden, you have a six-hour ride to Oslo . . . paid for by the Swedish steamship line . . . the trip costing \$183.00 cabin class.

You may want to make the trip on the *Oslo Fjord*, the new 18,000 ton beauty of the Norwegian-American Line, which made her

maiden voyage on June 18, 1938. You will be deposited at either Bergen or Oslo, and if you get off at Bergen, rail transportation Bergen-Oslo (via Finse) is paid for by the line . . . at a cost, cabin class, of \$183.00. The old steamships *Drottning Holm* and *Bergens Fjord* (fourteen thousand tonners who have seen service for about twenty years) will also carry you to Bergen or Oslo for \$159.00 cabin class.

Your third route takes you to England on any transatlantic steamer and thence to Bergen via one of the many comfortable North Sea vessels. You can get a through ticket, "New York-London-Newcastle-Bergen" from any steamship line in New York.

Norway is not entirely a heaven for the novice skier. Expert downhill skiers will find the real stuff in the Jotunheimen range, the highest mountains in Norway, which, until a few years ago have been avoided by Norsemen because they considered them precipitous although they are not as steep as many of the Alpine standard runs. Even today, despite the fact that the Jotunheimen range is now accessible by air service from Oslo to Bessheim, there are no resorts . . . the section is more or less in its pioneering stage. You stay at the huts of the Turistforening (which is a kind of Alpine club), and small privately owned inns. The Alpine club huts are only open two weeks around Easter time. They are situated about forty to fifty kilometers apart so that they can be reached in easy day trips, following markers all the way. Each hut has eight or ten rooms with bunks, a dining room and a comfortable sitting room. Hutkeepers, long skilled in native

Continued in center of page 171



AQUATINT BY ERIC LUNDGREN

The Candid Cameraman

Paying tribute to the acting of
Spencer Tracy and John Barrymore,
the tear-jerking of Fannie Hurst

by PATTERSON MURPHY

• MOVIES •

TROUBADOUR

THERE are two schools of thought concerning Bing Crosby as an actor. One calls him indifferent, the other lousy. It's quite possible that these opinions are not so uncongenial as at first blush they appear, and that the distinction lies wholly in the realm of nomenclature. Anyway, I think even those of us who will stop almost anything we are doing to hear Bing whack out a rhythmic ballad, *dolce far niente*, on the ether must concede that his last three or four cinema efforts have been anything but efforts. I've thought all along that somebody over at Paramount might have the inspiration to cast him as a zombie.

Curiously enough, in *Sing You Sinners*, authored by Claude Binyon and directed by Wesley Ruggles, they've done almost as well. In this innocuous little singie they've written the dreamy crooner his best-fitting role to date, that of a no-good, slothful, shiftless, happy-go-lucky loafer, a lazy-daisy, a *lazzarone* of the first rank, the headache of the family and the scourge of the neighborhood. Needless to say, our prince of apathy relaxes into his characterization with splendid lethargy, entirely at home. He's a caution to his mother and the despair of his hardworking brother, and eventually swaps a swapshop for a racehorse named Uncle Gus. When Crosby and MacMurray and a youngster (very talented) named Donald O'Connor play and sing, it's swell. Bing Crosby is the great troubadour of our time, actor or no actor.

TRIBUTE

Idealisms have scant place in the competitive grub and scurry which constitute our daily lives. In the race for existence we have no time to stop and pet the sick rabbit. Our literature contains many little fables vividly illustrating the disadvantage of such impulses: somebody stops to help a pig over the fence and meanwhile the villain has foreclosed the mortgage on the old farm. It might nevertheless be a wise thing to keep the kinder emotions alive; some future time may afford us the luxury of indulging ourselves in them as thoroughly as we might like. Such film plays as those dealing with the problems of young boys, beginning with *Dead End* and continuing through *Boys' Town* are, it seems to me, a step in the right direction. Assuming that each of us is entitled to his individual

reaction, individually conditioned as all of us are, I confess I am personally fascinated and no little moved by any situation which involves the willingness of an intelligent human being to dedicate himself to an ideal. My emotional responses being what they are, I am invariably struck with the dramatic validity of such a theme, and whenever its exposition does not happen to insult my intelligence I fall for it like a ton of bricks.

Such a theme does *Boys' Town* contain, and while I was not completely oblivious to its myriad defects, I was willing to concede them in the interests of the major premise. There is a *Boys' Town*, and there is a Father Flannigan, but with this I am not concerned. The sequences of the movie tell a story, the story of a man who conceived an idea that there is no such thing as a bad boy, who built a town with his own hands to prove it, and who proved it. My emotion was in no way affected by the foreknowledge that Father Flannigan had accomplished his object and proved his premise. Ideals, like faith, should have no truck with proofs; they subsist on a different diet. Anybody can have faith in a sure thing, and ideals for whatever proves expedient. If Father

Flannigan had lost *Boys' Town*, which almost every moment he was on the point of doing, and if there actually were thousands of irredeemably bad boys, the hunger of a human being to use his life for a better purpose than the appeasement of his senses remains a valid dramatic conception. If Hollywood cares to make further movies based upon this general proposition, I shall be all for them.

Boys' Town, as a particular picture is, consequently, in just that degree superior to innumerable of its filmville counterparts. There is a robbery interlude melodramatic and false in tone with which the producer hoped to excite the duller segment of his audience; young Mr. Mickey Rooney is here over-directed, obviously for the purpose of exploiting his dazzling and precocious talents, and Mr. Spencer Tracy is made to mouth some pretty sentimental rubbish betweenwhiles. But the magic of Tracy's performance as Father Flannigan overcomes these minor complaints. No earnest maidens clutter the plot with their febrile didoes, and no one misses dido or maiden. I am hunting now for adjectives in tribute to Spencer Tracy's art; none, I think, will do better than an incident

concerning him which happened to your Candid Cameraman.

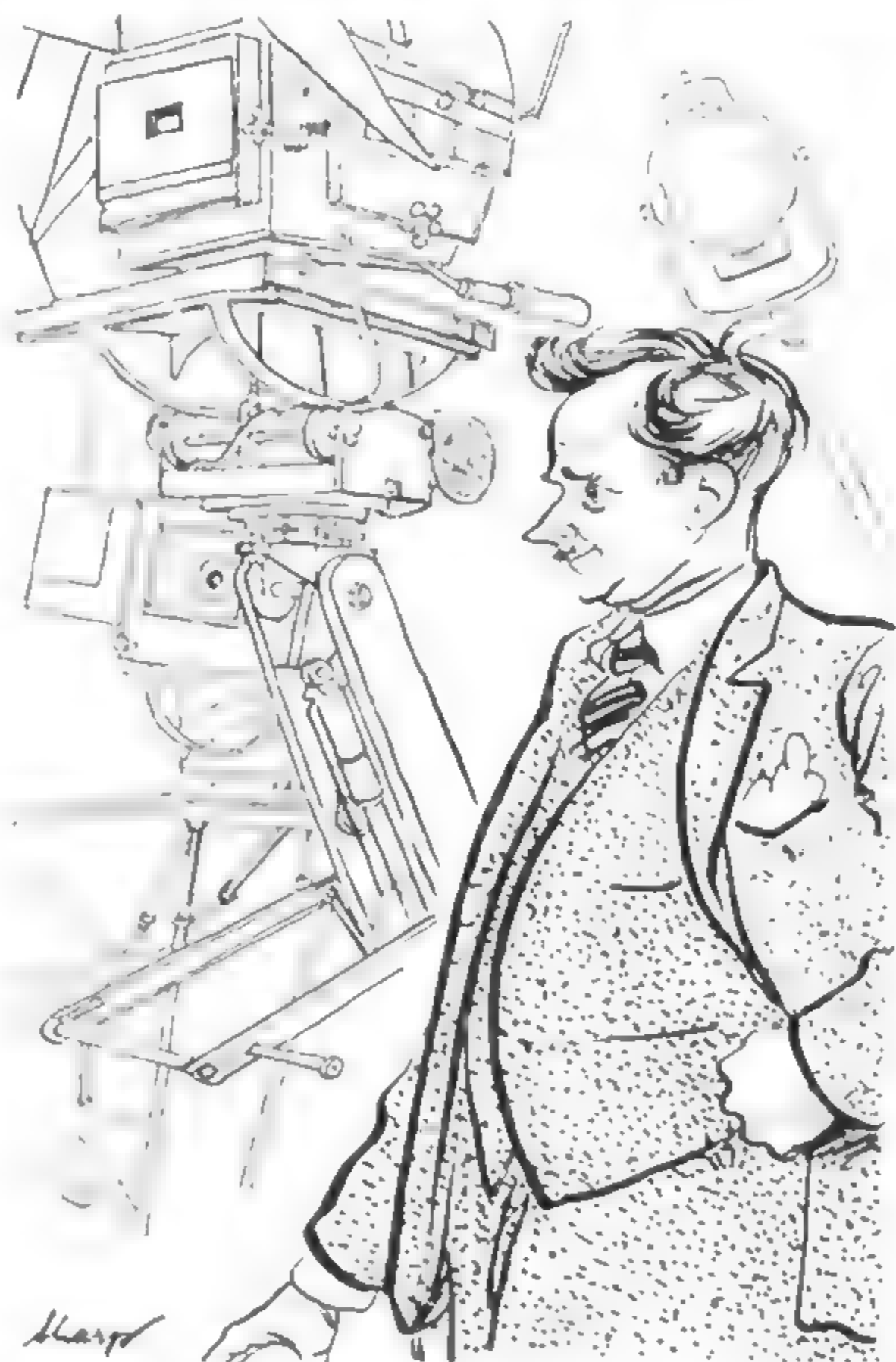
Your Candid Cameraman was employed as a scribbler at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer when Mr. Tracy was placed under contract to that studio. Lunching one day with the scenario editor, a theatre man of the hard-boiled sort who had raised himself by his bootstraps from the staff of *Variety*, this tough and seasoned executive murmured to us as the actor passed our table, "Maybe you'll think I'm sappy, but I've just got Spencer to autograph a photograph of himself for me, and I'm the happiest guy in the world." We didn't think there was anything sappy about that. Privately we envied him.

TREES

Hollywood, for the past year or so, has been trying very hard to cut down a tree. This unconscionable urge is undoubtedly inspired by Pare Lorentz's epic preachment, *The River*, made under government auspices. We will be safe in assuming that no film studio is sensitive to the meaning of *The River*. The American continent has lain there for years, and anybody may go right ahead and photograph it. Hollywood, however, is extremely sensitive to any original dramatic conception no matter where it occurs. Like the Japanese, they will copy anything you please, give it lacquer slickness, and turn it out in quantity. There was a moment in *The River*, graphically described in these pages by Mr. Meyer Levin, when the hungry blade of an axe bit into a tree; the camera lens by some magic or other made this little piece of business a flesh-and-blood act. Apparently impressed, our film makers have been doing their darnedest to capitalize upon this mysterious dramatic tidbit. In *The Valley of the Giants* a whole picture has been dedicated to the felling of a tree.

This movie opens with a pretty pappy strophe upon the poetry and the wonder of the California redwood. Supposing, rather boldly, that its patrons can read, it goes on to say that in the old days bad men came to California, bad men who were completely unimpressed with the poetry and the wonder of the California redwood. All they wanted was money. Well, it was pretty awful for these bad men to want nothing but money, and to be willing to exploit these great giants of the forest to get it. The combined intellects of Mr. Peter B. Kyne, Mr. Seton I. Miller, and Mr. Michael Fessier then go on to exploit the adventures of these very bad men who wanted nothing from California but money, and didn't care how they got it. You see, all these bad men are now dead, and Hollywood has nothing to worry about. The ghosts of the exploiters may come back and make a movie about it. Last month it was the Alaska

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“Is there a tree surgeon in the house?”

The Swordsman

**He carried out his reason for being
in the scheme of things, which was
to slay the other tribes of the sea**

by PAUL ANNIXTER

• FICTION •

XIPHIAS, the swordsman, began life as an egg the size of a marrowfat pea left amid thousands of other eggs on the sandy floor of a sheltered cove in the Caribbean Sea. Of a transparent color, the eggs were practically invisible against the sand; nevertheless their enemies were legion and as the days went by it seemed impossible that any of them would remain until the emergence of the fry. Tiny prawns, crabs less than half an inch across the carapace, were constantly at work digging in the sand and carrying away the savory eggs. Shoals of transparent inch-long fish were continually darting shadow-like along the bottom, culling such of the pearly ovules as caught their eye. Only because there were countless other prowling shadows abroad preying in turn upon the egg eaters, did any of the swordfish survive.

The sunlight filtering down through five feet of water and the gentle movement of the tides helped in the fecundation process of the eggs that were left. There came a day at last when thousands of tiny fish appeared as out of the sand, each carrying with him his food for the next two days—yolk of the egg from whence he was born, in a sack suspended beneath him. As a son of the swiftest and fiercest of all the sea's assassins, Xiphias was not altogether exciting looking at this time. Nature is no show artist; with her the end justifies the means—any means. He was little more than a line, half seen, half guessed in the water, all eyes, which stared unblinkingly among the pebbles where he hid. Immediately he discovered that by wriggling he propelled himself through the water and this he did, without any thought at first, but very soon with pointed and desperate purpose. Never in their career were the fry in such danger of sudden extinction as now when they wriggled feebly in full view of all enemies, hampered in movement by the dangling yolks beneath them. The thinning out of their ranks now reached its most acute stage, for less than one in a hundred of them survived the first day.

In what out-of-the-way holes and corners in the near-by reef Xiphias spent his first few days, upon what tiny morsels of food he fed and grew, only certain minute crustaceans that lived in the reef wall knew. A week later, sackless and hungry, he was taking his chances in the open water, already a wonder of speed for his size, dodging about amid the coral fangs, behind which he vanished like an electric spark at the slightest hint of danger.

Nature was kind to him and he grew phenomenally. At four inches in length he had already developed many of the qualities which make the swordfish clan undoubted rulers of the world of fish. The hard knobbed

tip of his snout showed signs of budding into a miniature poniard, he was hard, predacious, swift and daring, but at this time his ferocity was tempered by a saving caution and cunning in gauging all enemies. But already he had taken to that semi-independent mode of life which was the preparation for the kingly loneliness of the mature swordfish. Instead of pressing together in sheep-like shoals along the bottom of the cove as did the other young fry, the swordfish did not associate with one another closely, though usually there was a good company of them within communicating distance.

Xiphias' progress toward maturity was rapid. Each day saw him essaying some new feat of daring which gained for him an increasing confidence in his own amazing power such as nothing but the exercise of such power can give. By the time he was a foot long he had ceased to flit warily about in the shadows. He quite forsook the shelter of the intricate reefs and ventured into the open sea, sauntering forth into that unknown land of spooks and mystery with a careless audacity that none but one of the swordfish clan could achieve. Nature was hurrying her work of making him a king. Times he returned to the cove for periods, but never for long. He relied on his speed and daring, taking his place with fish of many times his length and holding his own.

He had numberless adventures and escapes. He plumbed to pits of blackest night, met stranger and more terrible enemies than exist in the wildest dreams. Great-mouthed cod and gluttonish dog-fish pursued him and now and then a squid or a cannibal of his own family in the shape of a torpedo-shaped leaping tuna. Bull seals, swifter than the fish themselves, pursued him, but always he managed to twist and turn a bit faster than any of them and escaped.

Now and then, and he sensed that never was he in greater danger, he had a joust with death in the shape of a giant cloak fish or sea bat, that lived in a grotto near the entrance to the cove. This two-ton monster, though comparatively slow in the water, was the very ogre of the depths. It killed by hurling itself upon unsuspecting fish, wrapping its leathery wings about the prey, and eating the victim alive.

Once, off the shore of a little island, he was hooked by a fisherman. That day would have been his last had he not, in his first wild flurry, leapt clean over the fishing boat going smack through her full set sail as if it had been a paper circus hoop, then raced away into the seascape carrying the line and parts of the broken rod with him.

In his second year he was a yard and a half in length exclusive of his tapering sword

which measured ten inches. That sword was already a thing to talk about, a wonderfully hard, polished, tapering shaft built to withstand shocks that would shatter steel. Every fiber of his torpedo-shaped body was surcharged with a fierce nervous energy; even in repose, balanced in the still blue, motionless with fins extended, he gave an arresting impression of leashed and latent power. His round, blazing, implacable eyes shone like deadly jewels and he had by now developed the high-ridged dorsal fin of his kind. No warrior of old ever looked haughtier in his battle plumes than Xiphias in his magnificent back fin which stood erect, a brilliant blue in color from his head to his tail. He feared nothing now and insolently frequented all waters, eager to assert his power, impelled to do so by an innate force of which he knew nothing save its effect upon him.

Lying at rest like some dirigible at its moorings, he would catch the rhythm of some other creatures moving hundreds of yards away, and regardless of whether he was hungry or satiated, he would dart away with scythe-like sweep of tail and quiver of fins, a living challenge to all that swam. Usually it would be a school of mullet or bonito and into their close-packed ranks he would hurl himself again and again, slicing and stabbing scores of fish with his dagger-like weapon, until finally tiring of the sport (for slaughter is what passes for sport in the soulless submarine world) he would let the school pass on. Often he scarcely tasted of the kill, for like all professional assassins, he was never a feeder or gourmand.

Sometimes it would be a school of porpoise he attacked. Then did the sport of slaughter reach its highest height, for porpoise are mammals, not fish, and slow swimmers compared to the other clans of the sea. Xiphias would launch himself again and again into the ranks of the sea pigs, burying his sword nearly to his eyes, and with a perfectly indescribable movement stern clear, describe a swift circle and again bury his weapon in the vitals of the prey. Soon the rest of the porpoise would be swarming around their wounded comrades, made ravenous by the smell and taste of blood. A horrible cannibal feast would ensue, brother tearing brother to fragments, while like some fierce destroying demon Xiphias would wheel and stab incessantly, not even pausing to obtain any of the spoil beyond the taste of blood.

Life in those warm Caribbean waters was cruel beyond conception. Wanton killers infested the depths, ready to slay any other species, their own families, their young. Among the fiercest were the tuna, close relatives of the swordfish. We think of the tuna as a gentle commercial fish but he is really



LITHOGRAPH BY ERIC LUNDGREN

the tiger of the sea, subject to fierce killing lusts in which he becomes demented and utterly fearless.

By the time he was ten feet long Xiphias was practically immune from pursuit or damage by any of the sea folk, unless he should happen to be caught asleep and some wily shark slipped up and snatched a ghastly mouthful from his middle, or a sawfish glided up from the depths and ripped him open from beneath. He was learning now the folly of destroying many times more than he could possibly devour. In it was a waste of strength and a concomitant carelessness and loss of temper which no deep-sea denizen can afford no matter what his prowess. His valor, however, had really increased. Unlike most of the sea folk he longed with irresistible desire for some foe worthy of his attack. He was carrying out his reason for being in the scheme of things, which was to slay and slay and thus keep in check the more prolific tribes of the sea. He launched himself like some living projectile even at the vast bulk of the rorqual and bowhead whale for the sheer savage delight of stabbing viciously at the yielding living mass before him, even if, in the case of the gigantic right whale, with its two feet thickness of blubber, he could not even draw blood.

Whenever possible he would impale a newly born whale calf on his sword and bear it away from beneath its mother's protecting flipper. Later after the cow whale's fury had subsided he would divide the calf's body by repeated blows of his sword and indulge in

his favorite banquet, for young whale meat has ever been the bait royal of the swordfish clan.

Sometimes his fiercely aggressive spirit almost worked his undoing as for instance when he met his first sperm whale. Here was a vastly different proposition from the mild and inoffensive humpback or bowhead, without teeth or temper. This giant was a fighter with the temper of Eblis, armed with a pair of lethal jaws studded with fifty conical teeth. Xiphias, however, was not one to wait upon the order of his going. He drove in at full speed, which was the speed of a fast motorboat, sword at point, only to rebound shockingly from the impervious mass of the cachalot's blunt head, which might have been made of gutta-percha for all the impression he made on it. Before he could fully recover the jaws of the sperm clashed together like the dropping of an iron portcullis, just grazing Xiphias' body. Only by the execution of a dozen gyres and parabolas like a bird in air, did the swordsman escape the young sperm's fury. Again and again death actually grazed him but he did not turn and flee. No one, by the way, ever heard of a swordfish fleeing. He kept up the grim game till the leviathan tired, then he renewed his initial attack, stabbing from every conceivable angle till the little eyes of the cyclops glowed like embers and he literally combusted with rage, hurling himself out of the water at times and falling back with a crash that shook the sea. The violent pulsing of the water finally caught the acute hearing of a

pack of killers more than three miles away.

There were fifteen in the pack—they call it a pack and with good reason, for the killers are veritably wolves of the sea, the abiding nightmares of every other deep-sea creature. Orcas or grampuses they are called in the natural history books and they are small carnivorous whales really, from fifteen to twenty feet long. Wherever strife and slaughter was afoot the killers were on hand. They came up now in close formation, like a flotilla of torpedo-boat destroyers, and at a speed that left snarling waves in their wake, their triangular fins cutting the water like the black flags of their pirate calling. They closed about the whale wolf fashion, dashing in, chopping, dashing out again, with the deadly pack efficiency of their kind, now and then one of them swooping in to snatch a big chunk of blubber, white as marble, from the whale's side in his under-shot jaws. They seemed not to note Xiphias nor he them.

For three hours the deadly teamwork went on, during which time the attackers were joined by a gigantic thresher shark wandered far south of his usual haunts. He had the evil, sinuous, vermin cut and rig of all the sharks and a tail which seemed three sizes too large for him. Its long sharp horny lobes resembled nothing so much as an enormous razor, which it was, and the weapon made him a killer of no mean kidney. Immediately the thresher lent his aid to the unholy alliance by flinging himself out of the water and slashing downward with the longest lobe of his tail in terrible blows that could

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I Get a Bang Out of Elephants

Just give our cartoonist a plane he can ride, herds of elephants to shoot, Wakambas for guides, and he's happy

by GEORGE PETTY

• ARTICLE •

PEOPLE are always telling me what a lucky devil I am, getting paid to draw pretty girls in the pink. But when it's your bread and butter—just another way of earning sheekels to buy your kids automobiles so they can go to college—why, it's only another trade. And it's as sober a business as running an elevator, paperhanging or keeping books. There's no great thrill about it. You've heard the old saw about greener pastures, and it's true enough. Once I knew a test pilot who got the biggest kick in all his career, he claimed, from mothering a hybrid Oriental poppy.

I had to go eleven thousand miles to get my greatest thrill—all the way to Nairobi, in British East Africa. Ever since last spring, when I got down with a bad case of jitters over closing dates, I'd had a yen to hunt African game. Mama was smart enough to know that unless I got away from assignments and deadlines for awhile, I'd soon be cutting out paper dolls. So she fed me all the books on Africa she could find. And those books turned the trick. As soon as I'd digested them I was pronounced cured. My nose was pointed toward East Africa and my only worry was brushing up on the old target shooting.

In order to get in form, I did a lot of walking. Anybody who has hunted in Africa will tell you you have to be good for days of walking. The guides down there are helpful, but they can't bring the elephants to you. You gotta go where they are. And if you can't take twenty-five or so miles every day, you can't expect to bag a large job.

You'll also learn from guys who have been there that when you're shooting elephants, you can't make any mistakes. If an elephant gets your scent and makes a charge, and you can't stop him, it's embarrassing as hell. So it occurred to me it might be smart to acquire some knowledge of an elephant's anatomy. Down the alimentary canal with gun and camera, as some guy said. While I happened to be in New York, I nipped over to the Museum of Natural History and told the curator, James A. Clark, what I wanted. He helped me take some pictures showing the cross section of an elephant's head. Later I took my camera out to Brookfield Zoo, outside Chicago, and made friends with a couple of African elephants named Honey and Tembo. (Tembo is Swahili for elephant. Incidentally, it's a good idea to learn Swahili while you're in Africa. It's a local Esperanto—a mixture of Arabic, French, German, English and Negro dialects. You'll find it's useful when



George and the Rhino that didn't get away

you're out in the "blue" and one of the black boys yells that something is coming—to know whether it's a butterfly or a buffalo.)

Honey and Tembo took a great liking to me. They gave me the once-over with their trunks, smearing me liberally with mud. Honey accidentally grazed my foot, but quickly threw her weight to the other side, like a good girl. I had a terrific time protecting the camera lens from my playful pals while I photographed them. And I felt like an awful heel. Here I was, trading on their hospitality so I could go back to their home town and shoot down their old man.

I did get some fair pictures of their heads though, and I took the best one, and superimposed it upon the cross section of the elephant's head I'd brought back from New York. There may be other methods of getting the same result, but it's the best way I've found to learn exactly where to shoot. I may write a hunter's manual giving all the dope some day. *You, Too, Can Shoot an Elephant.* How's that for a title?

Getting to Africa isn't as much of a job as you'd suppose, in these days of flying. Mama and I caught a Northwest plane from St. Paul and two days later sailed on the *Queen Mary* for Southampton, where I had the good luck to connect with Imperial Airways. After four days of flying in a double decker ship, complete with fine food, chewing gum and promenade decks, we landed in Nairobi.

Mike Cottar, who is probably the best guide in the racket, was waiting in Nairobi. He had trucks, boys—all the equipment lined up, excepting groceries, for a two-months' safari. Hunters are given a choice of foods, because eating is one of the few pleasures

in camp life, and it becomes pretty darned important.

Our first trek led to the lion country in the Masai Reserve. I suspected I was on probation for awhile, till Mike could find out how I would act in the presence of these big lads. Hunting lions isn't exactly like hunting woodchucks, of course. But I was disappointed in this part of the jaunt. Either it was too easy, or my luck was too good. I knocked over six cats in six shots—two lions and four leopards. Getting a crack at four leopards was almost unheard of, so I later learned. An outfitter never will guarantee to show you a leopard—not because of their scarcity, but because of their nocturnal habits, their stealth, and the fact that their protective coloring melts right into the foliage. They're there, all right, but you don't usually see them. Still, I can't say shooting cats

was much of a thrill. There isn't enough to it. You hit them, and they jump up in the air and come down plop. Period. All over but the skinning.

There was just one scare in that part of the hunt. We had to go into a heavily wooded donga after what we thought was a wounded leopard, but turned out to be a dead one. (Dongas occur along the paths of little rivulets where there is no water in dry season.) Before we went in after this boy, there was a tense moment, when we all wondered, although no one expressed it, just which one of us was going to be mauled. When we found the leopard was out cold, we shook hands all around. It was almost an involuntary act, to relieve the feeling of stress.

We had a lucky break one morning as we were photographing some giraffes that had gathered around a water hole. We saw a cloud of dust a short space away. The giraffes disappeared without waiting to ask questions. As the dust cloud drew nearer, I made out a herd of what I thought were wildebeest. But Mike said, "Hell, no, they aren't wildebeest. They're buffalo."

We went into a donga to hide so they'd stop running. The buffalo went clomping through the donga two hundred yards above us. We put the glasses on them and watched for about fifteen minutes because we wanted to pick out the largest one. We spotted an old fellow, standing too far away to risk a shot. So I started to sneak up on him, but he saw me and I had to shoot. I hit him in the shoulder and toppled him. When I got closer I saw he was dying, but too slowly. So I gave him the mercy shot.

Mike seemed to figure I was acclimated

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Hinting not too politely that J. B. Priestley ought to call "Time Out," and other recommendations theatrical

by **GEORGE JEAN NATHAN**

• THEATRE •



WHEN J. B. Priestley was over here last year in connection with the production of his play, *Time and the Conways*, I was introduced to him one evening by Cass Canfield, his publisher. The first thing he asked me, rather truculently it seemed to me, was whether I had read Dunne's book on time, from which he had derived the theory on which his play was based. "Yes," I answered. "Did you understand it?" he challenged. "No," I replied. "Did you?" I returned, with heavy sarcasm. "No," he genially answered.

Now that his second play on the time theory, in this instance based on Ouspensky's *A New Model of the Universe* and called *I Have Been Here Before*, has seen local production, I am, while fully aware that he has read the book, tempted to ask him if he understood it and, whatever his reply, prepared once again to tell him that, so far as I am concerned, I didn't. Furthermore, appreciating his winning candor, I have an idea that his answer to the question would not be altogether unlike mine.

Nor can you entirely blame either of us. These time theories dealing with static, recurrence and spirality, whether evolved by a Dunne or an Ouspensky, are superficially and easily assimilable in the sense that the time plots of such facile theatrical hokum as *The Road to Yesterday* and *Berkeley Square* are. But a scientific comprehension of them pretty heavily taxes the lay mind. What is more, if you will excuse my impertinence, I should hate to put the same question Priestley asked me and I in turn asked him to the MM. Dunne and Ouspensky themselves.

Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that this second Priestley chronology-klatzsch is no more dramatically convincing than his first, particularly as the author augments self-doubt with self-doubt by confessing that while "I accept full responsibility for the free use I have made of these (Ouspensky's) borrowed ideas, it does not follow because I make use of them that I necessarily accept them." This skepticism, or befuddlement, or evasion, or whatever you wish to call it, badly debilitates his play, which resolves itself finally into little more than a sneaking apology for halfway believing an already controvertible scientific hypothesis.

Aside from this aspect of the exhibit,

Priestley's dramaturgy leaves as much to be desired as his philosophical and scientific cerebrations. He again, as in his antecedent play, seems at periods to confuse the stage electrician's light-dimmer with spiritual mystification and bewilderment. He again seeks to interpret his characters' scientific perplexity and doubt by having them very slowly and ominously remark "I've been wondering—" and by having them "closely consider" each other after long pauses, stare at one another "strangely," eye each other "puzzledly," look "terrifiedly" at one another, and "curiously" scrutinize each other. Priestley's scientific exposition, indeed, frequently impresses one as being primarily ocular. As in *Time and the Conways*, he further sentimentally and ingenuously makes the leading actress his scientific mystic and Little Bright-eyes medium. "Don't think you know it all, and she knows nothing. She knows more about what's going on in this crazy universe than you or I do. She doesn't get it out of books, because it isn't in books. (Now is that nice, J. B., what with your debt to Dunne and Ouspensky?) But she can guess right now and then, and we can't." And how does Priestley indicate the sweet one's remarkable sapience? So: Janet (*struggling with her thought*) "I don't know. I wish I did. But there's something—some sort of influence—behind all that we do and say here—."

Passing graciously over the playwright's introduction of his play with a woman fixing flowers in a room and, as she finishes her task, standing admiringly back and ejaculating, "That looks a bit better!" thereby establishing our wholesale critical generosity, we come to his independent philosophical speculations. Although you may believe I am waxing facetious and making it up as I go along, I assure you that I quote our playwright literally:

1. "It's not really worth much—being rich. Half the time there's a thick glass wall between you and most of the fun

and friendliness of the world. There's something devilishly dull about most of the rich. Too much money seems to take the taste and color out of things."

2. "You believe we have only this one existence? Of course? We all know that now. It is so obvious. But what a pity—if we are brutes that perish—we have not the dim feelings of brutes that perish. To have this one short existence and to spend it being tortured by cancer—to be given delicate nerves

and consciousness only to feel pain—that would be a terrible cruelty. It would be better that nobody should be born at all." (To this, another character replies, "I've thought so many a time.") The first character, Dr. Görtler, whom Priestley employs as a mouthpiece, retorts, "Because you do not understand the long drama of the soul. To suffer like that, then to die young, that is not easy nor pleasant, but it is a role, a part, like any other brief appearance here—" The second character then retorts harshly, "That may mean something to you. It means nothing to me. Just so many fine, useless words." Whereupon, Dr. Görtler-Priestley with (stage direction) "authority and dignity": "You will please remember, Mr. Ormund, that all my life I have been a man of science, and then a political orator. *My fine words mean something!*"



3. "The point is, we're acting rationally and according to our own code, but our so-called consciences were made for us—during childhood—before we could

make our own code . . . And that's what's the matter with us."

4. "All my life, I've had a haunted sort of feeling . . . as if, just around the corner, there'd be a sudden blotting out of everything. During the War I thought it meant I was going to be killed, so I didn't give a damn what I did and they thought I was a brave fellow and pinned medals on me."

5. "Every summer I used to walk on the Thuringian Mountains. These high places have never been settled by men, so they are still innocent. There is not about them any accumulation of evil. Where men have lived a long time, the very stones are saturated in evil memories."

6. "Work, too, is a kind of escape."

At this point, asking the kindergarten class to remain in its seats just a little longer, we return briefly to Priestley's scientific, psychological and ratiocinative commentaries. Aside from the characters' periodic "incredulous" looks at one another, along with that electrician's dimmer, we are entertained by such rich sample lucubrations as these:

1. "I can tell him what Time is. It's a woman's greatest enemy."

2. "Perhaps I'm too impatient with that easy, optimistic half-thinking, but it does seem to me to be poor stuff in itself and to get in the way of real thought."

3. "We're like children groping about in the dark."

4. "I believe that a man and woman,

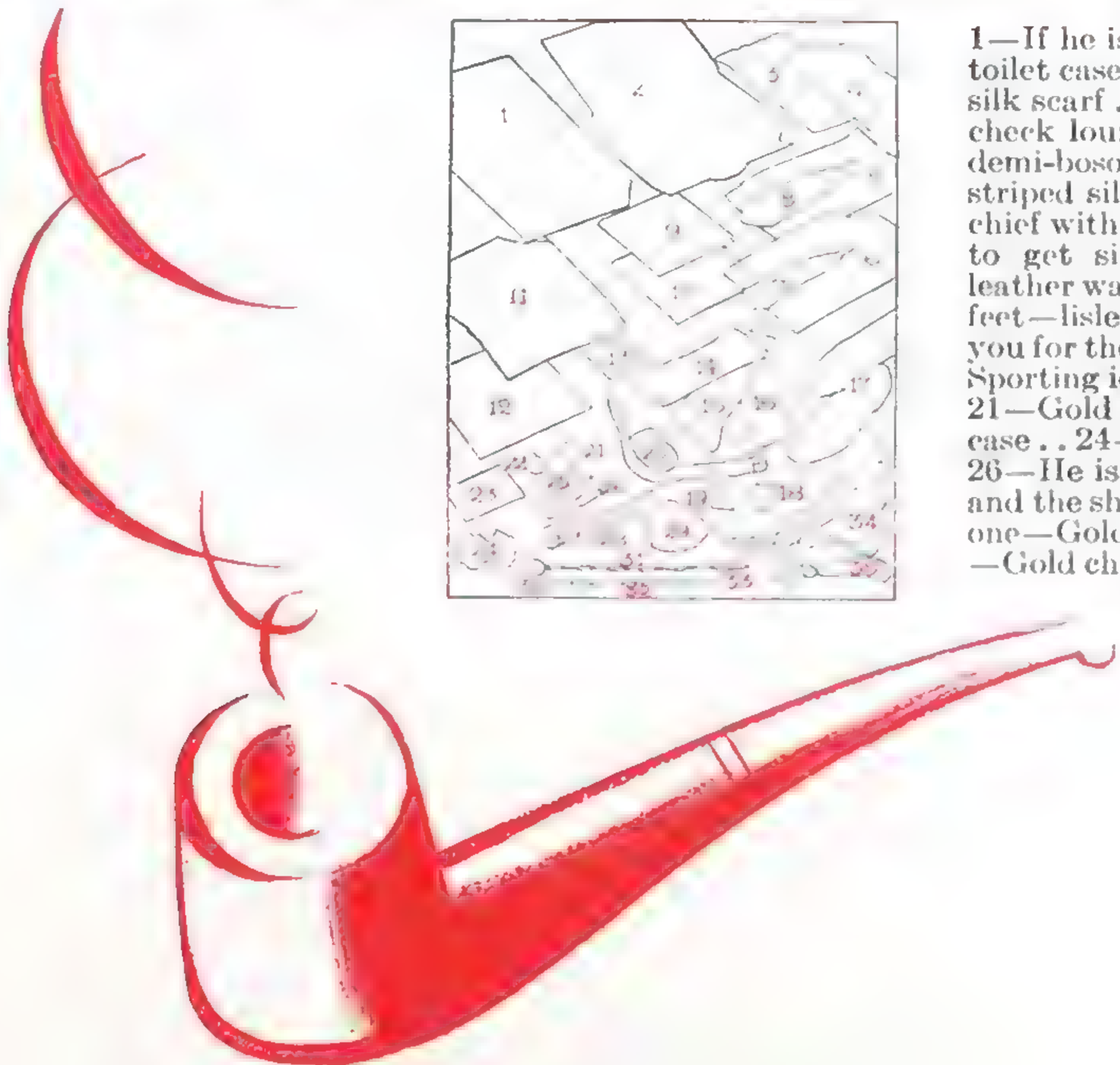
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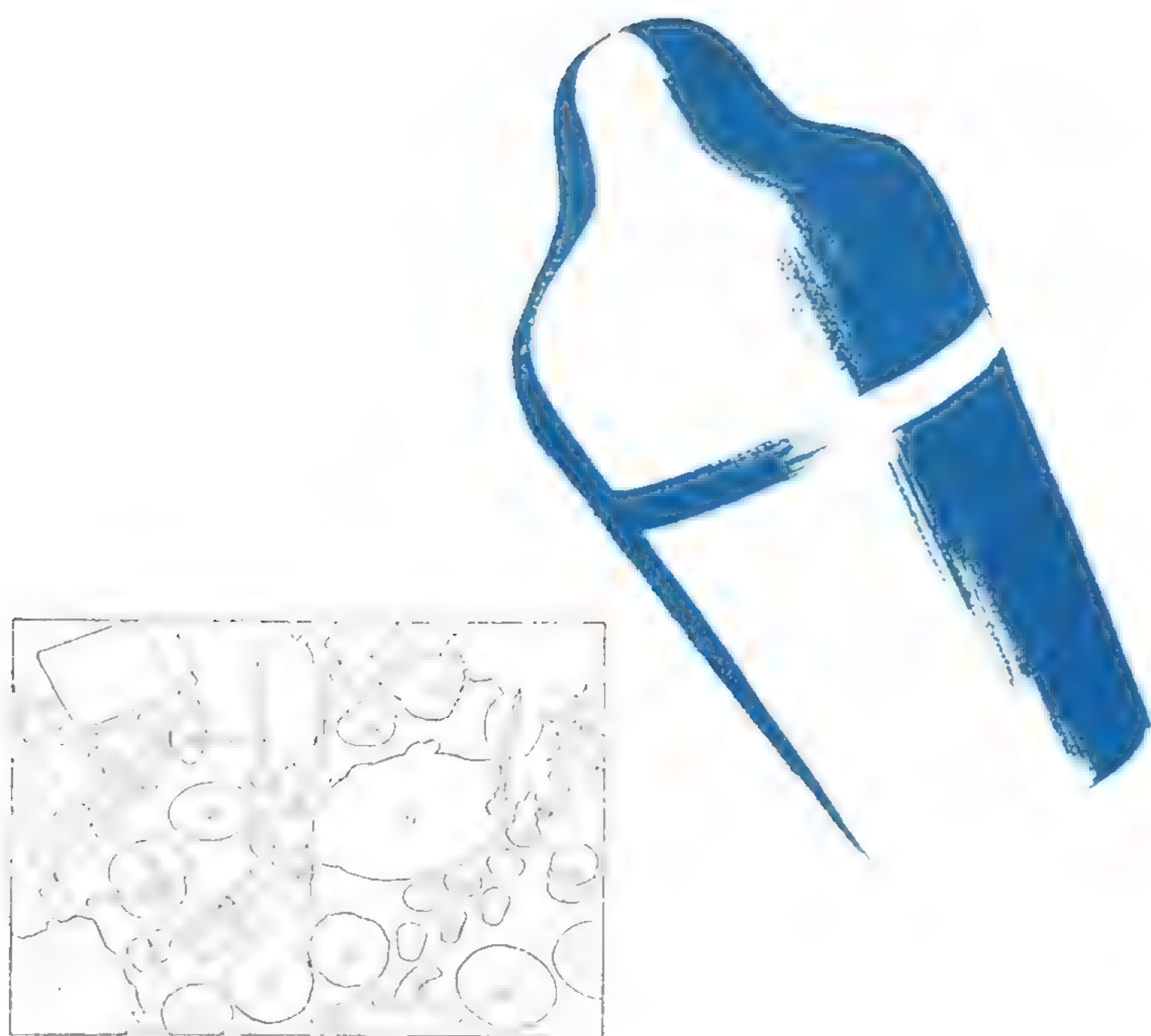


NO use going to pieces over this Christmas business. We can tell you what to buy and where to find it, but you'll have to stiff-arm your own way through the shopping mob. Just sit down quietly, list and pencil in hand and let Esquire handle the masculine gift situation.

1—If he is on the conservative side—blue figured silk robe . . 2—Pigskin fitted toilet case—"Handsome is as handsome does" . . 3—He can always use another silk scarf . . 4—Or a knitted striped wool muffler . . 5—For the daily grist—soft check lounge shirt . . 6—Luncheon with an important customer—blue striped demi-bosom shirt . . 7—You're pretty safe on a silk foulard tie . . 8—Or one in striped silk . . 9—Printed silk handkerchief—pocket edition . . 10—A handkerchief with a monogram—an added attraction . . 11—He looks to Christmas time to get silk pajamas . . 12—Sporting motif silk handkerchief . . 13—Striped leather wallet . . 14—Buckskin gloves for daytime or evening . . 15—Easy on the feet—lisle lined wool hose . . 16—Ribbed wool hose . . 17—His feet will thank you for these—leather slippers . . 18—Wrist watch curved to fit the wrist . . 19—Sporting idea—red and black leather links . . 20—Braided silk cord sport belt . . 21—Gold pocket lighter . . 22—Unusual pocket lighter . . 23—Pigskin cigarette case . . 24—Carnations made entirely of feathers . . 25—Filter cigarette holder . . 26—He is probably looking forward to a new fountain pen . . 27-28—The long and the short of it—pipes . . 29—Silk tobacco pouch . . 30, 31, and 33—Three-in-one—Gold pocket watch, gold paper clip watch chain and gold pocket knife . . 32—Gold chain . . 34—Silk suspenders . . 35—Leather shoe horn with stirrup motif.

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Gifts that are accessories to hearty invitations

WHY wouldn't you be Favored Guest No. 1 if you came across with something substantial like sterling? Or some well-chosen delicacies with which to tickle the palates of the gourmets on your list... a rare cheese, a plum pudding or some bottles of liquid cheer. Or openers that open.

1—The judge won't forget you if you give him this chrome gavel cocktail shaker... 2—Linen luncheon set with big bold monogram... 3—Gift package containing wines, liquors, and liqueurs... 4—Champagne cooler (you might produce the champagne too)... 5—Man-sized hunt breakfast teapot and hunt teacup and saucer... 6—Unusual pewter pitcher... 7—Why not a plum pudding with that good old molasses flavor... 8—These would add beauty to any festal board—sterling candlesticks... 9—No mean gift this—sterling service tray with teapot, sugar, creamer, coffee pot and pitcher... 10—Decanter... 11—Try "Bottoms Up" on a glass this size—large highball glass... 12—Sterling handled fork with black horn prongs... 13—Sterling handled spoon with black horn bowl... 14—Sterling handled spreader with black horn blade... 15—Wooden hors d'oeuvres tray with six compartments... 16—Slim, graceful decanter... 17—For meditative moments—the brandy inhaler... 18—"Grenadier Guard" pottery figure... 19-20—Silver "cafe brule" bowl and ladle... 21—Hand-painted plate with attractive design... 22—"Royal Navy" pottery figure... 23—"Coldstream Guards" pottery figure... 24—Wedgwood demitasse cups and saucers... 25—Chrome cheese holder... 26—And a cheese itself—an Edam... 27—Lenox china plate... 28—Old salts will like this Lenox china plate with Clipper ship... 29—Old-fashioned glasses with colored fish design... 30—Corkscrew of gazelle horn... 31—Bottle opener of gazelle horn... 32—Royal Copenhagen porcelain dish with fish design... 33—Royal Copenhagen porcelain dessert plate with pear design... 34—Sterling silver table ware... 35—Cocktail glasses with substantial square bases... 36—Old brandy... 37—Sterling bon bon dish.



COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY WHITING-FELLOWS



(If you can't obtain these articles locally, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fashion Staff, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C., for information)



COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY WHITING-FELLOWS

***Of course if she's
not worth it . .
that's another
story***

IF you are searching for a little knickknack for a casual friend, this page is not for you. It's Big League . . precious jewels for precious ladies, lavish furs, flowers, costly scent . . the reward of virtue . . perhaps. Or mayhap, first payment on reciprocating rewards hoped for. 1—This year "Mary has a little lamb . . with fleece as white as snow" . . Black sheep will return to favor if they present her with a pert white lamb jacket . . the last word in chic . . And to add to its intrigue, a black satin lining . . 2—In her hand a gleaming handbag—silver kid elaborately embossed . . 3—The shorter the smarter, that's the rule for those chunky little fur jackets, here's a glorious fox job that will make her look like a Dietrich . . 4-5—Baum marten,

the height of opulence—You'll do well if you throw in a muff with this one . . 6—If you want to be the white-haired boy, send her a bottle of perfume . . 7—And don't forget a corsage. They love a small charming Victorian nosegay. Imagine this one of tiny rosebuds with a fringe of shaggy petals . . 8—Perfume—to put her in a gay and festive mood . . 9—Send her forth in ermine. This little gem is of the white Russian variety with dark tipped tails and all . . 10—Gold vanity—this little whimsy is designed like a package—pseudo stamp and all—with her name written in a facsimile of your handwriting . . 11—Cigarette case to match No. 10 . . 12—The gesture magnificent—a bracelet of alternating rows of sapphires and diamonds—colossal!! . . 13—Unusual clip of diamonds and emeralds—worth a king's ransom.

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Roulades and Cadenzas

**Uncle Carleton finds music to soothe
his savage breast in Salt Lake City,
the Hopi reservation and points west**

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

*Oh, give me a home
Where the buffalo roam
Where the dum—da da dum—da—da—dum
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies da da dum—ta—da—dum . . .
Home, Home on the range. . .*

It's a worthless, trivial tune, I know, not breathable among city snobs. But, like all such tunes, it sticks in the memory, exactly connotes the atmosphere of this landscape, and establishes the feeling that our cowboys, as Sibelius said when he heard their ditties, "have no grey hairs."

They are wonderful guys—these sheepherders and cattlemen. Unspoiled, and with a poetic side, too. Their songs ring true. They have given up measly bread-and-butter indoor jobs for the romance and the mystery of life outdoors. The oldster sitting across the table from me has been "forty-two years a mountain man and I'm still a-prospectin'..."

I don't know what you do this time of year to prevent yourself from buying things nobody wants and giving them to fellows you don't like... so as to increase the velocity of circulation and honor the Babe of Bethlehem. For once, I made a practical New Year's resolution and fled early from the annual gift-swapping plague. For three weeks I've bunked without the nuisances of civilization up here in the back country of Idaho, one hundred miles from a shop and that... one which sells meat, harness, and dry goods... five hundred miles from a concert hall and five thousand miles from Mr. Hitler's coups.

Therefore, aside from an amateur's description of low-hanging stars, wayside flowers, the music of the waterfalls, the reflection of trees in quiet water, the healing properties of the white silence, all I can offer this month is an abbreviated travelog:

FRIDAY

Evening in a Broadway theatre: unsuccessful attempt on the part of my friends to convince me that the season's newest contemporary play is strikingly different from any other contemporary play...

Supper party overhearing my favorite dance-band leader. To bed, circling five thousand feet above Newark.

SATURDAY

Breakfast at Kansas City. Hat blows away across the landing field at Amarillo. Lunch above Albuquerque. Mental indigestion trying to determine why the droves of European refugees don't settle and gain a foothold in these wide, empty spaces instead of bunking in New York City...

Auto jaunt across the desert from Winslow, the nineteen-year-old chauffeur whistling *Vergine degli Angeli* from Verdi's *La Forza*.

His ancestry: Swedish, not Italian. Unexpected halt at Leupp on the Navaho reservation. Reason: apocalyptic trumpet blasts reaching roadside from schoolroom. Inside, the triumphal March from *Aida* deafened all the Indian gods, past and present, while twenty-six redskins did their stuff.

Dinner with the Hopis on the mesa at Shongopovi... corn, cow, cloud, sun, rainbow, wind Katchinas everywhere, each one rich in meaning... sand paintings on the floor... age-old songs, songs that spoke from primitive hearts and inscrutable faces to ancient spirits. Flames crackle from logs piled high. Tom-toms thump monotonously through the chill air. The medicine man exhorts the braves to action. They light their torches and enact an unforgettable pantomime...

The nine-days' fast in the Khiva, the ceremonials with rattlesnakes, the dances for rain are ended... but the Indians never finish their ritual. Their feet move in unison... their bodies sway... their eyes close... they chant incessantly. The most sacred songs they will not sing—it's reassuring to find there's something sacred in this world.

Strange! Many of their tunes I had heard previously in the valleys of the Caucasus, in Lapland... and one in Brazil. Have our Indians been there?

SUNDAY

"Doing" the Grand Canyon. Hunting up Wotan's throne. It's all any press agent ever said it was. Best view from the plane. Also, Boulder Dam. Will anyone ever describe adequately the clouds, the mountains, and the sea as seen from above?

MONDAY... TUESDAY

Hollywood: Bedlam. A nightmare until you locate the town's two sane citizens. In New Orleans, the greeting is: "Hello, honey!" In Hollywood, it's "Hello, genius!" Every person living between the Sierra Madre mountains and the Pacific is automatically accorded the title.

Opening of Doctor Max Reinhardt's *Faust*: Success assured by quantity of searchlights cutting the sky and quantity of flash bulbs flashed. Skeptics certain there are no films in photographers' cameras. *Faust* unquestionably biggest of extravaganzas: the spoken word completely lost in the antics of Reinhardt's jumping jackals. The cast was completely undisturbed by Goethe's soul prob-

lem and the good Doctor was so busy with the lights, he didn't bother to instruct them. The Salzburg production was improbable; the Hollywood one, impossible.

Why does Doctor Reinhardt persist in stealing other people's clotheslines to hang his own suspenders on? Like the tenor improvising his aria, he should write his own productions.

* * *

Latest cinema news slates Gladys Swarthout for the gate. Unable to buy off her contract, which called for one more picture, Paramount is spending \$200,000 to "finish" her in pictures. They put her in a sketchy and songless melodrama, a so-called "B" picture, momentarily entitled *I Robbed a Bank* or *Ambush*. Executives swear they are fed up forever with operatic stars. Lily Pons, Grace Moore, and Nino Martini are already ghosts in Hollywood.

Composers, however, are to have their inning. Eric Korngold, Richard Hageman, Werner Janssen are all at work, and William Walton is promised for *The Knights of the Round Table*. Radio studios are monopolized

by Charlie McCarthy and Company. Not a serious musical show emanates from the West Coast for national consumption. The orchestra accompanying Nelson Eddy crunches out accompaniments as if it were grinding coffee.

WEDNESDAY

Santa Barbara means Henry Eichheim to me. Filled with treasures from Bali, Java, Borneo, and China, his house is the nearest it's possible to get to Oriental music without crossing the Pacific...

Montecito high-hats are slowly coming round to the idea of a musical festival. Maria Jeritza,

Richard Bonelli, and Lotte Lehmann sang in the Santa Barbara bowl this summer and bigger things are planned for next August.

THURSDAY... FRIDAY

The Sequoias... aisle after aisle of old, living trees... incredible majesty.

Sunshine and shadow playing continuously through the pines and the evergreens of Yosemite... El Capitan... the Bridal Veil...

SATURDAY... SUNDAY... MONDAY

San Francisco... the most charming of America's cities, whose inhabitants have the time, the money, and the taste to live well. Descended from old Castilians, from 49-er's,

Continued on page 160



Potage et Poisson

**Or, bluntly, soup & fish
or, white tie in London
or, tailcoat in New York**

by FASHION STAFF

• WEARABLES •

Soup and fish, a generation ago, were the invariable lead-off dishes to any formal dinner attended by venerable gentlemen girded for battle in their mighty white linen chest protectors. The menu and the habiliments have changed, but the aura of dignity is more universal than ever.

And paradoxically enough, it is not the old guard that is reviving the full-fledged formality of the tailcoat for modern soup and fish occasions but—let us be frank—the young punks. Milk-mouthed collegians have taken over the white tie and, bobbing alongside them on the dance floor, men of mature years, who thought the old tux would do, appear strangely collegiate in their comparative degree of informality.

Consequently, if only in self-defense, you are probably taking a renewed interest in the white tie and what goes with it. If you are escorting her to the theatre, the opera, and then on to a night club, to a fraternity dance, or are just spending the evening dining and dancing, and she is putting her hair up and her skirts down, you realize that you'd better play safe and dress. If you are contemplating your first tailcoat, or deciding the time has come for a newer and better version, the Fashion Department herewith advises you how to look to the white tie born.

First, make sure the tailcoat fits properly. Not here the loose hang of baggy tweeds, nor yet the hourglass silhouette. Shoulders should be broad and rather square, although not exaggerated (sketch 1). The coat in front should come below your waistline. Tails should not extend more than a fraction of an inch below the bend of the knee in back. Sleeves should be definitely on the short side, allowing for a gleaming expanse of white linen at the cuff. Sneer at broad and stubby lapels.

The tailcoat appears in midnight blue or black dress worsteds, and the plainer the fab-

ric the better. Make sure that there are four buttons set closely at the cuff of the sleeve, three on each side at the front of the coat, and two set horizontally on the waistline seam at the back, where the tails break (sketch 2). Trousers should be the English high rise type with pleated front, and carry two medium wide braids at the side, set closely. The proper length is achieved when the trousers break slightly over the instep (sketch 3).

These days the white washable waistcoat is an international favorite. See that it actually fits at the waist (sketch 4). And if you're serious about this whole business, make sure that the white waistcoat doesn't extend below the front of the tailcoat—particularly at the sides. The points of the waistcoat may extend a trifle below the tailcoat front, but never, never at the sides. Single and double breasted waistcoats are both correct, with the single breasted a heavy favorite at the moment (sketch 5).

Now for the shirt. There are two types of evening shirt—one the open back, which is extremely popular, the other the open front. One or two stud holes in the front of the shirt are correct, and personally we like the two-stud shirt.

Studs may be of plain gold, pearl, or any white stone, but don't try to get away with the colored or black stones which should be reserved for your dinner jacket. And get the studs small.

When buying the wing collar make sure it is a quarter of an inch larger than the neckband of your shirt, and get the highest wing collar you can wear comfortably. The collar should carry wide wings or tabs.

If you know how to tie the evening tie properly, by all means do so. If not, you can get a job that comes hand-tied correctly and permanently. White collar buttons should be worn fore and aft with dress clothes. Dress

ties come in various shapes, the butterfly shape, square end tie being slightly more fashionable than pointed or rounded ends. The thing to watch is that the white tie does not extend beyond the ends of the collar (sketch 6).

Next the handkerchief, which is invariably of plain white linen with hand-rolled or hem-stitched border. If you insist upon a monogram at least keep it white and small and simple in outline.

The boutonniere is correct with the tailcoat, and the one permissible note of color in this black and white symphony. The clove red carnation, blue cornflowers, the white carnation and the gardenia are all good.

Hose are preferably of silk, in flat or ribbed weave, in black or midnight blue, and do not carry a colored clock, although a clock the same color as the hose is acceptable.

Only patent leather shoes are worn with evening clothes, and they may be pumps or oxfords. Oxfords should not carry a toe-cap—they should have an absolutely plain front.

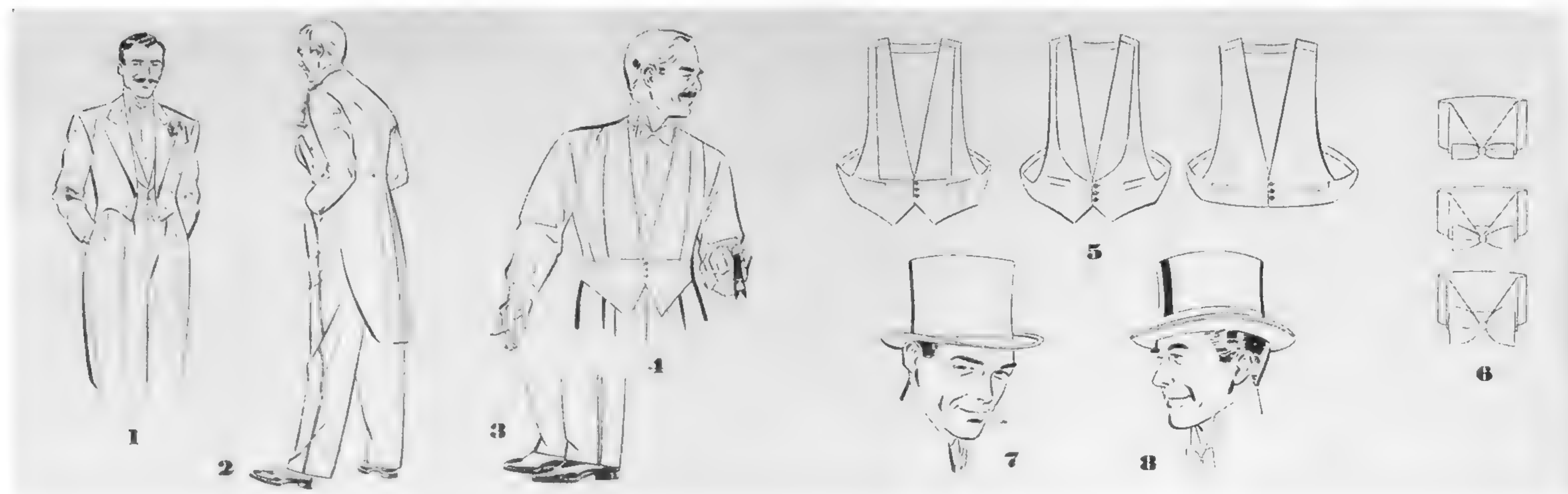
The tailcoat calls for a topper—the collapsible opera hat (sketch 7) or the silk top hat (sketch 8). The advantage of the collapsible hat for checking purposes is apparent.

As to overcoats, any blue or black overcoat, single or double breasted, will do. Raglan shoulder dress coats for evening wear are correct and popular.

Gloves are not worn indoors with evening clothes except occasionally at weddings, but you'll need a pair for street wear. Many men still like white kid gloves. Also correct are white chamois or mocha and, for extremely cold weather, white knitted gloves.

Mufflers may be of white silk, flat or figured, crocheted, and may carry a fringe and monogram.

P.S. If you don't look like a million dollars send us a picture of yourself and we'll tell you where you failed to follow directions. #





“As far as I know, this creation is exclusive with me and Hattie Carnegie!”



“North Barkley Fire Department—Hook and Ladder Company Number 68—Good morning”

There Isn't Any Justice

Continued from page 42

thought in passing that he would begin to like worms from now on, for fish liked worms, and he was going to learn to swim like a fish.

But this was all pleasant byplay. There was serious work to be done. Time was passing and he hadn't got down to scalping a single cowboy yet. Mmm. He guessed he'd be Big Chief Cantaloupe Horn, the Indian they'd had in the circus that time. He put his hand to his mouth and made a few decorous war-whoops. This Big Chief Cantaloupe Horn wasn't a very demonstrative fellow. William unsheathed his scalping sword, slipped it unostentatiously up the sleeve of his shirt, then looked about cautiously for an unsuspecting cowboy. . . .

Friday afternoon he began The Campaign.

"Anything from the store?" His mother shook her head. "No. I have everything in. Run along and play."

"Well—maybe I could beat the hall rug, or something."

She looked up from the peas she was shelling and wrinkled her brow. "Do you feel all right, William?"

"Me? Oh, me. Yes, ma'am. Or maybe I could clean up the cellar a little, maybe."

She smiled. "What is it this time, William?"

"Oh, nothing. No, ma'am. Tomorrow," he added casually, "I and Gookey are goin' to go down to the river and fish maybe and all. I guess we could ketch a lot of fish for supper," he added hopefully.

"You're going to do absolutely no such thing," she said. "The last time I permitted you to go down to the river you came back with your hair soaking wet. You're too young to swim in that dirty mud hole, William."

"I was only sweatin' hard, I guess, maybe," said William, not too perturbed by this defeat of his frontal attack. "Gookey's mother says he can go," he came up from the other direction.

"Who in heaven's name is 'Gookey'?"

"You know, Gookey. That's Gookey—Eddie Jeppers."

"You say Mrs. Jeppers is allowing Edward to go to the river alone? Why do you call him 'Gookey'?"

"Because that's the name we call him."

"I know. But why do you call him that name? It doesn't mean anything."

"Yes, ma'am. It means something. It means how Gookey looks. He looks gookey. So that is his name."

"Why, there isn't any such word at all."

"Yes, ma'am," said William politely, with vast condescension. Grown folks were so outrageously obtuse.

"The way Gookey looks is gookey. So that's what it means." Useless to try to make it any

clearer than that. And, anyway, he didn't intend to be bogged down in such a technical discussion. "Gookey's mother says he can go."

"Well," she hesitated. Mrs. Jeppers was a fairly conservative mother. "Well, if Mrs. Jeppers says Edward may go. . . ."

He said, *Whheeeeee!* gently inside, as befitted a man who would soon be swimming like a fish; as became Big Chief Cantaloupe Horn, a very close-mouthed and undemonstrative Indian.

William and Gookey arrived fresh and early at the deep river inlet the following morning. He had on his ink-stained pants. It was a good idea to get them as old as he could as quickly as possible, he thought. The day was a dazzler. Spring had shaken all of spring's unpredictable wrinkles out of her system, and the sky glistened with a dependable swimming-day blue.

A pair of crickets argued away monotonously. The river was rippled with the sheer pleasure of movement, flowing, gracious, confident of living forever.

"So I told my mother, I said," said Gookey, "I said, 'Well, William's mother is goin' to let him go down to the river.' So my mother said if your mother was willin' to let you go I could go. So I knew your mother would let you go on account because my mother would let me go if I said so, so I guess it isn't any real true lie, or anything."

William's scruples would bother him at their appointed time. He had an orderly mind. This, however, was the swimming like a fish period; he would feel guilty when he got around to it. Gookey had already slipped out of his clothes and was wading knee deep, feeling his way in the sharp dip of the river inlet. William heard a high shrill laugh and looked around, startled.

Somebody was coming. Grown-up people. He stood petrified, his underwear gripped to his waist. His intuition told him it was a woman.

A young man and a girl came through the trees toward the river bank.

The girl laughed horribly again. "You're just saying that, Frankie. You know very well mother is crazy about you. Why, we could live home with my folks if we didn't want to take a house right aw— Oh, look, Frank. A couple of kids swimming."

Gookey turned and stared. He

was marooned to his neck in water. William was immobile, as silent as a statue.

"That's all right, boys," said the man. "We're only going to sit here and look at the river. Go right ahead."

They sat down.

"I think the other boy is bashful," said the girl, laughing in that absolutely demoniacal way again. "Don't mind us, little boy. We won't eat you."

William bit his lip. He retired inch by inch to the sanctity of a thick willow. There he quickly hoisted his pants. He heard Gookey shouting. "Hey, missus. Are you goin' to stay here, missus?"

"Why?" asked the girl all-too-innocently.

"Because, missus," said Gookey with admirable frankness, "because, missus, we haven't got any clothes on. We can't swim without any clothes on when there is women."

"Oh, such silly little boys," the girl chuckled.

"Why, I've got brothers twice as big as you little shavers."

William, who constantly complimented himself on the fine analytical quality of his intellect, won-

dered what having brothers had to do with it. Well, they certainly meant to stay there. Rats, rats! The dazzling blue sky became oppressive. The day folded up weakly, uninterested in the prosaic contemplation of two grown-up intruders. Gookey made a sudden dash for it, snatched up his clothes, and they retired to a deeper section of the wood to dress. William might have burst into tears if Gookey hadn't been present and he wasn't the reincarnation of Big Chief Cantaloupe Horn. You didn't get a chance to learn to swim like a fish every Saturday in the year. A week of school days split Saturdays into different worlds. And all their brilliant campaigning at home gone for nothing, too!

"Let's we go down to the mud hole anyway," said Gookey sorrowfully. "It comes up to here," pointing to his stomach, "when the tide is in. We can push on our hands and knees and make believe like swimmin'."

William shook his head. "You go," he said. "I gotta do something."

He wandered up the dusty path that led to his home. Every now and then he would sight a rhino, draw a bead and plant a careful bullet from his power-gun between the animal's eyes. . . . but his heart wasn't in it. There was very little justice in the world. A few doors

from his house he saw the little open wagon of the scissor-grinder man, and his feet automatically hurried toward the sweet whining sound of the emery wheel. But somehow he couldn't work up much interest in the racks of knives and tools, nor the dark-skinned operator.

"How you are, eh, little boy?" said the man with an accent.

Little boy.

"All right," William answered. He wasn't even amused at the violent swishes of the horse's tail as it swung back and forth at the gnats and flies. He guessed he'd go indoors and work out a few of Monday's examples.

His mother was taking a pie from the oven. "Oh, is that you, William?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You're home early."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Go inside. I want to talk to you, William," she added, and he didn't like the quality in the tone of his mother's voice. Every so often, when trouble brewed, that icy distant tone took possession of her words. . . . as though he were a stranger there, someone else's son—or something.

She came in wiping her hands on her apron and looked down at him sternly, all motherness absent from her eyes. "I was speaking to Mrs. Jeppers on the telephone this morning," she said slowly.

William swallowed.

"Do you realize that you have been dishonest to me, William?"

"We never went in swimmin'," he protested righteously.

"That is entirely beside the point. You gave me to understand that Mrs. Jeppers had—What in heaven's name have you done to your trousers!" she exclaimed. "Why are you wearing them today? And look at those shoes—your new shoes!"

"Oh, this? It's ink-like. I just kinda by accident."

"William, I just don't know what I'm goin' to do with you. I'll simply have to ask your father to speak to you. You tricked me into letting you go down to the river, and here you come home with your good trousers ruined and your new shoes worn right through. I've told you time and again you're too young to swim in that dirty river."

"We never swam in it," he persisted.

"Go to your room immediately!"

He turned on his heel and climbed slowly upstairs. Below his window the scissor-grinder wagon stood, unreal, like a painting. Beyond grew the tall waving green maples, silent, wise, apparently satisfied. No one would have punished a maple, who hadn't been able to swim in the deep river inlet anyhow. He squeezed his lips together tightly, in case. . . . to keep anything from happening. . . . like crying or something, maybe.

He decided there was no justice in the world at all. ##





"I think they're mad because Horace brought his sunlamp along"

Split Cherry Tree

Continued from page 53

liable to add a few to our families!"

Students are coming into the schoolhouse now.

Professor Herbert says: "Close the door, Dave, so others won't hear."

I walked over and closed the door. I was shaking like a leaf in the wind. I thought Pa was going to hit Professor Herbert every minute. He was doing all the talking. His face was getting red. The red color was coming through the brown weather-beaten skin on Pa's face.

"I was right with these students," says Professor Herbert. "I know what they got into and what they didn't. I didn't send one of the other teachers with them on this field trip. I went myself. Yes, I took the boys and girls together. Why not?"

"It jist don't look good to me," says Pa, "a-takin' all this swarm of youngins out to pillage th' whole deestricht. Breakin' down cherry trees. Keepin' boys in atter school."

"What else could I have done with Dave, Mr. Sexton?" says Professor Herbert. "The boys didn't have any business all climbing that cherry tree after one lizard. One boy could have gone up in the tree and got it. The farmer charged us six dollars. It was a little steep I think but we had it to pay. Must I make five boys pay and let your boy off? He said he didn't have the dollar and couldn't get it. So I put it in for him. I'm letting him work it out. He's not working for me. He's working for the school!"

"I jist don't know what you could a-done with 'im," says Pa, "only a-larruped 'im with a withe! That's what he needed!"

"He's too big to whip," says Professor Herbert pointing at me. "He's a man in size."

"He's not too big fer me to whip," says Pa. "They ain't too big until they're over twenty-one! It jist didn't look fair to me! Work one and let th' rest out because they got th' money. I don't see what bugs has got to do with a high school! It don't look good to me nohow!"

Pa picked up his gun and put it back in its holster. The red color left Professor Herbert's face. He talked more to Pa. Pa softened a little. It looked funny to see Pa in the high school building. It was the first time he'd ever been there.

"We were not only hunting snakes, toads, flowers, butterflies, lizards," says Professor Herbert, "but, Mr. Sexton, I was hunting dry timothy grass to put in an incubator and raise some protozoa."

"I don't know what that is," says Pa. "Th' incubator is th' new-fangled way o' cheatin' th' hens and raisin' chickens. I ain't so sure about th' breed o' chickens you mentioned."

"You've heard of germs, Mr. Sexton, haven't you," says Professor Herbert.

"Jist call me Luster if you don't

mind," says Pa, very casual like.

"All right, Luster, you've heard of germs, haven't you?"

"Yes," says Pa, "but I don't believe in germs. I'm sixty-five years old and I ain't seen one yet!"

"You can't see them with your naked eye," says Professor Herbert. "Just keep that gun in the holster and stay with me in the high school today. I have a few things I want to show you. That scum on your teeth has germs in it."

"What," says Pa, "you mean to tell me I've got germs on my teeth!"

"Yes," says Professor Herbert. "The same kind as we might be able to find in a living black snake if we dissect it!"

"I don't mean to dispute your word," says Pa, "but damned if I believe it. I don't believe I have germs on my teeth!"

"Stay with me today and I'll show you. I want to take you through the school anyway! School has changed a lot in the hills since you went to school. I don't guess we had high schools in this county when you went to school!"

"No," says Pa, "jist readin', writin' and cipherin'. We didn't have all this bug larnin', frog larnin', and findin' germs on your teeth and in the middle o' black snakes! Th' world's changin'."

"It is," says Professor Herbert, "and we hope all for the better. Boys like your own there are going to help change it. He's your boy. He knows all of what I've told you. You stay with me today."

"I'll shore stay with you," says Pa. "I want to see th' germs off'n my teeth. I jist want to see a germ. I've never seen one in my life. 'Seein' is believin',' Pap allus told me."

Pa walks out of the office with Professor Herbert. I just hoped Professor Herbert didn't have Pa arrested for pulling his gun. Pa's gun has always been a friend to him when he goes to settle disputes.

The bell rang. School took up. I saw the students when they marched in the schoolhouse look at Pa. They would grin and punch each other. Pa just stood and watched them pass in at the schoolhouse door. Two long lines marched in the house. The boys and girls were clean and well-dressed. Pa stood over in the school yard under a leafless elm, in his sheepskin coat, his big boots laced in front with buckskin and his heavy socks stuck above his boot tops. Pa's overalls legs were baggy and wrinkled between his coat and boot tops. His blue work shirt showed at the collar. His big black hat showed his gray-streaked black hair. His face was hard and weather-tanned to the color of a ripe fodder blade. His hands were big and gnarled like the roots of the elm tree he stood beside.

When I went to my first class I saw Pa and Professor Herbert going around over the schoolhouse. I was in my Geometry Class when

Pa and Professor Herbert came in the room. We were explaining our propositions on the blackboard. Professor Herbert and Pa just quietly came in and sat down for awhile. I heard Fred Wurts whisper to Glenn Armstrong: "Who is that old man? Lord, he's a rough looking scamp." Glenn whispered back: "I think he's Dave's Pap." The students in geometry looked at Pa. They must have wondered what he was doing in school. Before the class was over, Pa and Professor Herbert got up and went out. I saw them together down on the playground. Professor Herbert was explaining to Pa. I could see the prints of Pa's gun under his coat when he'd walk around.

At noon in the high school cafeteria Pa and Professor Herbert sat together at the little table where Professor Herbert always ate by himself. They ate together. The students watched the way Pa ate. He ate with his knife instead of his fork. A lot of the students felt sorry for me after they found out he was my father. They didn't have to feel sorry for me. I wasn't ashamed of Pa after I found out he wasn't going to shoot Professor Herbert. I was glad they had made friends. I wasn't ashamed of Pa. I wouldn't be as long as he behaved. He would find out about the high school as I had found out about the Lambert boys across the hill.

In the afternoon when we went to biology Pa was in the class. He was sitting on one of the high stools beside the microscope. We went ahead with our work just as if Pa wasn't in the class. I saw Pa take his knife and scrape tartar from one of his teeth. Professor Herbert put it on the lens and adjusted the microscope for Pa. He adjusted it and worked awhile. Then he says: "Now Luster, look! Put your eye right down to the light. Squint the other eye!"

Pa put his head down and did as Professor Herbert said: "I see 'im," says Pa. "I'll be damned. Who'd a ever thought that? Right on a body's teeth! Right in a body's mouth. You're right certain they ain't no fake to this Professor Herbert?"

"No Luster," says Professor Herbert. "It's there. That's the germ. Germs live in a world we cannot see with the naked eye. We must use the microscope. There are millions of them in our bodies. Some are harmful. Others are helpful."

Pa holds his face down and looks through the microscope. We stop and watch Pa. He sits upon the tall stool. His knees are against the table. His legs are long. His coat slips up behind when he bends over. The handle of his gun shows. Professor Herbert pulls his coat down quickly.

"Oh, yes," says Pa. He gets up and pulls his coat down. Pa's face gets a little red. He knows about his gun and he knows he doesn't have any use for it in high school.

"We have a big black snake over here we caught yesterday," says Professor Herbert. "we'll chloroform him and dissect him and show you he has germs in his body too."

"Don't do it," says Pa. "I believe you. I jist don't want to see you kill the black snake. I never kill one. They are good mousers and a lot o' help to us on the farm. I like black snakes. I jist hate to see people kill 'em. I don't allow 'em killed on my place."

The students look at Pa. They seem to like him better after he said that. Pa with a gun in his pocket but a tender heart beneath his ribs for snakes, but not for man! Pa won't whip a mule at home. He won't whip his cattle.

"Man can defend hisself," says Pa, "but cattle and mules can't. We have the drop on 'em. Ain't nothin' to a man that'll beat a good pullin' mule. He ain't got th' right kind o' a heart!"

Professor Herbert took Pa through the laboratory. He showed him the different kinds of work we were doing. He showed him our equipment. They stood and talked while we worked. Then they walked out together. They talked louder when they got out in the hall.

When our biology class was over I walked out of the room. It was our last class for the day. I would have to take my broom and sweep two hours to finish paying for the split cherry tree. I just wondered if Pa would want me to stay. He was standing in the hallway watching the students march out. He looked lost among us. He looked like a leaf turned brown on the tree among the tree top filled with growing leaves.

I got my broom and started to sweep. Professor Herbert walked up and says: "I'm going to let you do that some other time. You can go home with your father. He is waiting out there."

I laid my broom down, got my books, and went down the steps.

Pa says: "Ain't you got two hours o' sweepin' yet to do?"

I says: "Professor Herbert said I could do it some other time. He said for me to go home with you."

"No," says Pa. "You are goin' to do as he says. He's a good man. School has changed from my day and time. I'm a dead leaf, Dave. I'm behind. I don't belong here. If he'll let me I'll get a broom and we'll both sweep one hour. That pays your debt. I'll hep you pay it. I'll ast 'im and see if he won't let me hep you."

* * *

"I'm going to cancel the debt," says Professor Herbert. "I just wanted you to understand, Luster."

"I understand," says Pa; "and since I understand he must pay his debt fer th' tree and I'm goin' to hep 'im."

"Don't do that," says Professor Herbert. "It's all on me."

"We don't do things like that," says Pa, "we're just and honest

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Split Cherry Tree

Continued from pages 53-99

people. We don't want somethin' fer nothin'. Professor Herbert, you're wrong now and I'm right. You'll haf to listen to me. I've larned a lot from you. My boy must go on. Th' world has left me. It changed while I've raised my family and plowed th' hills. I'm a just and honest man. I don't skip debts. I ain't larned 'em to do that. I ain't got much larnin' myself but I do know right from wrong after I see through a thing."

Professor Herbert went home. Pa and I stayed and swept one hour. It looked funny to see Pa use a broom. He never used one at

home. Mom used the broom. Pa used the plow. Pa did hard work. Pa says: "I can't sweep. Durned if I can. Look at th' streaks o' dirt I leave on th' floor! Seems like no work a-tall fer me. Brooms is too light 'r somethin'. I'll jist do th' best I can, Dave. I've been wrong about th' school."

I says: "Did you know Professor Herbert can get a warrant out for you for bringing your pistol to school and showing it in his office! They can railroad you for that!"

"That's all made right," says Pa. "I've made that right. Professor Herbert ain't goin' to take

it to court. He likes me. I like 'im. We jist had to get together. He had the remedies. He showed me. You must go on to school. I am as strong a man as ever come out'n th' hills fer my years and th' hard work I've done. But I'm behind, Dave. I'm a little man. Your hands will be softer than mine. Your clothes will be better. You'll allus look cleaner than your old Pap. Jist remember Dave to pay your debts and be honest. Jist be kind to animals and don't bother th' snakes. That's all I got agin th' school. Puttin' black snakes to sleep and cuttin' 'em open."

It was late when we got home. Stars were in the sky. The moon was up. The ground was frozen. Pa took his time going home. I couldn't run like I did the night before. It was ten o'clock before we got the work finished, our suppers eaten. Pa sat before the fire and told Mom he was going to take her and show her a germ some time. Mom hadn't seen one either. Pa told her about the high school and the fine man Professor Herbert was. He told Mom about the strange school across the hill and how different it was from the school in their day and time. #

Sponsor Trouble

Continued from page 54

people. Some of them are friends. (Some of them are dealers!) He hopes his friends are impressed. Not everyone can climax a dinner party with a private performance of Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence. Of course Bill Bostwick would have that supercilious smirk on his face. Bill was a sponsor himself. But hardly on a par. Much smaller studio. And no velvet ropes for the sponsor's party.

Bing-bong-bong—when you hear the musical chimes it will be the why-did-I-get-into-this-mess hour for Joe Exec. Underneath that white tie he's choking on his heart. He's lived an honorable life up to now. He's guarded the corporation funds carefully. Now look at him—an angel, a Broadway slicker, a good-time Charlie. That stupid person with the voice you'd love to throttle is holding up a sign reading "applause." Asking for applause—he's humiliated. But everybody applauds terrifically. Later the radio ringmaster holds up another sign marked "laughter." Everyone obliges.

The tension is awful. But everything seems to be going okay. What strikes him particularly is the bored attitude of the cornet player. He never looks at the music, never worries about losing his place.

"Funny," thinks Joe Exec. "I'm so nervous and he's so calm. Well, that's his life, it's not mine." Still it might have been. When he was in school he had seriously thought of taking up the theatre. He was the Eugene O'Brien type, they told him. There had been his big scene in *Cardinal Richelieu*. A bloody bandage about his forehead he had staggered on stage. "Milord, here are milady's pearls—" There had been a fine note of heroic triumph in that speech... the local newspaper had praised his performance very warmly... his father had nipped that fancy in the bud.

Yes, the program seemed to be getting over quite well. After the confusion at the dress rehearsal it was a miracle. Several people he had sized up as imbeciles actually seemed to know what they were doing now that it was dead-serious.

Well, radio was modern. One

shouldn't be inflexible. Those salaries were staggering. Eddie Cantor over \$10,000. Of course, he paid the orchestra himself. Jessica Dragonette got \$2,500, somebody told him. Mrs. Roosevelt got \$4,000 which she donated to charity. Fred Waring when he was on the air got \$12,000 for two broadcasts a week.

He wondered about Hollywood. They rehearsed in their bathing suits on the swimming pool terraces. Could you trust a young advertising man out there with those beautiful Hollywood ingenues? (No, you couldn't.)

Then there was daytime radio. That was different, they said. But not particularly good for his product. Daytime radio was cheaper. But the audience was much smaller than at night. It had been discovered, however, that there were tens of thousands of lonesome and frustrated girls, up to age eighty, who doted upon a particularly sloppy brand of loud-speaker romance that could be manufactured wholesale by hack writers and ham actors. Sponsors who can't or won't pay the nighttime tariff use large shovels to unload sentimental blubber into the lives of America's underspoused femininity. Out of gratitude for vicarious love thrills in the afternoon the dream sweethearts help along sales.

The cornet player was getting hot. The announcer was having phenomenal success with his "applause" and "laughter" signs. This audience was a pushover. The program was wowing 'em. Joe Exec became excited. By gad, it was a thrill to know that the entire United States was hearing his product praised that way. He had never realized what virtues his stuff possessed. That announcer wasn't such a boob after all. He put a lot of sincerity into that sales message.

Now the second hand of the big broadcasting clock was speeding around. They were on the home stretch. Everything was okay. Even the cornet player laughed at one of the jokes. Joe Exec felt like the Duke of Norfolk when the Coronation was finally over.

Promptly on the tick of the hour

the program ended. The conductor kissed the soprano, the engineer saluted the director, the page boys congratulated each other.

"My dear, you were wonderful!" said everybody to everybody else.

The only guy that didn't observe the professional amenities was the cornet player. He was in a heluva hurry to make the next program in studio GA-2.

"Congratulations, Mr. Exec," said the president of the network, "superb showmanship!"

"Where am I?" demanded Joe Exec, having a nightmare with his eyes open.

"It went over splendidly," the prez assured him, "we're proud to have such a program on our network. It has the high moral tone and artistic ideals that we constantly strive for. Public service, you know, Mr. Exec, that's what counts—public service!"

The network prez talked about public service like a blonde talks about a mink coat—most of the time. Public service, Joe Exec gathered, was the fancy receptacle in which they kept the keys to the cash register. It was as mystical as something the Archbishop of Canterbury brings out of a cupboard.

The studio crowd became a convention in a near-by hotel. Strangers toasted Joe Exec in champagne remarking that his radio program was good, too. The persons eating caviar as if they would burst were radio editors, he was told. It was all quite fantastic.

Joe Exec went home, took a cold shower and some of his own company's pink pills and tried to regain his perspective. He decided not to believe any of radio's hors d'oeuvres destroyers who insisted his program was a wow.

"What I want are the facts!" rapped Joe Exec the next morning in the comforting efficiency of his business office.

"Facts for Joe Exec! Facts for the boss! Facts for the sponsor!"—the command echoed down the corridors of radio. In a fortnight they came running with the popularity survey of the Co-operative Analysis of Broadcasting, a private behind-the-scenes tabulation

which is scripture and sedative for sponsors.

"Look," they cried, "your program has a C.A.B. rating of 4.3."

"But it's last," said Joe Exec.

Tut-tut. They were quite cheerful about his being last. "Yes," they smiled, "but remember it's an hour program and 4.3 among the hours is really almost as good as 4.9 among the halves or 5.1 among the quarter-hours three times a week."

"Never mind about the half hours or the quarter hours. My hour is last among the hours."

"Before they changed the statistical system 4.3 would have been 8.6" they told him by way of making him ashamed of himself.

"And another thing," put in the sponsor, "what's this little item for \$1,064.50?"

"Oh, we thought it would be nice to transpose the piccolo parts for the tubas."

"I don't remember hearing that."

"At the last minute we decided to do it the way we had it at first."

"Perhaps," said Joe Exec, "you won't mind telling me who this gentleman Roger Cluck is. I see that he's on the payroll for \$400 and I don't seem to recall him."

"He's just temporary—the straight man has laryngitis and can't laugh at the comedian's jokes—so we hired Cluck to laugh."

A professional laugh-er! Such a business. What he needs is a professional worry-er. Those unexpected digits produced fiscal fidgets. The sponsor went on the air and into a panic with one squiggle of a fountain pen. The pen put him on a stuffed horse called showmanship riding a merry-go-round that stops for victims of vertigo only every thirteen weeks.

Grab for the brass ring—it's worth four carloads of boxtops. The budget goes round and round and the sponsor is never quite sure where he comes out. The results may be big—that's possible; the bills will be—that's certain.

What every sponsor wants is a good contest and another Jack Benny; what he gets may be a good bawling out and another chance from his Board of Directors. #

High-tension times are hard on nerves

BEAGLE HOUND—

English fox-hound in miniature. Solid and big for his inches, true beagle has the long-wearing look of the hound that can last in the chase. One of the oldest breeds in history—close to the original breed of hounds, U.S. standards specify 15 inches maximum height—any true hound color acceptable.



He's giving his
nerves a rest...

and so is he



People who know the sheer joy
of an active, effective life say:

"Let up—Light up a Camel!"



COVERING TRIALS, ACCIDENTS, sports puts a strain on the nerves of Western Union telegrapher, George Erickson. "I avoid getting my nerves tense," says operator Erickson. "I ease off frequently—give my nerves a welcome rest. I let up and light up a Camel."



IN THE HEART OF THE CONGO, Leila Denis filmed Universal Pictures' epic, "Dark Rapture." Camels were important in Mrs. Denis' trek. She says: "Such ventures can be nerve-straining, but it's my rule to pause frequently. I let up—light up a Camel. Camels are so soothing."

DID YOU KNOW:



— that tobacco is dried for the market, or "cured" by several general methods — which include air-cured and flue-cured? Not all cigarettes can be made from the choicest grade tobacco—there isn't enough of it available! Therefore, it is important to know that Camel cigarettes are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic.



Smoke 6 packs of Camels and find out why they are the **LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE** in America



Let up—Light up a Camel

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are Soothing to the Nerves



"Happy New Year!—and the rent is due, sir!"

Don Quixote Rides Again

Continued from page 37

approaching civilization. Come we will go forward."

"Careful, Master. Your armor is but cardboard to their bullets."

"Now, I have told you before that no true knight fears the weapons of war. No bullet ever downed a fine spirit and the soul of man cannot be killed with a piece of lead."

"Forgive me my proverbs Master, but I would like to keep my body and soul together. I fear to separate them because they get along so well together and separately I would only fall between two stools. Therefore I say, take care, and if not for yourself at least for the sake of the horse. She could be fattened up and sold if we found some grass. So I beg you, Master, to be careful. I always loved peace and quiet and if this thing before us is civilization I am happy my education was neglected."

"Get ready. We will charge. We will rip this evil thing from the ground, we will scatter them far and wide and what remains we will drive into the sea! Cowards of culture!" he cried. "Stand your ground. You are challenged by a single Knight, but mark you, he is Don Quixote himself who has never known defeat."

With these words he dug his spurs into the flanks of his steed and with a great clatter of his armor, and shouting wild oaths through his visor and with his lance well braced, he charged down into the field of battle.

"Master, hold! Come back. These are no windmills. This civilization is dangerous stuff. Hold, I beg you."

But the renowned knight charged ahead with no regard for the pleas of his squire.

Not a shot was fired by either side. The strange figure dashing across the field of battle in medieval armor with his squire tagging behind caused wonder and amazement.

First he rode up to one trench and cried out: "Cowards, I challenge you!" But as none came out of the trench to offer hand to hand combat, the valiant knight swung his horse about and crossed the field of battle.

Here before the opposing trench he cried again: "Cowards of culture! I challenge you! Come one or all. Single handed I offer combat against your whole demon army."

The men in the trenches laughed and some suspicious ones leveled their rifles at the illustrious knight in armor. But by this time Sancho, bobbing up and down on his donkey, came to the place of the commotion and quickly dismounting, stood at the brim of the trench and cried out: "Hold, my good fellows! You cannot kill my master for he is Don Quixote himself, the only one of his kind and imperishable and indestructible. The soul of Spain is wrapped tightly about him and lead bullets are no good against a first-class

soul. Hold your fire lest you injure the greatest man who ever lived and now lives again. Here, read this sign if you cannot believe us."

He showed them the card which was attached to the armor in the Madrid Museum. But in the meantime Don Quixote came behind him and reprimanded him severely.

"Since when," said he, "must a squire defend his knight? Do you not know that even when a knight has been vanquished and lies bleeding on the ground that his squire may not take up his master's sword to do combat? But here I am not vanquished and you fly before me a ball of prattling fat. Stand back I say!"

"Oh, Master. You do not understand the first principles of democracy. In democracy a squire may fight side by side with his master. These are new rules. And also in democracy it is a rule that you should always compliment your enemy but hold your finger on the trigger."

"These are strange rules, Sancho. Are you certain you know what democracy really is?"

"Democracy, Sir, means brotherhood. That is simple."

The knight lifted the visor of his helmet and looked up and down the field of battle. The ground was strewn with bodies and the wreckage of battle was everywhere about.

"This is a new kind of brotherhood," he said. "Cain and Abel were only distant cousins compared to such brotherhood."

By this time the men in the trench were holding their sides and laughing coarsely at the mad knight and his squire.

"These are a couple of loons," cried the captain. "Take hold of them, lads, for I believe they have stolen the tin costume from a museum or some place."

The men soon surrounded them and dragged them into the trench.

The captain then questioned them.

"I tell you, sir," cried Sancho, "we are not a replica, nor an imitation, nor a pretended Quixote. My master is the real one in flesh, the original. Dead we were, and the history written about us is mostly true, but your bombs have blasted us out of our graves and as a special favor to humanity I have begged my master that we once more sally forth. But had I only known we would land in this sewer I swear to you we never would have ventured out. Our former adventures may now and again have brought us close to a pigsty but never into a sewer like this one."

"This is the best trench on the whole front," replied the captain proudly.

And Don Quixote looked about angrily. He saw the long line of soldiers standing in the muddy trench.

"Brotherhood!" he cried. "Must all your feet be in the trough!"

"Very amusing fellows these,"

said the captain with sarcasm. "And you, sir," cried Don Quixote to the captain. "I challenge you personally!"

"My good and noble knight," replied the captain with full humor. "Private battles are not allowed during the war. All battles must be public ones."

"Then could you answer me a question or two?"

"Certainly, noble knight," said the captain genially.

"Tell me, sir, who are those over there in the opposite sewer?"

"They are the enemy."

"Are they Spaniards?"

"They are."

"Then why must you kill Spaniards? Have you no foreigners to slay?"

"We must kill them because they are our enemies."

"Why are they enemies?"

"That's something nobody knows."

"Then how can you tell yourselves apart?"

"That is easy. You see they have a red flag and we have a white flag. They fight for red and we fight for white."

"I have been called a madman from La Mancha, and in our time we fought for honor, we fought for glory, we fought for the favor of a noble lady, but not even ants in the ground ever fought for a color. That is a piece of crazy mental patchwork. And you want to tell me, sir, that all those men before us dead on the field all died for a color?"

"Yes. We are ready to die because we are white and we want the whole nation to be white. And they are prepared to die because they are red and insist that everybody else should be red."

"Some one should come and take your colors away from you. The simplest things you make dangerous. People were put away for less insanity than this."

"You cannot understand, my good knight. But to be passionately white or passionately red is something really worth living for."

"Yes, I can understand living for a passion, but to die for a mere color, that seems too much."

"You see, we whites are not all white. We have some black and also some brown who help us. And when a black dies he dies also for white and when a brown dies he also dies for white."

"Hold!" cried Quixote. "This is too much. My madness is not profound enough to fathom the depths of this nonsense."

"It is simple, sir. We whites die for white. The blacks who have come from another land to help us, also die for white. And the browns also die for white. All three die for white. And so we have the advantage for only red dies for red, for they have no other colors to die for them. It is very sad for them for we have three colors against their one."

"Sancho!" called the knight desperately. "I leave my lance and

sword here, surrendered for all time. And if you know of a madhouse in this vicinity, lead me quickly to that harbor of safety."

"Master, the madhouses have all been torn down; for those without were jealous of those within and as there was not room enough for all the whole land was declared open on the same day as the hunting season. But the law is strict. You may kill only two deer in the season, no more. But on men there are no restrictions. Kill one and you get a cigar. Two and you get a bottle of wine. Three, you win a medal. If you kill ten in a single week you get a few days off to go home and visit your mother. In brotherhood everything has its rules."

"You mean to tell me the whole land is without a madhouse?"

"In a land of brotherhood, such as this, there is really no need for one, master."

"And where, Sancho, have you learned about these lands of brotherhood?"

"You see, Master, during my dead life, in the tomb, I read books of history."

"Sancho, have I not warned you against such corrupt reading matter! History is a poison to which truth is the only antidote."

"True, Master. But in the new world things are wonderful; when youth are poisoned with history it is called patriotism and when grown men are poisoned by history they engage in politics. And that makes the three great P's of brotherhood: Poison, Patriotism and Politics."

"If what you say is true, Sancho, then no fantasy conceived by the most distorted brain could ever match this piece of reality. And madness, Sancho, is only a mild milk and honey to this fever now before us."

When he had spoken these words Don Quixote once more addressed the captain.

"In the name of Knighthood," he said, "I challenge both your armies and now that I understand that you fight for no other reason than for a color, I propose to vanquish you and take these colored handkerchiefs away from you, and send you home like a dog with a wet tail—but in peace."

The noble knight was about to draw his sword but at the word "peace" the men about fell upon him and banged him with clubs and staves. A hail of blows resounded on his metal and brought him low into the soft ground of the trench. Sancho ran here and there and cried out for them to stop but he too received his share of the blows.

At length when this sudden attack came to an end, Sancho crawled on his knees to where his fallen master lay. He raised up his head and drew off the helmet.

"Oh Master," he said. "It is all my fault, for I should have warned you. That word 'peace' is forbidden in these brotherhood lands. Should anyone mention it, even

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Don Quixote Rides Again

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whisper it, he is killed at once. And only regard for your fame and respect for your exploits have saved us from a certain death. Wash a dog in the seven seas and in ten minutes he is dirty again. Perhaps that is not the right proverb, Master, but it tells you how I feel from what I think. Peace is too sweet a honey for an ass's mouth. I should have warned you. Offer one cheek and they take two."

"Oh, Sancho," groaned the fallen knight. "Between mortification and your proverbs I am unable to raise from the ground. Take back this armor to the museum and let

us return to the quiet and reason of our tombs."

"Oh Master, Master, I failed to tell you that the museum has been razed to the ground for in brotherhood even art is an enemy and as for our nice quiet tombs they too are no more. The roots of this thing have reached far into hell and the land has not even room for graves."

"Help me up, Sancho, and let us move along. For if one simple word can bring on such a shower of fury then I should prefer to live with animals who know the right meaning of words."

The squire raised his master and

helped him upon his horse. As he was about to lead the horse out of the trench he said: "Master, though the pain be great, let us not show our defeat. Before we go give them a parting shot."

Don Quixote straightened up to his full noble height and lifting the visor of his badly dented helmet called out:

"Color fighters of culture, creatures of brotherhood! I have seen fleas with more brains and swine with more nobility than I could find in your company. Adios, Adios!" This last fling brought forth a quick shower of stones and many lumps of trench mud.

"Come, Sancho," said the knight, "we will seek a land where they have no culture, no civilization, no brotherhood and are content to live in peace."

Sancho mounted his ass and led the bony horse on which rode the crestfallen renowned Don Quixote de La Mancha. Slowly they moved across the sorry landscape, picking their way between corpses and shell holes and meditating on the great virtues of civilization. Yet, let it be recorded to the credit of humanity that while they rode across the field of battle not a single shot was fired by either side. ##

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 88

feeling as Janet and I do, have a perfect right to do what we're doing. But somewhere at the back of my mind I've still to contend against centuries of belief that what we're doing is wrong."

5. "It is knowledge alone that gives us freedom."

6. "I believe that the very grooves in which our lives run are created by our feeling, imagination and will. If we know and then make the effort, we can change our lives."

7. "I tell you there is more truth to the fundamental nature of things in the most foolish fairy tales than there is in any of your complaints against life."

8. "All events are shaped in the end by magic. Yes. The creative magic of our feeling, imagination, and will. These are the realities — and all our histories are their dreams." (Regards to Luigi Pirandello.)

9. "We learn, but always too late. By the time we are forty, we know how to behave at twenty."

The kindergarten class is herewith dismissed.

No, J. B., it won't do. These time theories are not for such undernourished dialectics and Piecadilly playwriting. They call, if they call at all, for prolonged analytical deliberation and for the most painstaking dramaturgy. It is easy for a man of your considerable talents to write, as you do write, half a dozen novels a year, if the novels are like your *The Doomsday Men*, and half a dozen plays in the same year, if the plays are like this *I Have Been Here Before*. In point of fact, there's nothing to prevent a man of your aforesaid considerable talents from easily writing a dozen such novels and a dozen such plays a year. But the play that *I Have Been Here Before* might and should have been could not be contrived in the few weeks or so you probably allotted to it. It takes that long for a Eugene O'Neill even to sharpen his lead pencils.

Leslie and Sewell Stokes's *Oscar Wilde*, another English importation, aroused a degree of moral mortification in certain quarters because it treated, naturally and

obviously enough, with homosexuals. To write a play about Oscar and leave out homosexuality would plainly be like writing a play about Florence Nightingale and putting it in. But, aside from the moral aspect of the thing, the point, argued the sensitive ones, is that the spectacle of male phoebes is offensive, distasteful, and disgusting.

This seems to me to be defective criticism. That the sons of swish may not *in facie curiae* constitute an endearing picture, it takes no heated argument with the bartender to prove. But in a world drama that has freely presented almost every other form of abnormal and perverted humanity, most often without objection, they may—if treated honestly and without cheap sensationalism—be allowed their clinical place. In *Oscar Wilde* they are treated thus frankly, honestly and with no attempt at cheap sensationalism, and it is the rankest kind of hypocrisy to protest against their presentation. If they are, as the moralists insist, offensive, distasteful and disgusting, that is the moralists' business. But it has nothing to do with their dramatic validity or the validity of the playwrights' effort and purpose. One may properly denounce as offensive, distasteful and disgusting some such sensationalized Broadway androgynous fritter as Mae West's *The Virgin Man* of blarsted memory, but it is hard to reconcile any such attitude toward the Stokes's sincerely contrived play with the free moral acceptance of plays containing characters that in themselves smell to heaven with an equal abnormality. A theatre that tolerates without a whimper everything from the incest of *Electra* to the degenerate pathological blood lust of *Rope's End* and *Night Must Fall*, from the Jack-the-Ripperism of *The Box of Pandora* to the Lesbianism of *Love of Women* and *Wise Tomorrow*, and from the sadism of *The Jest* to the masochism of *Countess Julie* and the algolagnia of *The Dance of Death*, has little right to be squeamish over the anatomical divertissements of Oscar Wilde and Co.

The potentially very estimable

Mr. Guthrie McClintic opened his season with a fable about that eminent New Dealer of the late '70's, Jesse James. It bears the title *Missouri Legend* and is the labor of a Miss Elizabeth B. Ginty, who for years was secretary and general dish and bottle washer to that celebrated hokum-huckster of the later 1890's and earlier 1900's, the Rev. David Belasco. So potent is the influence of the Belasco ghost upon our lady-friend that her play is exactly the kind of play about the notorious bandit that Belasco himself would heartily have approved, which is to say a play that sentimentalizes itself out of all proportion to the strictness of its basic materials, that relies heavily upon the tried devices of the minor hokum drama, and that gets about as close to dramatic literature as Tin Pan Alley gets to Bach.

It seems strange that Mr. McClintic who, if we are to believe the late Ray Henderson and the present alive and kicking Richard Maney, his press agents, is one of the considerably more literate of our producers, should so often, where his wife, the estimable Katharine Cornell is not concerned, select jingo manuscripts like this one wherewith to diminish and make suspect his carefully built-up reputation. Is it possible that Miss Cornell picks her own plays and that, when Mr. McClintic goes it alone, he finds himself up a slippery elm tree? The three plays he chose for production last season—*The Star-Wagon*, *Barchester Towers* and *How To Get Tough About It*—were each and all worthy of the esthetic judgment of a juvenile intellect, and this *Missouri Legend* is no more appropriate to the schedule of the reputable producer Mr. McClintic wishes us to consider him than a more extended review of it is appropriate to the reputable critic Mr. Nathan wishes you to consider him.

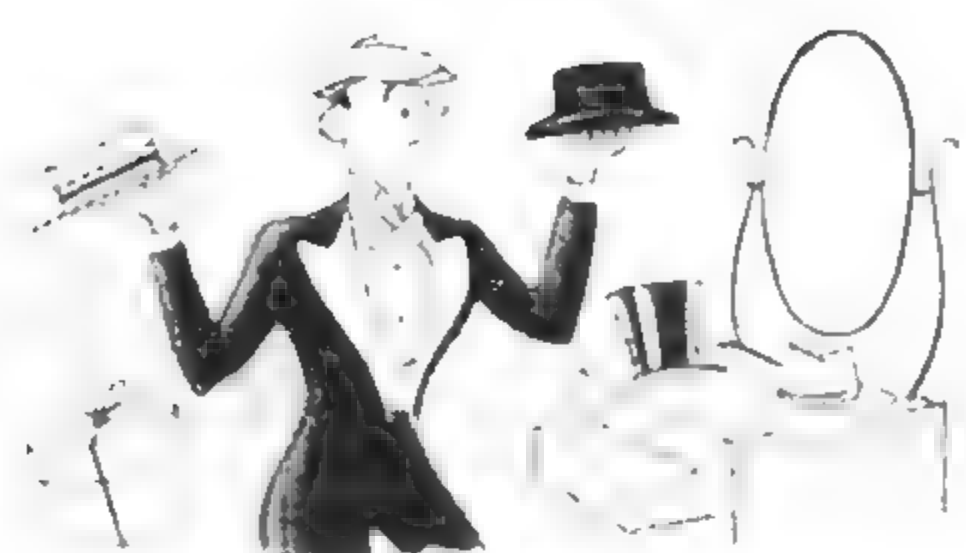
André Birabeau's *Dame Nature* served in turn as the Theatre Guild's opener and proved to be an originally amusing light comedy about a young boy and girl who have an impromptu baby

completely and cruelly botched by slipshod preparation and crassly misguided direction. As I reported when I reviewed the try-out of the piece during the summer, it amounts in sum to a Paris boulevard paraphrase of Wedekind's *Awakening of Spring*, substituting a jocular point of view for the Swiss-German's tragic. But so over-sentimentalized and funereal was the staging of it that Wedekind's play seemed at times in comparison to deal with the early life of Weber and Fields. The effect of the exhibit was further damaged by the casting of the little boy's role with a young actor almost tall enough to play Abe Lincoln and with a manner so sophisticated that all it took to make him a Noel Coward or Cole Porter lyric was a Hawes and Curtis waistcoat and a red carnation. The presenting company has been announced by the Guild to be the nucleus of a more or less permanent acting troupe. The only three members of it worth anything to any such projected plan, however, are Jessie Royce Landis, Forrest Orr and Lois Hall. As the wife, uncle and young mother respectively, they showed that they had something.

The screwball vaudeville revue, *Hellzapoppin'*, had the holy tar knocked out of it by my scholarly colleagues. I on the other hand, being notoriously a lowbrow, thought it was a doggoned gala show. In point of fact, this old ignoramus hasn't laughed so much in a theatre in a blue moon. From its beginning, with a newsreel presenting Hitler boosting the show in Yiddish dialect and Mussolini boosting it in the accents of Harlem, to its conclusion, with a genius escape-artist still ridiculously rolling around on the outer lobby floor after a two hour vain effort to extricate himself from a strait-jacket, it had your Socrates, the damn fool, yelling his head off. There were, true enough, grim pauses in his merriment, such, for example, as when a sister act with voices like screech owls climbing out of a sawmill lifted their voices in song, as when a presumably comical blackout skit showed four

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How much do YOU know about Night Life?



1. Is it okay to wear a black homburg with "Tails?"

☐ YES ☐ NO

ANSWER: Not only okay, but awfully smart. And that goes for midnight-blue homburgs as well as black.



2. With double-breasted tuxedos, do good dressers wear shirts having turn-down rather than wing collars?

☐ YES ☐ NO

ANSWER: They do. Most popular of such shirts is ARROW SHOREHAM. Shoreham's special collar is attached to the shirt. It's a flexible collar and the most comfortable one that ever sat on a dress shirt. \$3.



3. Are sticks bad form with formal clothes?

☐ YES ☐ NO

ANSWER: Sticks are no longer being carried by well-informed top hatters.



4. Should you wear both a carnation in your lapel and a handkerchief in your breast pocket?

☐ YES ☐ NO

ANSWER: It's smart to shoot the works and wear both. However, the posy can be absent... the



handkerchief, *never*. ARROW HANDKERCHIEFS with hemstitched or hand-rolled hems, 35¢, 50¢, and \$1.



5. Is the double-breasted tuxedo more formal than the single-breasted one?

☐ YES ☐ NO

ANSWER: No, just the opposite. The double breasted is the tuxedo for stag occasions—the single-breasted proper for *both* stag and mixed gatherings. The shirt to wear with the single-breasted tuxedo (or with tails) on more formal occasions is ARROW LIDO. Lido's plain pique bosom is cut narrow for maximum comfort and moored in place by suspender loops. \$3.



6. Is a white waistcoat correct with a tuxedo?

☐ YES ☐ NO

ANSWER: Although black waistcoats are more

generally worn, white ones are every bit as correct. It's simply a matter of personal taste.



7. Is the square-end bow tie the one to buy?

☐ YES ☐ NO

ANSWER: It's *our* recommendation. But, if you want to be independent, we also make nice looking pointed-enders. ARROW DRESS TIES, \$1.

Go to your Arrow dealer—tomorrow—and get some new Arrow dress shirts, dress ties, dress collars, and dress handkerchiefs. They're authentic in style, outstanding in value.



SHIRTS • TIES • COLLARS
HANDKERCHIEFS • UNDERWEAR

If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow

First Nights & Passing Judgments

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men who had lost their money in Wall Street successively shooting themselves, and as when a tall man dressed as a woman danced with a little man and threw him over her shoulder half a dozen times. But for the most part the deliberately imbecile proceedings ranging from men parading the aisles while the show was on calling out buses to Chinatown and Coney Island and telling the audience it still wasn't too late to go and see *I Married An Angel* to ushers shooting crying babies in the audience, attendants with bean-blowers driving the customers crazy by hitting them in the back of the necks with puffed rice, and "plants" in the house throwing women's panties onto the stage—entertained your little gem no end.

Some years ago, an Italian critic argued that the chief trouble with vaudeville revues was that they were confined to the stage. To make them enjoyable to the audience, he contended, they should spill over into the auditorium and, like a pleasure park, make the audience part of the show. *Hellzapoppin'* would at least in a meas-

ure have tickled him. It is low stuff, common stuff and often very cheap stuff—but from an amusement point of view it is worth a dozen of any of the conventional more lofty musical shows that deal imposingly with Goethe's love-life or the awful time Mozart had with his creditors.

P.S. The show, to boot, discloses one of the most attractive dancing girls in the person of a Hawaiian belle named Pualani that the local platform has seen since Adele Astaire deserted it. Upon beholding her, my creditable colleague, Mr. Watts, of the *Herald Tribune*, ran so high a temperature that at this writing he is still confined to his bed, crying out incoherently, plucking wildly at the counterpane, and searing his family half to death.

A second revue, *Sing Out The News*, by the authors of the successful *Pins and Needles*, assisted by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart, proves to be a feeble echo of the latter. These Leftist exhibits pale with repetition and their reiterated jocosities on Congress, the Republican party, the New Deal,

etc., have got to a saturation point where even a joke about Sister Lena would be a welcome relief. There is some humor in the show, though you may not believe it when I confide to you that there is also a wheeze about Karl Marx and the Marx brothers, but the whole thing suggests a producers' huddle arguing that if *Pins and Needles* and *I'd Rather Be Right* made money, why not feed it to 'em all over again.

At the outset of *Kiss the Boys Goodbye*, by the quick and canny Clare Boothe who wrote *The Women*, the author inserts a line saying that most people confuse rudeness with wit. Very frankly and whimsically following this principle, she boldly casts the humor of her comedy in that mold and the result is a rapid succession of amusing insults retailed by characters conducting themselves much like Charlie McCarthy maneuvered by Westbrook Pegler. The underlying fable concerns a Dixie cutie who is eager to play the equivalent of Scarlett O'Hara in the movies and who lands, to the mutual agony of herself and the

other guests, at a Connecticut week-end party peopled chiefly by specimens of the genus *Pediculus Mallophaga*. The weakness of the exhibit lies in the familiarity of its plot materials (the virginal, innocent maiden brought into contact with a group of sophisticates was already old hoke in Chester A. Arthur's time), in the stock figures which are enlisted as its characters (the blonde movie pushover, the loud-mouthed Communist, the philandering husband, the patient wife, the dumb society playboy, the comic Negro servant, et al.), and in the species of direction which mistakes breathless stage action for potentially breathless audience interest. Miss Boothe's commendable drastic humor and her sharp appreciation of the foibles of human fowl await a more original and soundly planned groundwork for their proper and deserved projection. Helen Claire's performance of the Dixie daisy is a capital job, and both Edwin Nicander and Sheldon Leonard, as the newspaper publisher and concupiscent movie magnate respectively, earn their salaries.##

Drink to Fair Game

Continued from page 75

make your mouth water. The dinner began at six in the evening and ended at six the next morning.

The buffalo is almost gone. We had some last winter and feel no great regret at its passing, except the carelessness that made its near extinction possible. Fortunately, wise laws and conservation have managed to preserve much of the wild life, and honest sportsmanship will accomplish still more. The list, then, remains about as it was when the Philadelphia boys ate so heartily plus the feathered game. Below you will find some sound recipes for preparing game for the table.

(Two from a cook book of the American Revolutionary period:)

VENISON

Venison should be rather under than overdone. Spread a sheet of paper with butter and put it over the fat, first sprinkle it with salt, then lay a course of paste on strong paper and cover the haunch; tie it with fine Pack thread, and set it at a distance from the fire which must be a good one. Baste it often; ten minutes before serving, take off paste, draw meat nearer fire and baste with butter and a good deal of flour to make froth up well. Garnish knucklebone with ruffle of cut writing paper.

STEWED WILD DUCKS

Take two ducks and half roast them, cut them up as you would for eating, put them in a stew pan with a little brown gravy, a glass of claret, two anchovies, a small onion, shred very fine, and a little salt; thicken it with flour and butter, so serve it up. Garnish with Onion Sippets.

Following are some recipes from an old provincial French source:

SNIFE WITH BRANDY

The birds should each be wrapped in a slice of larding bacon, well seasoned with salt and pepper, and roasted. They should be frequently basted with butter. When done, they are carved, and put in a hot silver dish, and a few tablespoons of brandy are poured over them. The brandy should be previously warmed. When about to serve, set alight. Serve the following sauce: pound the livers, etc., of the birds, mixed with the scrapings from the meat pan, and the butter; season with salt and pepper, and a little lemon juice. Mix together in a small saucepan, stirring well, but without boiling.

QUAILS WITH LETTUCE

Wash four heads of lettuce, and blanch them in salted water for about 5 minutes. Drain well, and put the lettuce on a slice of bacon, in a saucepan, which must not be too large. Simmer gently for about 10 minutes, and moisten with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of veal stock. Season with salt and pepper, cover closely, and simmer gently, preferably in the oven, for about one hour.

Cover four quails with slices of bacon fat, put in a saucepan in which they fit closely, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of veal stock, salt and pepper. Bring to boil and simmer gently for 30 minutes. To serve, put the lettuce on a dish, then the quails, from which the bacon fat has been removed, and pour over the stock which has been strained.

RAGOUT OF WILD DUCK

Roast one or two wild ducks. While they are being roasted, put

four shallots, one bayleaf, a sprig of thyme, salt and pepper in a small saucepan with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of red or white wine, and simmer gently till reduced to about one-third. When the birds are almost done, carve them carefully, removing all the flesh from the carcass. Place the pieces of duck in a saucepan, with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of brandy and light. When the brandy is burnt out, add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of Espagnole sauce, cover with a lid and keep warm. Chop up the bones or pound them in a mortar, and add to the wine and shallot sauce, mixing well. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of Espagnole sauce to this, stir well, and simmer gently and skim carefully. Cook for about 20 minutes. Five minutes before serving, strain half the sauce over the pieces of duck, and place the saucepan over a slow fire, but do not let sauce boil. Remove the remainder of the sauce from the fire, add $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons of butter, and strain over the ducks. Garnish with $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. mushrooms, and a few sliced truffles and croutons of fried bread if desired.

ESPAÑOLE SAUCE

Put into $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of melted butter $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of carrots, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of onions, and $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. lean bacon, all of which have been diced. Season with a sprig of thyme, a small bayleaf, and a few parsley stalks. Simmer gently till the vegetables are slightly colored, then add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of flour and mix well with a wooden spoon. Simmer gently till the flour begins to brown. Then add very gradually $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of white wine, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ quarts of good stock. Bring to a boil, add a few mushroom peelings, and 3 tablespoonfuls of tomato purée, and simmer gently for 1 hour, skimming as the

scum rises. Now strain into another saucepan through a sieve, replace on the fire, and bring to boil. Skim most carefully as sauce should be entirely free from grease. When done, the sauce should be reduced to 1 quart. Remove from fire, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Madeira, and strain once more. This sauce will keep for a week in a cold place.

PARTRIDGES WITH CABBAGE

Melt a little lard in a saucepan and, when hot, put in two young partridges. Cook till slightly browned. Remove the birds from the saucepan. Put in a large slice of fat bacon, and cover with about two pounds of cabbage which has been washed, blanched, well drained and seasoned with a little salt and pepper. Over this place the birds, four whole carrots, four Italian sausages, a large onion stuck with a clove, a bouquet of mixed herbs, one cup of stock and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white wine. Cover with oiled paper and a close-fitting lid. Simmer gently in the oven for about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Remove the partridges, however, as soon as they are tender, adding them to the cabbage a few minutes before serving. To serve, cut the bacon in small pieces, place the cabbage in the center of the dish with the partridges on top, and garnish with the sausages, sliced, carrots, etc. Pour over the whole the stock thickened with a little flour and butter.

HARE WITH CREAM

Put the back of a hare in a crock with a few tablespoons of olive oil. $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of white wine, 1 large onion, 3 shallots, parsley, 1 bayleaf, a sprig of thyme, salt and pepper, and let it stand for a few

Continued on page 103

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Drink to Fair Game

Continued from pages 75-106

hours in a cool place, basting occasionally. Then put the onion and shallots in a meat pan, place the hare over it and cook in a quick oven. When done, remove the onion and shallots, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cream and stir well. Place hare on a hot dish and strain the sauce over it, adding 1 tablespoon of lemon juice.

RABBIT STEW

Carve a five or six lb. rabbit into neat joints. Melt a few tablespoons of lard, butter, or oil in a saucepan and when hot, put in the rabbit and season with salt and pepper. Cook till well browned. Sprinkle with 1 tablespoon of flour and stir with a wooden spoon till the flour has browned. Then add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of white wine, and 4 tablespoons of stock. Bring to boil and simmer for a good half-hour. Now add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of lean bacon, cut in small pieces, 12 pickling onions, both having been previously cooked and lightly browned in hot fat, and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of mushrooms, cut in half if large. Simmer gently for another half-hour. Serve in a deep dish and garnish with croutons of fried bread.

From Theodore's restaurant in New York comes this fine recipe:

WOODCOCK À LA THEODORE

Cook the woodcock on a very strong fire for fifteen minutes
Cut it in six pieces
Put all the pieces on a silver casserole with the head and beak sticking up
Pressez the carcass with the juice from the woodcock
Add the interior of the bird hashed very fine
Add a little foie gras
Place this on the casserole
A good glass of fine champagne to be added to the woodcock on the casserole and flambez
Serve at once.

From Jack A. Jones, 839 West 94th Street, Los Angeles, California, comes the sort of fan letter your correspondent likes to receive. For many years we have eaten venison and not cared much for it; usually the fault was in the preparation. But let Mr. Jones tell his story:

"Dear Sir:

"I have just finished reading your article 'Wine Comes of Age' in Esquire. In this article you give recipes for the use of wines in cooking and in exchange for your recipes I'll offer you one of mine. . . .

HAUNCH OF VENISON

"Take a haunch of fresh venison and rub all over with fresh butter or lard. Cover it on the top and sides with a thick paste of flour and water, nearly half an inch thick. Lay upon this a large sheet of thin white wrapping paper, well buttered, and about this thick foolscap. Keep all in place by greased pack thread then put down to roast with a little water in the dripping pan. Let the fire be steady and strong. Pour a few ladlefuls of butter and water over the meat now and then, to prevent the paper from scorching. If the haunch is large, it will take at least five hours to roast. About half an hour before you take it up, remove the

papers and paste and test with a skewer to see if it is done. If this passes easily to the bone through the thickest part, set it down to a more moderate fire and baste every few minutes with claret wine and butter. At the last, baste with butter, dredge with flour to make a light froth, and dish. It should be a fine brown by now. Twist a frill of fringed paper around the knuckle.

"For gravy, put into a saucepan a pound or so of scraps of raw venison left from trimming the haunch, a quart of water, a pinch of cloves, a few blades of mace, half a nutmeg, cayenne and salt to taste. Stew slowly to one-half the original quantity. Skim, strain, and return to the saucepan when you have rinsed it with hot water. Add three tablespoonfuls of currant jelly, a glass of claret, two tablespoonfuls of butter, and thicken with browned flour. Send to table in tureen. Send around currant jelly with venison ALWAYS.

"It is really worth the effort to try venison this way. Being a sort of a hillbilly I usually try to get my venison from a district where they have been feeding on wild oats, this seems to help the flavor and also fattens up the deer. A forked horn buck 'in the velvet' is my first choice. Serve this venison with champagne or burgundy, I like the burgundy, at room temperature, best.

"For cooking the neck use the same procedure as for the haunch, allowing a quarter of an hour to the pound, for the shoulder it is not necessary to use the paste and paper, but be sure not to let it get dry for an instant.

"It is only fair that I do this in return for your recipes I have used. Yours, for better eating and drinking."

Through fat and lean years the Hotel Astor in New York has thought of its kitchen, knowing that a hotel to attract men must serve men's food. From the chef we have obtained their recipe for Stuffed Pheasant:

STUFFED PHEASANT ASTOR

Ingredients:
1 pheasant 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. (cleaned and ready to be stuffed)
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of fresh pork suet
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of truffles, 15 cooked chestnuts
1 ounce butter
2 tablespoons of chopped shallots
1 tablespoon of chopped onions
3 tablespoons of brandy
2 tablespoons of Madeira wine
A dash of whole spices
Salt and black pepper
3 slices of bacon
1 sauce-boat Perigueux sauce

Stuff the pheasant with a preparation of fresh pork suet, rubbed through a sieve. Cook the fresh mushrooms, onions, shallots in butter for 3 minutes; add the cognac; let burn; add the Madeira wine; mix this combination with the suet thoroughly. Then add the truffles (cut into pieces) and the cooked chestnuts. When the pheasant is stuffed wrap three slices of bacon around it and roast gently for 1

hour. Remove the slices of bacon 7-8 minutes before the cooking of the pheasant is completed, so that the outside of the bird has a nice golden brown color. For serving, cut the pheasant in halves and each leg and breast in two. Dress on a large silver platter and put the stuffing between the pieces. When ready to be served burn (in the dining room) with 2 spoons of hot brandy. Serve at the same time a sauce-boat of sauce Perigueux.

SAUCE PERIGUEUX

$\frac{1}{2}$ pint Madeira wine
1 pint of brown sauce
2 tablespoons of chopped truffles

Reduce $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of Madeira wine to half; add 1 pint of brown sauce, 2 tablespoons of chopped truffles.

Even though it may be a game dinner, the formal affair usually comprises other dishes which require potables not mentioned in the simple categories mentioned above. Your correspondent enjoyed an American dinner that had Madeira in lieu of cocktails, Mont-rachet with oysters, Amontillado with the soup, Romanée Conti with the canvas-backs, a Palatinate wine with the soufflé and, wonder of wonders—rye, Bourbon and rum following the cognac. Also a clear head the next morning.

A simple chart, adapted to your special menu, avoiding the pitfalls of trying to establish one from which there is no appeal, might be as follows:

Sea food.....	Chablis, Madeira, Champagne, Palatinate
Soup	Sherry
Fowl, white meat	Dry white wines
Dark fowl and heavy game.....	Best Burgundies—Champagne
Salads.....	(No wine)
Cheese.....	Port, American sweet wines, Muscatel
Dessert.....	Château Yquem, Champagne
Coffee	Cognac, heavy Rum, old whiskies

Our Captious Correspondents

"17 St. Bernard's Crescent, Edinburgh, Scotland.

"Dear Sir:

"My long held belief that America leads the world in providing the amenities of life was rudely shattered by your discovery of gin and tonic and the sensation caused thereby. Do you mean to tell me one can't get it everywhere in New York? You can tell La Guardia that I shan't visit his town until the situation's remedied. I've been drinking the stuff all my life and suddenly I feel like M. Jourdain who spoke prose all his life without knowing it.

"The most important thing about the tonic is that they make it too sweet. Variations your readers might like to try: Pink Gin Tonic — put an ice cube in bottom of glass and carefully put two or three drops of bitters on it. Then pour on your favorite gin to taste and fill with tonic water. Time to drink tonic, before meals, never after (2) the morning after.

"Here I am sitting in my office waiting for the American Revival. I hope I won't be booked for a free trip to France à la 1914 . . . A lot can be forgiven a country such as yours, which has no need to wonder how to spell Czechoslovakia and which can afford to find Hitler funny, as well as vulgar.

Yours sincerely,

CYRIL RAMSAY JONES."

This is a subject that is constantly before us. The problem stated by the young man is a real one. Even the more sophisticated drinkers may draw a moral from his comment.

"928 No. Walnut

Lansing, Michigan

"Dear Mr. Pemberton.

"I am writing to you for help. I fear I need it greatly. My friends insist that I need it if I am to live a contented life. My problem has been going on for years but only three weeks ago did it come to a head.

"The turning point was during the three days I spent convalescing after the nite before. During these three days I pondered over some suitable means for exterminating the barkeep who placed those glasses of poison in front of me. On the fourth day, after my stomach had returned from its journey and my head from its tailspin, I realized that my condition was no one's fault but my own and they don't put labels on bottles to make them look pretty. As soon as I gave myself a kick in the pants I proceeded to find out about the various potables, from what they were made out of, to what kind of drinks they were put in or how they were consumed.

"To do this I went to my old love, Eskey. I dusted off my collection of the magazine and prepared to do three years of reading in that number of weeks as school will soon start. At this point I have accomplished more than two years of reading in your department, which I must shamefully admit I have always avoided in the past.

"I have learned to respect your judgment of wines, whiskeys and what have you, so I feel very confident that I cannot go wrong on your advice as to what names I should have on the table before me.

"Thanking you very, very much in advance, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

RUSSELL COLLINS."

It is not our function to plug any certain brand or make. Yet, thanks to the various liquor boards and laws, the answer to Mr. Collins is easy. Here is where our credo of "name your brand" comes in. The labels state the contents of a bottle, its alcoholic strength, its maker. By trial and error you can easily learn what is good and what is not to your taste. Then forever after, name your brand and look at the label to make certain that you are being served with what you ordered. #



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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 82

salmon wars of 1890. This month it's about the lumber thieves of 1902. Next month it will be about the cattle and prairie barons of 1879. Who knows—perhaps they will even make a movie of the dramatic happenings at Harpers Ferry in 1859.

In any case there's small point in reviewing the details of this strong back and weak mind epic Paramount has made of *The Valley of the Giants*. A good cast struggles with a fast-moving holocaust of action, somebody is constantly being popped in the nose or hit on the head with a chair. Needless to record, virtue plus indomitable courage, wins. This movie does succeed, however, better than all previous attempts, to cut down a tree. The technicolor flushes through the redwood heart of one of these towering conifers, the axes bite through its countless rings, the wedges plunge home, and with a great sigh one of the oldest living things on earth sways and topples, and then comes crashing down. Something dramatic and breathless has been hinted, a tiny bit of truth—but a lot for Hollywood.

UNSPEAKABLE NATIVE TREACHERY

The Commandant says to Captain Cruthers, he says, "You'll take a detachment up there to so-and-so, old fellah, sign a treaty with the native ruler, and extend the sphere of peaceful British influence." Three minutes later, in the film *Drums*, the native ruler is assassinated; six minutes later the ding-dangedest bloodiest war busts loose I've ever seen on any screen. Dirty natives are blown up with hand-grenades before your eyes, whole masses are ripped to bits by machine-gun fire. Unadulterated treachery on the part of the local inhabitants makes this massacre necessary: whilst the British detachment are (the English use the plural verb)—whilst the British detachment are guests of the rajah or emir or whoever the dastard is, he plans to mow 'em down in order to illustrate to the innumerable other tribes of India that Englishmen are mortal after all, and let's get the foreign devils and unbelievers out of the country. Well, it just won't work. Personal heroism is always a match for unspeakable native treachery. Where would the Empire be otherwise? Mr. A.E.W. Mason, the author of this rousing spectacle of imperialism, in some rather feeble asides, explained just why it is necessary for England to rule India, but these were so negligible I fail to recall them with any exactitude. They had nothing to do with trade relations, anyway.

In this department some months ago a guest conductor, Mr. Glyn Roberts, in a highly informative article, reviewed the forces in England which militate for motion picture propaganda, including in his remarks a lengthy discussion of the origin of *Drums*. As propa-

ganda, to this American at least, the film is flabby stuff. Perfidious Albion requires something a good deal less watery to stiffen English-speaking opinion of her foreign policy. When the movie has been called anemic propaganda, it may then be added that as movie making it is exciting and colorful stuff, accurate in its settings and apparently authentic in detail, recounting the tribulations of loyal British troops in their heroic efforts to maintain the empire. Sabu, the personable little dark boy who so thoroughly captivated his audiences in Flaherty's *Elephant Boy*, is here exploited in a technicolor vehicle which displays his charm and personality to excellent advantage. The remainder of the cast, which includes Raymond Massey and a very graceful and lovely English actress named Valerie Hobson, is hardworking and competent. The film is directed by Zoltan Korda, brother of Alexander, and blinking well competent directing it is too. Long-range technicolor shots of the mountainous regions of Khyber Pass are magnificent.

UPPER CASE BILLING FOR AN AUTHOR

Mr. Jack Warner, of Warner Bros. Pictures Inc., asserts in an advertisement in my newspaper, among other things, that "*Four Daughters* sprang from the brain of warm-hearted, great-souled FANNIE HURST, whose *Back Street* and *Imitation of Life* stand among screenland's milestones. To this, her greatest novel, the screen has given vivid stature that cold type could never capture, a thrilling sincerity seldom experienced." I'm rather inclined to agree with Mr. Warner, although further on, when he advertises that, "Proud as I was of *Pasteur*, *Anthony Adverse*, *Zola*, and *Robin Hood* in their day, I am prouder, I believe, of *Four Daughters*," I suspect his enthusiasm is a teeny-weeny bit colored by his anxiety about the box office. But to return to Mr. Warner's estimate of FANNIE HURST, whom he admires to the point of upper case billing.

In Hollywood an author has the function of articulating the story demands of his producer. He is something in the nature of a ghost writer. His name, and those of his collaborators, appears in the credit frame just before the technical staff, but it doesn't last so long. When your name goes on the marquee, when you are characterized by Mr. Jack Warner as warm-hearted and great-souled, the literary critics may not take you seriously but the film critic is compelled to.

There is a property in Miss Hurst's writing which does carry over onto the screen to a remarkable degree. Other novelists have gritted their teeth at the havoc wrought upon their books by picture makers, whereas Mr. Warner is entirely accurate in asserting

that her creations achieve a stature in pictures cold type (Miss Hurst's cold type) can never capture.

Here, then, is a distinct quality to be reckoned with if we are to make any pretense whatever of evaluating motion pictures. I cried when that stout lady so devastatingly played upon my heart strings as the mother in *Humoresque*, this without benefit of spoken dialogue. *Lummo* knocked me for a loop. *Back Street* had me sobbing in the aisle. I don't like to admit what *Imitation of Life* did to me, but I was smiling through my tears when I left the theatre. (Cut out the hoots, this is serious criticism.) A big baldheaded man just in front of me when I saw *Four Daughters* took out his handkerchief and never put it away until the picture was over. There's just no use kidding ourselves. Mr. Warner's dead right. An author who can make baldheaded men weep every time she steps out of the pages of *Cosmopolitan* has got something.

That something is demonstrated as consistently in *Four Daughters* as in all her other pictures. It's a formula, of course—every day people with every day humor having a bit of every day heartbreak, together with one cleverly handled social problem (Jewish family life in a Goy environment, Negro minority, slums, poverty, race prejudice, the damnable nature of Fate, etc., etc. Our social problems, unhappily, appear to be endless). There aren't so many writers handling their social problems shrewdly enough to sneak them into motion pictures, so let's not get too finicky. *Four Daughters* is just another Fannie Hurst (pardon me, FANNIE HURST) serial brought to the screen. But keep your eye on the character called Mickey Borden. Played to the hilt by John Garfield, this beautiful bit of writing and characterization is worth all the baloney that goes with it.

OTHER PICTURES

TOO HOT TO HANDLE is a slapdash comedy about the boys who run around taking newsreel pictures. It stars Clark Gable (learning to act every day!) and Walter Pidgeon as *The Front Page* starred Lee Tracy and Pat O'Brien, and is right down the old alley. Laurence Stallings, who has newsreel experience as an executive himself, helped with the screen play, only maybe nobody consulted him. This picture exploits the burning of the Morro Castle off the coast of Jersey, a low for sensationalism. In the picture Miss Myrna Loy breaks down and says she doesn't know how she can go through with it. I didn't know either. But Gable makes love to her, and she does. If you aren't particular about such little things, and admit it's only a comedy anyway, why then it's pretty good, and Walter Connolly's breathless rages are tops in apoplectic editing. This is Holly-

wood's sense of humor in its best commercial strain.

HOLD THAT CO-ED will throw you off the scent if you think it's just another of those stinkeroo college musicals. Mr. John Barrymore here makes you think there may after all be something to this Royal Family of Broadway stuff. After a lot of ham acting in the interests of esthetic thespianism he now pops up in his fifty-sixth year with the mellowest comic portrait of the present movie season. He bites into the satiric portrait of a political demagogue with all thirty-two teeth, and the tatters he makes of it is, to coin a phrase, nobody's business. Publicity on this picture calls Barrymore's role a comeback. It isn't just a comeback. He's back. The movie, of the completely screwball variety, is funny too, and has a surprising number of shrewd and acid asides to make upon political skulduggery in general.

ROOM SERVICE, starring the three Marx Brothers, follows as closely the text of the play as expediency permits. I shouldn't want to go so far as to call it a funny movie. There are lengthy moments when the familiarity of the material constitutes a heavy drag on the proceedings. As you know, the play concerned itself with the wacky situation of a theatrical producer and his cast entrenched in a fashionable hotel, and the effort on the part of the management to dislodge him whilst he plays for time to get a backer for his show. The Marx Brothers indulge in no more of their pantomime insanities than the script of a hard-breathing play will allow. But Groucho's undulant glide and stylized delivery is funny as always; Harpo eats a sandwich, including the wax cellophane wrapper. What's left is *Room Service* less the \$255,000 which RKO Studios paid for the motion picture rights.

Political note: My newspaper reports that the Nazis have issued strict orders that the German people are forbidden to laugh at the Marx Brothers. They are Jews, it is explained. If you think I am making this up, please refer to the editorial in the November issue of *Esquire*, in which it is observed that it is becoming increasingly difficult to satirize European politics.

FIVE OF A KIND is the third movie weaving itself about the Dionne Quintuplets. (They now pronounce it quin-tuplets, victims of the same overwhelming pressure that finally caused general acceptance of "Ethel" gasoline, Gene "Tooney" and "Rudolph"—for Rodolph Valentino.) Well, gentlemen, the Quints are the Quints. Maybe the picture stinks, but if you don't like those healthy and marvelously cute rascals, why then, gentlemen, you just ain't got no hearts. #



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On the Record

Using your head to choose the best music for your favorite girl, your maiden aunt and your country cousins

by CARLETON SMITH

• RECORDS •

IF, like *Don Giovanni*, your list is lengthy, and totals, for example, 64 in Rhode Island, 112 in Delaware, 231 in Bermuda, 100 in Nevada, two in Utah, and 1003 in the State of New York, gifts of records may relieve your last-minute confusion.

For girls who can't get enough of opera, who never miss a Saturday afternoon broadcast . . . provided you love them twenty or thirty buck's worth, *Tristan und Isolde*, *Otello*, *Pelléas et Mélisande*, *Falstaff*, and *Don Giovanni* are sure-fire.

Should you want her to know how it was done in the old days, take her *Falstaff* (Columbia Opera Set No. 16, \$21), recorded by the soloists, chorus, and orchestra of La Scala under Lorenzo Molajoli. The score is a jewel, full of joviality and wit, a ripe commentary on the psychology of male human nature. The performance, of course, is not on a par with that of Toscanini in Salzburg. Signor Molajoli is at best well-routined, but the singers have gone through the music dozens of times in the old house and know their way about.

For a gal who should hear what happens when a woman is not faithful, or, more accurately, what may happen when a husband becomes suspicious, try *Otello* (Victor M-152, \$24), recorded by the La Scala outfit under Carlo Sabajno. It's a subject every woman should ponder . . . and it's in Verdi's best lyric style. The opera opened both the Metropolitan and Chicago Opera seasons this fall . . . though, of course, with better voices than are on these discs.

Tristan is not only the No. 1 operatic draw in this country; it's a lover's paradise. She'll swoon for hours if you send her Columbia's pressing (\$28.50) of the Bayreuth Festpielhaus performance, directed by the master's son, Siegfried. If she objects to the rough orchestra and the lousy conducting, assure her it's in the best tradition. There is a pontifical righteousness about all that Bayreuth does, even when it's bad.

If you think she'd prefer the more hesitant, more subtle *Pelléas* to the gorging *Tristan*, Victor offers excerpts (M-68, \$10.50) from Debussy's setting of the Maeterlinck text, sung by artists from the Paris Opéra and Opéra Comique. Their diction is impeccable, and at moments you feel the mystery and remoteness of that all-too-real other

world. The album is not for those who prefer the obvious. To get it, you must enjoy catching the fading actuality of a dream, knowing the tactile quality in a stagnant pool and in a woman's hair, hearing the rush of waves along the seashore, the whisper of a breeze. . . . You must be one of those who listen, as Debussy suggested, "to the wind which tells in passing the history of the world."

Should you wish to pay tribute to her taste as well as to your own high-standing in the community, roll off \$46 plus tax for the complete *Don Giovanni*. There is nothing better in music than Mozart's best, and giving her these three albums (Victor M 423-424-425) is the next best thing to taking her to Glyndebourne, where an opera is an opera and not a collection of vocal advertisements. Fritz Busch directs in masterly fashion, always with precision and determination. He's a bit too rigid and not elastic enough for Mozart. The voices are not first-class, but the ensemble is. The opera gains immensely when it's seen in the Glyndebourne frame, but the music is Mozart at his best and, moreover, this is likely to remain the standard recording for many decades to come.

For your country cousins . . . those who have just purchased a turn-table, any Caruso record will do. The gut-splitters are all listed in special sections of the catalogues. *Stars of the Metropolitan* (Victor M-329, \$10) contains an assortment of celebrated names: Lawrence Tibbett, Lily Pons, Richard Crooks, Helen Jepson, Lauritz Melchior, Lotte Lehmann, John Charles Thomas, Lucrezia Bori, and Giovanni Martinelli singing ten perennials from the standard repertoire. You can't miss hitting the bull's-eye, at least once, with all these big-shots.

* * *

For the faithful on your list, who consider Toscanini God, there's either the *Pastoral* of Beethoven with the British Broadcasting Corporation's orchestra (Victor M-411) or Toscanini's first release with the new NBC Symphony, Haydn's *Symphony No. 13, in G major* (Victor M-454) made last March seventh in studio 8-II. Erroneously, Victor's new list of Musical Masterpiece Albums credits this symphony to Handel.

In the Beethoven there is better balance and less dynamic distortion than in Toscanini's previous recordings with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. At

last, he's allowing persons with superior knowledge of recording technique to use their knowledge. The tone is not as warm and rich, nor as mellow and seasoned as the Philharmonic-Symphony's, though it is better in the Beethoven than in the Haydn. The clarity, the phrasing, and the vitality are unmistakably Mr. Toscanini's . . . and, as these are works of which he is today the supreme interpreter, the albums are priceless.

If your best girl has never heard of Wilhelm Furtwaengler, world's No. 2 symphonic conductor, she'll know Beethoven's *Fifth*. This is an exceptional Furtwaengler reading with the Berlin Philharmonic (Victor M-426, \$9). The great German also has released two overtures, *Der Freischütz* (Brunswick-Polydor 95020-95021, \$3) and the *Barber of Seville* (Brunswick-Polydor 95057). For contrast, it's interesting to play them immediately before a Toscanini record like the Overture to *Semiramide* (Victor M-456, \$2.50). Also, another excellent opener for any record-abend is Beethoven's *Leonore No. 2* (Columbia X-96, \$3.50), conducted by Weingartner and the London Symphony Orchestra. As far as I know, this is the only recording of this overture; it's forthright, straightforward with no fussy business, and the recording is better than Weingartner's Vienna Philharmonic samples.

Almost every Koussevitzky disc is worth having. I enjoy particularly the Sibelius *Second* (Victor M-272, \$11), Prokofieff's *Lieutenant Kije* suite (Album 459, \$6.50), and the single records of Ravel's *Ma Mère L'Oye* (Victor 7370-7371) and *Daphnis et Chloë* (Victor 7143-7144).

If there's a connoisseur on your list, Kurt Atterburg's *Symphony No. 6 in C*, played by Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (Columbia No. 279, \$6) will make a dent. To display your erudition write her that it won a prize of ten grand as the best of 500 works submitted for the Schubert Centenary, that its composer is an engineer in the Swedish patent office, that the work is a favorite among musical gas-fitters, radioticians, and engineers.

To be original, take her the Shanghai Municipal Orchestra's performance of Mr. Avshalomoff's *Concerto in G for piano and orchestra*. (Columbia Masterwork 286, \$6), Mr. Avshalomoff conducting. You may be certain she doesn't have it. The composer, born of Jewish parents, lived in China and now gives us his description of the place. First movement portrays the city with its street cries, rhythmic song of the coolies; second is a pastoral scene . . . bells, wooden clappers, and gong-like effects on the piano suggest the pagoda. There are sensuous, indolent, lotus-eating tunes . . . and in the last movement the Isles of the Blessed come to life; a jig brings

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America: Happy Hunting Ground

Continued from page 45

and a wonderful jumper, but during his long career he killed one groom, and seriously injured another. Motor's gentle habit was to rear, throw his rider, and then deliberately trample on the helpless man.

It is not without reason that the greatest and most difficult steeplechase, the Grand National at Aintree, is won almost every year by Irish horses. (In the past thirty-six years Irish horses have won twenty-five times.) The rough terrain, the climate, and excellent pastures of the Emerald Isle make the Irish hunter wonderfully hardy, strong, and fast. The method of breeding is excellent, too, in Ireland, the horses living outside of the stables almost all year 'round! Incidentally, the grass and the water there is full of limestone, and you know how important in forming bone and muscle limestone is with its calcium and phosphorus.

We do not venture to say how much a real Irish hunter costs, but an ordinary domestic bred horse that may be used successfully in hunting will set you back about four to six hundred dollars.

As regards attire for the hunt: if you want to be a Beau Brummell just remember that a pink or scarlet hunting coat's price is one hundred dollars up; white breeches sixty-five dollars; colored vest fifteen dollars; white hunting ties three dollars; top hat or black velvet cap twenty dollars; hunting boots with trees one hundred fifty dollars; hunting crop ten to twenty-five dollars; saddles from sixty-five to two hundred dollars. Gloves six to ten dollars.

However, many people hunt in ordinary jackets and breeches, minus top hat or any other formal paraphernalia. As a matter of fact, only those members of hunt clubs, who follow hounds regularly and are not in the habit of evading the more difficult jumps, are really privileged to wear the pink. Few women are in this category. Then also, the member of one hunt club is not supposed to wear his uniform if he is guest at another club, and so the safest thing for a visitor, whether or not he is a member of a hunt, is to wear black.

The last expense is the boarding of the horse if one does not own a stable. Surprisingly enough, this is the least costly item, for remember that it takes less to run a horse than an automobile. It costs only about twenty-five dollars a month, plus veterinary bills and a tip to the groom, to keep your horse in a good livery stable.

In America the very word "Virginia" implies fox hunting. The country was made for it, with its grazing land, huge natural or erected fences, and a soil which has the peculiar quality of retaining the scent a long time. Most important of all: foxes (usually gray foxes) are plentiful. And in Virginia everything—including fox hunting—is casual and easy

going. The actual hunting is not too serious, and good riders, *really good* riders, are decidedly in the minority. But the hospitality, the ladies, the drinks, the old darkies in uniforms, the local color, oh suh!

Warrenton, Virginia, is the hunting center of the South. Clubs are numerous, and this little town and its environs is filled with hunting enthusiasts from October to March. The "Warrenton Hunt," one of the most important clubs in the vicinity—and in the whole country for that matter—dates as far back as 1790. "Warrenton's" neighbor, the "Cobbler Hounds," is also famous. Down in history will go its onetime Master, Colonel "Georgie" S. Patton, who had all the jumps and fences in his country made solid and raised to a good five feet. The members wore the grass out by the gates, evading the jumps, but that hard galloping old colonel rode his horse at every single jump. Sometimes he got over, sometimes the horse; seldom the two together.

At the near-by "Middleburg Hunt" the Joint Master is a woman, Miss Charlotte Noland, one of the best horsewomen in the country. Incidentally, she runs the fashionable Foxcroft School for girls, where horseback riding is the subject taken most seriously; she also started the fad for zippers up the back of boots. This came about by accident: Miss Noland broke an ankle, and could not bend it to get into her boots. So she commissioned the famous bootmakers, Maxwell's, to make her a pair opening up the back. Now all people too lazy to struggle a half-hour to get on a pair of good looking boots may give three cheers for Miss Charlotte Noland.

Then there is the "Loudoun Hunt" in Leesburg, which is another of the great hunts of Virginia, and there are many other clubs and several privately owned packs of hounds. But we must mention the country club, the North Wales, where all the hunt balls are given; this is the most exclusive club in America, with an initiation fee of *only* ten thousand dollars! It is a great stone palace, with enormous stables, and colossal boxwood gardens surrounding it. Champagne is the tradition at every hunt ball—and how it flows at North Wales!

In Kentucky "Hilliard's Ironquoy Hunt" is the thing. However, farmers also own hounds and conduct their own hunts in Kentucky, and see to it that foxes are not shot or trapped as in other parts of the country. In England trapping or shooting is labeled *vulpicide* and there are laws against it; foxes are the exclusive prey of hunt clubs.

There is a very famous hunt in Oklahoma, the Marland Hounds. The two most prominent in Pennsylvania are the Radnor and the Rolling Rock. The Gloucester Hunt is the oldest in America but

Meadowbrook on Long Island which dates back to 1770 is only a bit younger. George Washington was a subscriber of this club, and the New York colonials of the day often saw him ride to the hunt in blue coat, scarlet waistcoat, buckskin breeches, top boots, and velvet cap. Hunt clubs in New Jersey, Maryland, Carolina, New England, Illinois, and other states are also fairly old, but for really venerable hunts we must go abroad. One of the oldest and most fashionable hunts in England is the Cottesmore. The Belvoir is the most stylish, being crammed full of dukes and earls and such people; the Belvoir kills fifty braces (one hundred to you) of fox yearly. Next in rank comes the Quorn, and then the Berkeley. There are countless others.

Anyone may join the hunts in England; he will be given a horse by the club, and will have to pay oh, no, not a fee—but a "cap," as it is termed traditionally. I must admit that the British hunts are much better run than the American; everyone is vitally interested in fox hunting in that country, and a Master of Fox Hunt has as much prestige as a senator or a governor in this country. The three capital letters M. F. H. are magic letters in England.

But noble and ancient as a hunt club may be, it is, after all, only as good as its hounds. They descend from the ancient bloodhounds, greyhounds, mastiffs, and curs of the Anglo-Saxons and Normans. Before they found their real vocation they were used to hunt wolf, boar, and stag. Not until 1753 at the Duke of Beaufort's kennels, were genealogical records kept. The Earl Fitzwilliam registered his hounds in 1765, the Duke of Rutland following three years later. Although hounds were brought over here by the British we now may boast of a better stock than they have in the old country.

The hound's head should be large and square; not oblong. He must have plenty of power, especially in his hindquarters. Beauty is not necessary; a good nose is much more important. The best colors are black and tan, or black and white with dark muzzles. Every kennel has its secrets about breeding; only the Master and the Kennelman know why a certain hound has been bred to a certain other; intelligent breeding is very important since disease in kennels is not rare and these strong husky dogs are often delicate. They eat oatmeal, mixed with horseflesh and the meat of one horse is about sufficient for ten days for a large pack. They are counted in couples, and you cannot—most definitely cannot—say twenty hounds. Twenty hounds are ten couples and that is the way one must say it. We do not know ourselves what is said when there is only one hound; probably half a couple.

Although these hounds have un-

usual instinct for fox scent and follow it as a polo pony the ball, they also need careful teaching. The training must be handled gently, firmly, gradually, as with a thoroughbred horse. When they are puppies, they are taken for walks in the early morning when the scent is most favorable. They must have plenty of fresh air and exercise. Sometimes old hounds are fastened to puppies to teach them tricks, and it is interesting to note that the female learns more easily and quickly than the male. No whip is used on puppies, and no whip must be carried into the kennel. If one were to carry a whip into the kennel, and flaunt it around a bit, he would wish he had never seen fox hounds—they might tear him apart. This is odd, for when out hunting, hounds respond only to whips, and to the Kennelman's bugle. But then they are "working;" it's different.

The hounds never lift their noses from the ground until the scent is found; then they give "tongue," in layman's language, they bark, and begin running at breakneck speed: The hunt is in "full cry," and the huntsmen allow their horses' reins to loosen. They lean forward in the saddle. It is advisable to adopt this position when out hunting and going full speed. It is also wise to ride with shorter stirrups than usual, as this will make the horse's task easier. But one does not have to stand in the stirrups except before the take-off at a jump. If the jump scares you, do not hesitate to grab the front part of the saddle at the moment of jumping. (But it is of little use to give this advice, as one does this anyway, subconsciously; it must have something to do with the instinct of self-preservation.) A second bit of advice is to give the horse all the rein you can; most horses like to jump with loose or free reins.

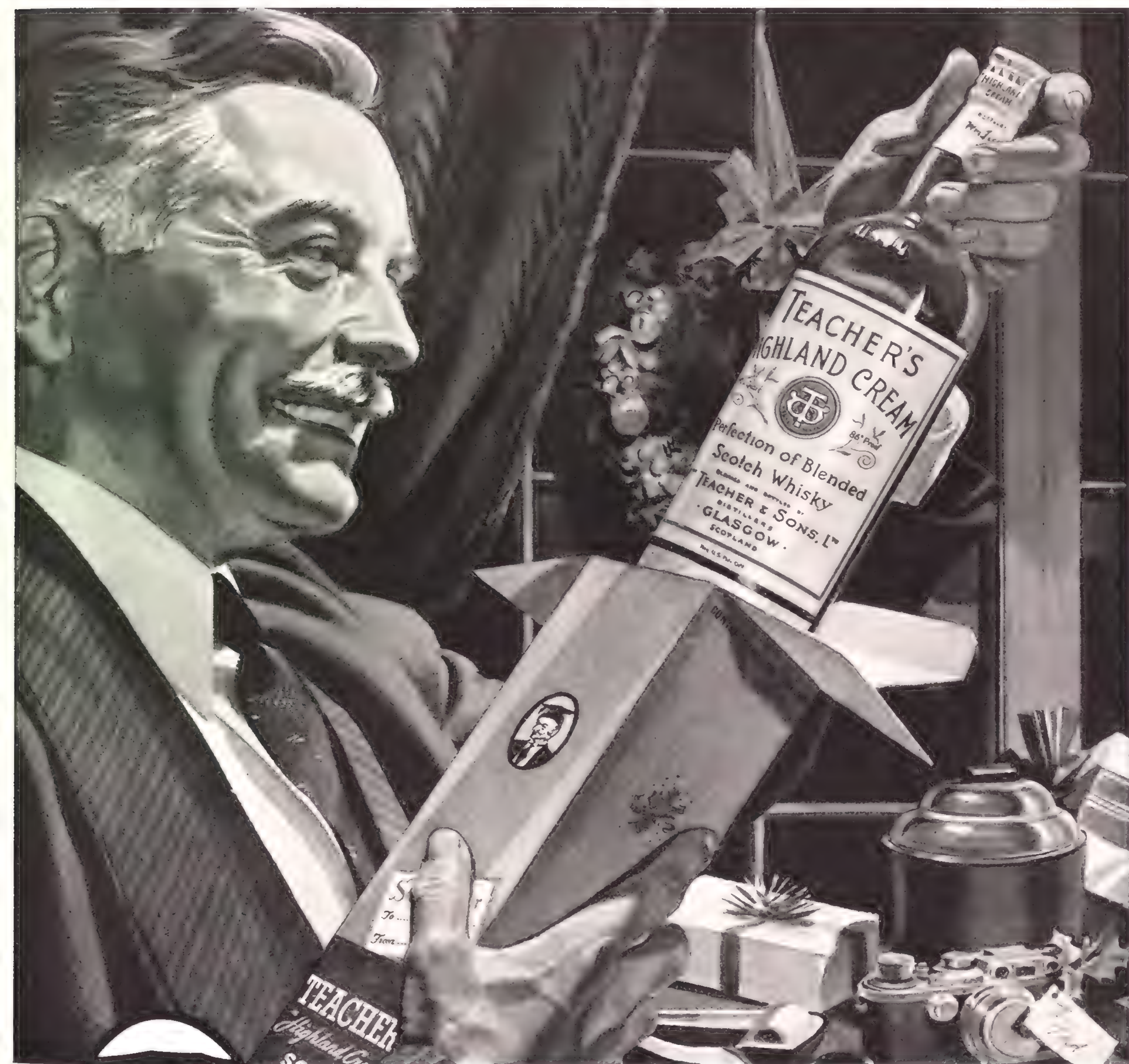
One must not get too close to the hounds, either walking or in canter. There is an etiquette on the hunting field, with many taboos; another of which is that one must not bother or even look at a hound; the officials are there to manage them. You may note that they never allow a donkey to get near the hounds; for some unknown reason the donkey is their sworn enemy, and it's a wise hound that crosses the street when he sees one.

The fox hunting season starts on the 15th of October, with cub hunting. This cub hunting works both ways: young puppies are the hunters and fox cubs are hunted. The vixen, or mother fox, invariably has large litters, and the babies are left alone by her when she goes out for food. But if she is on hand she often outwits the young hounds, and carries her offspring to safety in her mouth. Real fox hunting opens on the 10th of November, and it is marked by the putting on of the pink coats. Until then the members and staff

Continued at top of page 118

TEACHER'S

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86 PROOF

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America: Happy Hunting Ground

Continued from pages 45-116

hunt in ordinary riding clothes; only the waistcoat is uniform, being yellow, or brown, or blue, or whatever is the color prescribed by the particular club, with brass buttons bearing the club's emblem. The season continues in full blast until late in March, when the season's end is marked by the Master's breakfast or dinner. The menu is usually shad-roe, roast chicken, dessert, and lots of champagne. After the coffee the toast-

master starts the flow of humorous speeches, and old hunting songs.

The low-budgeted man's plight comes into our mind again, and it seems that the most inexpensive way to fox hunt is to be invited. The trouble there, however, is that you cannot be invited by the same hunt more than three times.

To ride in the countryside alone and aimless is pleasant to this writer, but of course, it is much more enjoyable to ride in good

company. And to ride with a definite goal in one's mind, with a lot of other companionable men and women, is most enjoyable of all. And that is why fox hunting is a marvelous sport. Who the devil wants to see the fox? We don't! We don't even want the brush or mask of the fox. We want to have a good long canter, a few not too tall jumps, a good party—and we are willing to call it a day. Foxes or no foxes, fox hunting is a beau-

tiful sport, and it brings people close together. There is comradeship, good conversation, animals to discuss, not a mention of the world's ills, and—lots of big parties. But naturally:

"Some have a hell of a good time hunting,
Some have a hell of a good time and hunt,
And some have a hell of a good time and don't hunt . . ." #

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 73

compiled by Frances E. Clarke (Macmillan, \$2.50). Miss Clarke, author of *Valiant Dogs and Cats and Cats*, maybe intends to do all the animals. Anyway, she has brought together twenty-four good horse tales, involving such writers as Bojer, Galsworthy, Stephen Crane, Howells, Will James, James Stevens, Paul Morand, and Alex Woolcott.

This leaves my desk with thirty-two non-fiction books clamoring for review. It's an awkward squad consisting of everything, from Martin Gumpert's *Dunant: The Story of the Red Cross* (Oxford, \$2.50) to three books concerned with photography. Two are easy standouts: David Loth's *Public Plunder* (Carriek & Evans, \$3), and Anne Morrow Lindbergh's *Listen! the Wind* (Harcourt Brace, \$2.50).

Mr. Loth, who has done four good biographies (one of them, *Lorenzo the Magnificent*, a best seller)—goes to town with a history of graft in America.

It is a terrible record that is set forth here, and a fine antidote to the My-Country-'tis-of-Thee school of super-patriots. We were never given an inkling of this stuff in school—they hid it from us not only in the grades and high school, but in college. From Jamestown in the early 1600's right up to the New Deal we have had crookedness, and the biggest crooks have been the most respectable pillars of the community. In every war which the American people found on their hands, in the midst of deprivation, misery, and the roll of the dead, these vultures—politicians and business men, statesmen and industrialists among them—were busy at their looting. And if they weren't shot, it was because they owned the militia. The chronicler of this sorry history does not work up a moral fury at the villains of the piece, however; he recognizes that it is part of the system, and he checks with Lincoln Steffens, who held that corruption and graft are not abnormalities of our way of life, but as natural as the flowers that bloom in the spring.

If this book were widely read and seriously considered, it would effect a revolution in our attitude toward reform politics and the status quo. But it won't do any of these things, any more than

Steffens' *Autobiography* changed anything.

This Anne Morrow Lindbergh, now—I am sorry I never read her *North to the Orient*, because she is not only a sensitive and natural writer, but (the book reveals) a wise, lovable, and excellent woman. *Listen! the Wind* tells of the flight the Lindberghs made across the Atlantic from Africa to Brazil in December, 1933. It deals with only a few days, and it says more than many an autobiography. The section on Porto Praia particularly ought to find a permanent place in our literature.

I read this book right after gulping down *With Malice toward Some*. The Halsey book deserves the best-sellerdom it has got, but (and I don't mean to be mean) Mrs. Lindbergh's contribution is so far ahead of wisecrackery, even the most sparkling and pointed wisecrackery, that it gives one a renewed sense of proportion.

Now, about those photography books—there's an eruption of them. *Color Photography for the Amateur* (Keith Henney, Whittlesey House, \$3.50), looks like good stuff to this candid camera amateur who is just beginning to take his *Robot* seriously. *Photography and the American Scene*, a beautiful ten-dollar tome by Robert Taft, published by Macmillan, is the first real history of the art in America, with dozens of illustrations and fascinating chapters on the daguerreotype, the tintype, the old family album, the Civil War and frontier photographers, and so on, right up to date. Walker Evans' *American Photographs* (Museum of Modern Art, \$2.50) is a collection of eighty-seven snaps of street scenes, interiors, portraits, and odd shots which sum up some aspects of our country.

Modern Age Books is making a tidy little contribution to the field of publishing and to the middle and low income pocketbook. Two new serious fifty-centers are *One-Fifth of Mankind*, by Anna Louise Strong, subtitled *China Fights for Freedom*, and *School for Barbarians*, by Erika Mann, daughter of Thomas Mann, subtitled *Education under the Nazis*. Miss Strong's quality is well known from her fascinating books of socialized travel, and to my mind her *China's Millions* of some years ago is still the best single book on the fer-

ment in that great and ancient nation. This fifty-center brings that book up to date. As for Miss Mann's work, you never realize how barbaric Nazism is—here is new evidence of the extent of this tragedy that has happened to a considerable formerly civilized section of the human race. Wisely, Miss Mann doesn't speechify—she presents the documents.

In the same series, but for twenty-five cents more, Margaret Fishback has *Safe Conduct: When to Behave and Why*, with drawings by *New Yorker's* Helen Hokinson. If you can imagine Baedeker combined with Mrs. Lindbergh and Mrs. Halsey, you will get an idea of the triumph of this guide to etiquette, which brings together sane advice and about 632 laughs, titters, and howls.

There should still be some room here for the books on affairs foreign and domestic for those readers who do not buy the magazine for the cartoons. The foreign field is represented by Carleton Beals' *The Coming Struggle for Latin America* (Lippincott, \$3), a staggering compendium of facts about Jap, Italian, and German penetration down south, plus inroads by Soviet Russia, Britain, and Franco, plus our own Good-Will racket, plus other topics too numerous to mention.

The other entry in the foreign field is *Twilight in Vienna* by Willi Frischauer (Houghton Mifflin, \$3), the tragedy of Austria from the end of the war to the Hitler annexation. The author, a brilliant Austrian journalist who was close to Schuschnigg, tells his story through numerous private lives—people ruined by inflation, depression, collapse; speculators and crooks who looted that sociable middle class which was, until recently, held up as the most easy-going, pleasure-loving, *gemütlich* people in Europe.

Our own breakdown is still, comparatively, in the humorous stage (In America Nobody Starves!), so that Wilfred J. Funk of Funk & Wagnalls may make another such ten-strike with *When the Merry-Go-Round Breaks Down* as he did last year with *So You Think It's New*. This one offers for a dollar and a half several hundred quotes from editorials, speeches, and other raves from past depressions, 1837, 1857, 1873, 1893, 1907.

The result is hardly, as the jacket shouts, 160 pages of belly-laughs, and it hardly succeeds in snickering away the present economic low tide. At most it proves that people, especially oracular writers and speakers, utter crazy things when they are in a panic.

In *Behold Our Land* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3), a Scientific Book Club selection, Russell Lord has done a topographical interpretation of contemporary America, a skillful, Stuart-Chasian humanizing job on an important subject that might easily have been muddled and made unreadable.

Herbert Agar blossoms forth with *Pursuit of Happiness, The Story of American Democracy* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3), the history of the party that has stood more for the people, on the whole, than the Republican. Mr. Agar has an easy style sprinkled with illuminating anecdote, and his heart is in the right place. But I can't give him more. He is another good liberal who can't make out why the cream gets sour and there are worms in the catsup when we have such a nice code as the Constitution, such nice people in our communities, and such a big bountiful grocery store of a country, the richest, the most productive.

On the personal side Elsa Lancaster's *Charles Laughton and I* (Harcourt Brace, \$3.50) is a wife's story of an acting partnership, interesting gossip stuff on the movies and stage. Mrs. Laughton reveals a likable adaptable personality. I wish I could go into this book more, particularly to quote some acute passages, but quitting time draws near . . . Sophisticates who understand what "ritzy" means and who have had champagne cocktails at Ritz hotels around the world from Shanghai to New York have probably never put one and one together. Yes, there was a man named Ritz, and his widow has now given these sophisticates a biography of this creator of the luxury type of hotel—*Cesar Ritz, Host to the World*, (Mme Marie Ritz, Lippincott, \$3.50).

Another book that deserves more than a mention is Hermann Hagedorn's biography of Edwin Arlington Robinson (Macmillan, \$3). Robinson was a true poet, and honest-to-God poets do not have an easy time in America. The narrative of Cesar Ritz, which is

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KEN

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KEN

THE INSIDER'S WORLD

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 73-118

sprinkled with glittering names, is innocent of Robinson's.

Robinson had his poet's integrity, and I suppose even a criminal lawyer has integrity of some sort. Nevertheless, *Luck and Opportunity* (Macmillan, \$2.50), the recollections of Francis L. Wellman, the famous trial lawyer, offers a sobering contrast to the quiet story of Robinson's life. Here we have one case after another of crooks and others sent to the chair or back into the street, and it all doesn't mean a damn thing except fees and publicity.

LAST LAP:

Adventure: Frontiers of Enchantment: An Artist's Adventures in Africa, by William R. Leigh (Simon & Schuster, \$3), with drawings by the author. Artist Leigh went down to British East Africa with the Akeley expedition, and his exciting book proves that an artist's eye can track down more things than a hunter's gun. . . . *Stars to Windward*, by Bruce & Sheridan Fahnestock (Harcourt Brace, \$3). Two lads, 23 and 21, sailed courageously in their schooner from New York to the

East Indies and Manila. So-so narrative, good pictures.

History: A People's History of England from the Pre-Celtic Age to 1938, by A. L. Morton (Random House, \$3). Don't shy away from this one, just because it isn't called *John Bull's Sideburns*. A "different" history, playing down the kings and military campaigns and devoting attention to social and economic problems, the life of the people, the rise of the middle class, and so on; and ending on the note that Britain's ruling class has sold out China, Ethiopia, Spain (and the Czechs), not a usual point of view for a British historian. This book, with its fifteen dynamic maps by Horrabin, comes near fulfilling Mr. Dooley's ideal of history. Dooley, you may remember, long ago said to Finnegan, that history was no good because it showed what a country died of, not what it lived of—it was an elaborate post mortem.

Literature: The March of Literature, by Ford Madox Ford (Dial, \$3.75). Eight hundred sixty-one pages of good quotation and keen comment by a great literary figure

on the books he has enjoyed, from China to Joseph Conrad. Fascinating for the man who is well read, and a genuine stimulus to reading for the man who wants to be.

FOR THE KIDDIES: *Mr. Popper's Penguins*, by Richard and Florence Atwater (Little, Brown, \$1.50). The kind of book you buy for little Junior and read yourself while the brat howls.

FOR THE FEMMES: *Your Life as a Woman—and How to Make the Most of It*, by Margaret Devereux (Random House, \$1.95). The publishers call reviewers' attention to the chapter, *Things Men Won't Stand For*. On this section alone it wouldn't be a bad idea to get the book out among such women as can still be trained to the bit. . . . *Divorce if You Must*, by Frances Slade (Coward-McCann, \$1.75). Seems that man and woman are asundering at such a rate that a look-before-you-leap handbook is necessary. You will know best whether you need it.

FISHING: *Fishing Memories*, by Dorothy Noyes Arms (Macmillan, \$3). Chronicle of personal experi-

ences with the trout and salmon. Our authoress is a real angler, so this is for the elect—the uninitiated will be bored.

BIOGRAPHY: *The Journals of Bronson Alcott*, edited by Odell Shepard (Little, Brown, \$5). Old Alcott (1799-1888), now remembered chiefly as the father of Louisa May, was an excessively busy mind, an intellectual leader of America's Golden Day, our coming-of-age in morality, culture, and reform. This selection from fifty large volumes of diary covering forty-six years of the dazzling days of expansion (not only of frontier but of thought) has a breezy optimism altogether missing in 1938, which is cramped and conservative by comparison.

SCREWY ODDITY: *Filly, the Niece of Martingale*. Verses and pictures by Helen Kirby (Dutton, \$2). A horselaugh at human foibles, with drawings that aren't indecent, but give that impression. Readers of the forerunner, *Martingale, The Story of a Foolish Virgin*, will need no comment: all others would do better to get a squint at the local bookstore.##

The Hollywood House

Continued from page 76

said the Jap, very pleased.

They heard the servant dialing a number, and calling the liquor store. "I can never keep a servant here after ten o'clock, no matter how much I pay him," explained Tony. "And God knows Charlie gets plenty."

"What else have you got to show us, Tony," said Carlos. "I'm getting terribly thirsty."

"Just a few simple little devices," said Tony, "and then we'll take you back to the bar."

But some of Tony's guests desired to bid their host good-bye, and Carlos had had time to swallow a few more daquiris before Tony could find an opportunity of exhibiting to Carlos and Anita the remaining marvels of the mechanical house.

When they found him again he was at the front door explaining to the stout scenario writer, who wore a black shirt and in the lapel of his loudly checkered jacket the badge of the local communist organization, the mechanics of his gate-opening and shutting invention. In the wall near the button which controlled the gate was a large rectangular silver panel. "What have you got in there?" demanded the writer jocularly. "More liquor, or the crown jewels?"

Tony's eyes gleamed with justifiable satisfaction. He pushed gently at a corner of the panel. It swung round silently on a pivot and revealed a Thompson gun hanging in its secret niche. A clip of cartridges lay beneath it.

"Just a Tommy gun, in case I come home one night when Charlie's out and find burglars in the house. I was burgled twice in my

other place, and a whole lot of people in these hills have had their houses broken into lately."

Carlos broke into a loud laugh. "Gee, Tony, this is certainly a trick house. I hope you don't shoot your friends by mistake some dark night."

"Not you, Carlos, in any event," smiled Tony. "Nor Anita either." He took her hand and fondled it. Carlos looked on happily. He was now quite drunk, and enjoying the party tremendously. "Tony," he said, "let's go back and shoot a few more bottles down the can. This is certainly a swell party."

* * *

Carlos awoke at the sound of Anita's voice. "Darling!" she said passionately.

Sleepily, without opening his eyes, he put out a hand and felt for her head on the pillows. His hand slid smoothly over the cold silk coverlet. He felt nothing.

But again she murmured in that familiar husky undertone: "Darling!" There was a note of intensity in the voice which pierced the clouds of delicious slumber already enfolding him again. He opened one eye lazily, and then the other. He could see nothing. He was in a darkness more complete than anything he had ever known. He rubbed his eyes, and stared around him intently. He could see nothing.

Suddenly he had become wide awake. "Gosh. Anita," he whispered, "something funny has happened to my eyes. I can't see a thing." And frantically he tried to remember just what he had been doing the night before.

But Anita did not appear to be

listening. She seemed to be talking in her sleep. "It's terrible the way Carlos drinks," she said. "It makes him so stupid. Latins should never touch liquor."

"By gosh!" thought Carlos. "Maybe she's right. I wonder if I have gone blind."

And then Carlos knew for a certainty that he was blind, for another voice answered Anita, a voice so near that its owner must be standing quite close to Carlos, although Carlos could see nothing.

It was Tony's voice, and the words Tony uttered brought a lump of self-pity and affection into Carlos' throat.

"Oh, Carlos is all right," said Tony indulgently. "Carlos is a pretty swell guy, if he does take a drink now and then."

"Good old Tony!" thought Carlos affectionately. There were tears in his eyes and he began to weep softly. His head felt as big as a mountain, but even in his fear of blindness, he remembered the consoling friendship of Tony.

Then he sat up on the bed and began to listen so intently that he forgot to weep.

"Darling," he heard Tony say, "suppose you come over to the house tomorrow evening when the show starts. I'll send Charlie home early. . . ."

And the voice of Anita, so strangely close to him, replied, "Oh Tony, you know I can't tomorrow. It's Carlos' opening, and I have to be there. I just couldn't walk out on him that night. But if you like, the next evening. . . ."

"All right, Anita. You know how I feel about you. You are wonderful."

"Kiss me, Tony", pleaded Anita.

"You'd better fix your mouth, Anita, while I fix these drinks we came out here for. And then perhaps we'd better join the party."

"Shall we take a look at Carlos first? He might be waking up and wanting another highball."

"Better let him sleep it off, darling."

* * *

Carlos passed his hands carefully over his eyes, then over his body. He found he was fully dressed except for his shoes, and sitting up on a silk-covered bed. He listened carefully, but the voices were silent. He could hear a familiar sound, the whirr of the machinery in an icebox. Then he remembered. He felt carefully in the pockets of his coat and found an automatic lighter. The little flame made a small and startling hole in the blackness which encompassed him. He saw it reflected in the long mirror on the wall facing the foot of the bed, but it cast no shadows on the walls, for the walls of the room were black, like the curtains at the windows and like the bed. In its reddish light he saw the books at the side of the bed and the shining chromium panel of buttons. Then he understood.

He rolled heavily to the edge of the bed and got up, walking unsteadily to the door. There he found a light switch and snapped it on. He saw himself in the long mirror, a small man with dark tousled hair and bloodshot eyes. He wiped the tearstains from his cheeks with a towel in Tony's bathroom and brushed his hair sleek and smooth with Tony's gold-backed brushes. He found his shoes near the bed and put

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The Scotch with Character

The Hollywood House

Continued from pages 76-120

them on. Then he stood in front of the long mirror and carefully worked the muscles of his mouth until he was satisfied with the result. He looked long and steadily at the Carlos in the mirror, but now he did not recognize him. The man in the mirror wore a smile on his young, slightly dissipated face. Carlos did not feel like smiling.

At last he opened the door of the bedroom and came into the studio. The party was nearly over. The stout writer with the black shirt and the communist badge sat on the floor shooting craps with a couple of girls. They were too intent on the game to notice him. On the long sofa under the window, a young man with thick, straw-colored hair lay extended, his face pale and his eyes closed. Through the open doors of the studio he saw two figures in the patio and recognized Tony and Anita. Yawning a little overelaborately, and rubbing his eyes, Carlos walked out to them.

"Hello folks!" he said.

"Why, if it isn't Carlos?" exclaimed Tony jovially. "How you feeling Carlos?"

"Like hell," said Carlos. "Say, whatever happened to me?"

"You should know, Carlos," said Anita a trifle bitterly.

"How the hell should he know?" demanded Tony gaily. "He just passed out, that's what. Dropped in your tracks, Carlos."

"I guessed those daquiris did it," said Carlos slowly.

"Or the whisky you chased them down with," said Anita drily.

Carlos looked at her with a smile that showed all his gleaming white teeth. But his voice was hoarse when he said, half apologetically:

"Gee, I musta slept for hours. What time is it, Tony?"

"A quarter of three," said Tony.

"I guess we better be going, Carlos," said Anita. Her voice sounded tired. She had forgotten her anger with him, thought Carlos.

"Stay for a stirrup cup!" urged Tony. "I know Carlos needs it. Don't you, Carlos?"

"You bet!" said Carlos huskily. He was smiling now, and swaying a little on the heels of his feet.

"If you have another," said Anita sharply, "you won't be able to drive the car."

"The hell I won't!" said Carlos.

They followed Tony into the studio and watched the crap shooters while Tony fixed the drinks in the kitchen.

When he returned with the highballs the stout writer pocketed his dice with reluctance and helped himself slowly to his feet. "Lost twenty dollars to these two dames," he announced, and took a drink from the tray Tony carried. Carlos took another. He listened politely while the writer described his losses in detail, but inside his veins the blood was

colder than the ice in the glass he held. He still listened, smiling a little vaguely with his white teeth, his eyes almost closed, and his body swaying, when Anita and the two girls went in search of their wraps.

"What do you say if I drive you home, Carlos?" asked Tony solicitously, while Anita was still out of the room.

"No thanks, Tony," said Carlos. "I can drive all right." He looked at Tony under lowered lids and his voice sounded thick.

"Better let me, Carlos," urged Tony, "You might fall asleep at the wheel and the road's none too straight up the canyon."

"I'm all right, Tony."

The two girls and the stout writer got into another car, with one of the girls at the wheel.

Tony pressed the button which opened the gates and the car shot out after the white beam of its headlights, a black rectangle against the blinding light that picked out cactus and eucalyptus trees and flowering hibiscus and bougainvillea among the luxuriant verdure of the hillside.

Carlos got into his own car and started the motor. His face was a white blur in the shadow.

Anita stood on the porch sharply silhouetted in the light from the open door of the house. "Good-bye, Tony," she said in her warm, clear voice. "It was a lovely party."

Tony opened the door of the car for her and helped her into the seat next to Carlos. "Sure you can make it, Carlos?" he said affectionately.

"Sure, Tony," said Carlos.

The car swung out through the white gates, and Anita, looking back at the house, could see Tony still standing at the door as the gates closed slowly behind the car.

* * *

Tony had undressed and was about to retire to his big black bed when the bell rang, once, twice, three times, stabbing the silence of the house with furious insistence. Hastily, with a premonition of calamity, he ran on his slippered feet to the front door, switched on the garden lights and slid the panel which covered the little Judas grill in the front door. Behind the lighted gates he could see a dark figure, and he now heard the agitated voice of Carlos. "Tony, let me in! Quickly!"

He unbolted the door and pressed the button which opened the gates, and saw Carlos run hurriedly up the drive.

"For God's sake, what is it Carlos?"

"An accident," panted Carlos. He was out of breath with running, and his hair was wild. "I missed the turn in the canyon and turned the car over. Anita . . ."

"Not hurt?" asked Tony.

"I don't know," murmured Carlos. "You better come quickly. It's possible that maybe she is."

"My God!" said Tony, and moved towards the telephone.

"Gosh no, Tony!" said Carlos angrily. "There's no time to wake up a damn-fool doctor at this hour. We better drive her to a hospital. Go get your clothes on, and I bring your car out." His hands were trembling, like his voice.

"All right," said Tony. "I'll get dressed." He went to the studio and poured himself a stiff drink of whisky. As he drank he could see the eager face of Anita in the kitchen, the promise in her green eyes. When he went to look for his clothes, his large, pale face was quivering with nervousness, and his white, usually firm and placid hands were suddenly restless and clumsy. He heard Carlos kick the starter in his car and the sound of the motor coming to life in the garage next to the kitchen. A few minutes later he was ready and ran from his bedroom into the hall.

Then he stopped in his tracks and a look of bewilderment came into his pale eyes and his red fleshy mouth opened wide.

Carlos was standing near the front door fumbling with the secret panel. As he looked, the panel swung open and Carlos eagerly, furtively, took the Thompson gun off its hook.

"Why, Carlos!" he cried, in a whimper of astonishment, half laughing, half in anger. "What are you doing with that Tommy gun?" For a moment he feared that the accident to Anita had unbalanced poor Carlos' mind, and that he contemplated suicide.

At the sound of his voice, Carlos had turned, and the Tommy gun now stared wickedly at Tony.

"Carlos!" screamed Tony. "Are you crazy. Put it down, you fool."

"No Tony," said Carlos. "I'm not crazy. But you forgot to switch off your trick telephone in the bedroom, and I heard you and Anita talking."

"Then there was no accident?" said Tony.

He was desperately playing for time, and his voice was almost emotionless. As he spoke he kept his eyes on the gun and measured the distance between them. One yard nearer and he could kick the thing out of Carlos' hands. He began to slide his left foot along the floor. Carlos was holding the gun low down, as if it were too heavy for him.

"Damn you, Tony," said Carlos, "of course there was no accident. I came back here to kill you. And by God I'm . . ."

Tony had lunged forward with his left foot, and brought his right up suddenly, but too late. The gun spat suddenly, and it was as if a rock had struck him in the chest. He fell forward on his face, and Carlos, sobbing with fury, pumped the gun into him as he lay on the ground.

The corpse of Tony had ceased

to quiver long before the clip of cartridges was exhausted. When the gun was silent and only the whir of the running motor in the garage filled the house, Carlos felt violently ill. Still holding the gun, he stepped over Tony's body, entered the studio and poured a drink of whisky into the glass which the dead man had just emptied. After two shots of whisky he felt better, and he could think collectedly. His hand was steady, and his brain seemed cold as ice, although his heart thumped with savage exaltation at the completeness of his vengeance.

He put down the gun on the table with the empty glass, and searched in the pockets of his coat for his gloves. They were the white gloves which he wore when he conducted his band at the Hotcha Club. He pulled them on his hands, picked up the gun and carefully wiped all traces of finger prints off the stock and trigger. He did the same to the empty whisky glass. Then, carrying the gun gingerly, he went back to the hall, lifted Tony's outstretched right arm, and hooked the trigger finger to the gun.

"Good-bye, Tony!" he cried ironically to the figure on the floor, and pressing the button which closed the gates, he stepped outside the front door and closed it softly behind him. Deliberately, unhurriedly, he sauntered down the short drive. When he arrived at the gates they were but a quarter closed, and he passed nonchalantly between them, waving a cynical hand at the lighted house.

Then he remembered the car. Turning in his tracks, he walked lightly but swiftly to the garage and switched off the motor. As he left the garage he saw that the gates were three-quarters closed but there was still room to get out if he hurried. He broke into a run, stopped in indecision, then remembered that the button which controlled the gates was now separated from him by the closed front door of the house, and redoubled his haste.

He was now sweating freely. When he reached the gates he hurled himself at the narrow gap between them and had almost struggled through. But as he struggled, the pressure on the gates increased. The aperture was closing inexorably, and the more desperately he tried to force his body through, the farther he surrendered himself to the embrace of those two steel and concrete gates.

As his ribs cracked under the pressure, the air in his collapsed lungs came up in a long shuddering cry: "Tony!" But the only man who knew the secret of the mechanical gates and could arrest their fatal progress lay huddled over a Thompson gun in the lobby of his mechanical house, and there was none to hear Carlos as he called, and none to remark him when he called no more. ‡

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Esquire

In Defense of the American Gigolo

Continued from page 35

gigolo is freely absolved from such aggravating duties. All this is gladly taken care of through the generosity of his feminine companions. Theatre parties, clothes, dinners, liqueurs, apartments, automobiles, even pocket money, are amply provided for him instead of by him—and without the necessity of office duties or business drudgery.

The gigolo is as free as a bird on the wing. If at any time he becomes bored or tired he may pass on to fairer fields without the menace of divorce suits or alimony. He partakes of all the benefits of husbandry, with none of its obligations or restrictions.

Surely, there is no great evil in a man preferring such freedom and gaiety to the pangs of labor and captivity; and, if modern American women have themselves placed their seal of approval on the gigolo, who shall say that adverse criticism of him is warranted?

In his dealings with women the American husband is, after all, only an amateur. The gigolo is a professional. Whenever an amateur and a professional compete in any line of endeavor the professional is almost without exception the victor.

The reasons are obvious. The amateur abides by certain established rules of so-called fairness, honor, and the good of the game. The professional hampers himself with no set rules, ethics, or tenets of alleged sportsmanship. He plays only to win. He acquires effective tricks, artifices and stratagems of which the amateur is either unaware, or of which he is too stubborn to make use.

The professional has more to gain and less to lose. Under such conditions what chance has the husband against the efficiency and generalship of the gigolo?

Another shortcoming of American husbands is that they are, comparatively speaking, men of the strong, uncomplaining type. They not only have an excessive tendency to practice strength of character and fortitude, but they attempt to meet life's battles and cares singlehanded, to shield their women folk from a cruel world.

This is most annoying to the fair sex. Women do not like strong men—that is, men who are really strong in principles and character. To begin with, a man of strength and character gives them a feeling of inferiority, one of the modern woman's chief aversions. She yearns for superiority—which she calls by the name "freedom."

Secondly, the side of life from which the American man attempts to shield her is the very section the American woman finds most attractive and exhilarating.

Besides, women as a whole prefer a weakling, even a no-good idler or ne'er-do-well, to a steady, consistent husband. Not only because one of the former group gratifies her desire for a sense of superiority, but he leads what is to her a far more interesting life.

The gigolo, always ready to oblige, supplies these qualities—even if he has to create them to order. Service for ladies is his watchword.

Fame, high ideals, world acclaim, or greatness, in a man are minor qualities as far as a woman's real personal appraisal of him is concerned. The American man, who concentrates so ardently on such goals, is wasting his time if he hopes thus to make himself worthy of feminine affection. To a man of great ability or achievement, a woman may give her company—but she never gives him either her sincere admiration or her heart.

It is not the big achievements or winning of high honors, but the little things a man does, that count with women; the way he wears his dinner suit, the manner in which he orders supper in a fashionable café, his generosity with unexpected gifts, the tilt at which he sets his hat, his adeptness with the latest dance steps, his playing of a superior game of contract bridge.

What are such items as a citation from the Academy of Arts, a new business amalgamation, an illustrious victory at law, or a startling scientific discovery, compared to these smaller niceties of masculine conduct and polished gallantry, which are the very life blood of woman's joyous existence?

If American men wish to regain their lost attraction for the female of the species, they should cease their efforts toward achievement of the big things in life and concentrate upon its minor trivialities. The American husband must pay less attention to ambition and success, and give more consideration to birthdays, anniversaries, the prompt lighting of milady's cigarette, the pouring of her beverages, ceremoniously helping her in and out of vehicles etc. These, after all, are the accomplishments by which woman judges a man.

Not by his slaving ceaselessly at an office, ruining his health and personal appearance by long hours of toil, nor by self-sacrifice of his own interests and pleasures, does a woman gauge a man's love for her. Rather, it is by his close attention to trifling courtesies and chivalries in the insignificant things of life.

The Continental man, most popular of all male species with the fair sex, learned this fact centuries ago. The gigolo has merely patterned himself after this unquestioned criterion. He is at all times quick and foresighted in granting all milady's whims, vanities, and love of ostentatious attention—not excepting the bowing, scraping and hand kissing, which women always adore whether it is sincere or otherwise.

For this, the gigolo's reward is an admiration, respect, and affection that a mere husband can never attain.

It is not what a man does, however, that counts with a woman. It is what he says and the

Continued on page 128

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In Defense of the American Gigolo

Continued from pages 35-127

way he says it. Women, in the last analysis, seldom believe, rarely are completely convinced, by what they see or what they observe. They place full reliance in but one of their senses—their ears. Only what she hears ever fully persuades a woman.

To be more exact one might say: women hear what they wish to believe—and believe what they wish to hear. A man may treat a woman cruelly, heartlessly, but if he ardently tells her that he loves her, and keeps repeating it throughout everything, she remains forever firmly convinced of his deep affection.

Conversely, a man may sacrifice his reputation, his livelihood, his health, his very life for her, but if he fails constantly and passionately to reaffirm his love for her by word of mouth, she will never be quite confident of his devotion.

Loquaciousness, even to the point of garrulity, is therefore a quality which every American husband should acquire. It is an asset, a weapon, both for defense and offense. As for the gigolo, it is his most effective device, a stratagem to which he gives the greatest study and consideration in his contacts with female acquaintances.

In its impressiveness and result-getting powers, verbal flattery and eloquence excel even chivalrous politeness or charming indolence, for these latter items, after all, are not in themselves complete. They require psychology of a deeper nature, if woman is to be inspired in a soul-stirring and lasting manner.

When a woman wishes to hear certain sentiments or words come from the lips of a man, she is usually prepared to believe them even if she knows he is lying. This may seem like an impossible feat, but women after centuries of practice are able to accomplish it.

A woman may not believe what she has seen a man *do*, but she always believes anything he promises her. To the feminine mind, a man who promises her a \$10,000 necklace, a \$25,000 home, or \$50,000 in his will when he dies, but fails to surrender these things, is far more generous than the man who promised her a \$2,000 necklace, a \$5,000 home, or his entire estate of \$10,000, and actually goes through with the deliverance of these gifts.

It is simply a matter of the female imagination being more impressed by what she has heard, what somebody has told her, than by what she has seen with her own eyes. Whenever a woman is heard alluding to a man as generous, one may be sure that she is referring to someone who has made her a great number of promises.

It is useless trying to combat this womanly trait. The gigolo never does; he leaves that for blundering husbands. The gigolo's motto is: "The customer is always right." He tells his female admirer anything she wishes to hear. He

promises her anything, everything, if necessary. She is then quite satisfied and mentally uplifted, while he may pursue the tenor of his ways in peace.

The American husband has fallen sadly into the error of imagining that by spending money to the limit of his finances to keep his wife well dressed (even to the extent of sacrificing his own personal appearance), he is making her happier, more satisfied, and maintaining a better hold on her.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. Husbands should first make certain that they are themselves at all times stylishly dressed, well groomed in every particular. The wife can then be left to dress as best she can with whatever funds are left in the family budget. Husbands should never, on any occasion, vary from this policy. Much of the peace and success of the home rests upon it. As much as women enjoy their own adornment, they have an even greater respect and admiration for a man who is faultlessly or attractively attired, especially if he is a male in whom they are personally interested.

Being well groomed, no matter at whose expense, is one of the cardinal rules and stratagems of the astute foreign man and the gigolo. The female of the species, whether she be bird, beast, or human, nearly always seeks the male most resplendent in appearance.

The man who neglects his own attire in order that his wife may be modishly gowned, will soon find himself being most unfavorably compared with other men, regardless of his martyrdom. Wives seldom desert a husband who is better dressed than they are. They may do considerable grumbling about the matter, but beneath it all, down in their hearts, they admire and respect him.

This is one of the chief attractions of the gigolo. His own women companions insist upon his being stylishly accoutered, even if they have to pay for it themselves.

One of the most subtle maneuvers, calling for the utmost of the gigolo's talent in keeping his feminine admirer at the height of mental fullness and satisfaction, is in mathematically striking a proper balance of appeal between her inherent inferiority complex and her newly acquired superiority complex.

For, while the modern woman yearns acutely to display her superiority in almost every line of endeavor, she is never quite happy or wholly contented in her contacts with the male if she becomes firmly conscious of having achieved a complete superiority over him.

This calls for methodical, well-calculated strategy on the part of the male, something that the American husband refuses to indulge in.

Instead, he encourages his feminine partner in her feeling

of superiority, even exaggerating it and belittling his own capabilities, in the mistaken notion that by so doing he is increasing her mental bliss. In reality he is creating exactly the opposite effect.

The gigolo, however, helps woman to maintain a proper equilibrium and achieve a soul-satisfying state by skillfully, yet painlessly, deflating her ego at certain points.

This is accomplished by means of well-timed and correctly aimed criticism.

Never is this criticism directed at those efforts or undertakings in which madam is endeavoring to compete with man, or in which she is obviously lacking in ability. That would be fatal, even if such comment were made to aid and improve her. American husbands always make this unpardonable error.

To be effective, criticism must be leveled at those things which are of woman's natural domain, those activities which through generations of experience she assumes herself eminently superior, her cooking, housekeeping, the way she wears her clothes, arranges her hair, etc.

This puts her at once on the defensive. Even if she happens to excel in these particular activities, fastidious criticism must nevertheless be made. Keeping a woman on the defensive, for at least part of the time, is absolutely necessary for man's comfort.

Such bits of faultfinding, however, should not be made too persistently, and must in a day or two be followed by pretty compliments—whether deserved or not—for her latest effort in the same branch of activity that was previously criticized.

Thus, by a careful blend of flattery for those things in which she lacks merit, and criticism of those things for which she has talent, a woman is made to maintain her balance and exist in the idealistic feminine state of blissful discontent.

Basically, and contrary to general assumption, woman is not by nature a home body. She has had this position thrust upon her by the male. Granted that woman, for her general welfare, may be better off in the home, such is not her natural inclination or desire. We need look no further than America for complete proof of this.

Here, in the U.S.A., with women for the first time in the history of modern civilization being given full liberty and freedom to pursue her own inclinations, all feminine classes from flappers to wives, mothers to grandmothers, rich or poor, are making every effort to get away from the home as much as possible.

Woman is primarily interested in activities outside the household. The domicile is to her a secondary consideration. The gigolo has long been aware of this, and always endeavors to make a definite appeal to this feminine yearning to get away from the home.

It has taken a liberated American womanhood forcibly to reveal the real facts to men and the world in general. In offering woman merely the comforts and protection of home life, the drudging American husband cannot hope to compete with a more shrewd and colorful rival who offers her the whole world for a playground.

Neither does the modern woman primarily seek love. She craves, more than anything else, excitement, action, attention. Love is merely one of the elements which she sometimes finds useful in attaining these ends.

Mere love without excitement, however, is not nearly so satisfactory nor so stimulating to her as is excitement without love. Whenever a choice between the two must be made, the modern woman always chooses excitement.

In the American home, when excitement comes beckoning through the doorway, love is tossed out the window. To the modern woman love is only one emotion against the urge of a myriad of others. It will be noted that it was a misguided male poet who wrote "Love is woman's whole existence." Man always paints his gods after his own image.

Here again, in his appeal to woman's preference for excitement and action rather than love, must be noted the marked superiority in shrewdness of the gigolo over the husband.

The American man must decide whether he wishes to court fame and achievement in the business and professional world, or whether he desires to be a success in matters of feminine affection. He cannot be both; not at the same time, at least. The two goals lie in different directions.

A man, for consistent popularity with the fair sex, must give a woman all his time, or none at all. She must mean everything to him, or nothing. Any middle course is disastrous.

Regardless of what course the average man of the U.S.A. decides upon, there is certain to be a steady increase in native gigolos as the more astute of the American males sharpen their talents to meet the evolution of the modern woman.

The gigolo's sphere is at present underestimated. As the advantages and superiority of the gigolo's position over that of the husband become more generally recognized, he will meet with as much approval from the men as he now does from the women.

When that day arrives there will be a wholesale rush into the gigolo field on the part of American males. Dull, blundering husbands will be fewer, and women will be happier. It is the only logical solution for the rapidly declining American male.

All in all, there is every reason to believe that the vocation of gigolo to American womanhood should eventually become one of the most satisfactory and profitable pursuits of the modern American man.##



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Experiment in Broadcasting

Continued from page 78

reversal of that which is usual.

Reis was a graduate of the control room, a radio engineer who had seven years of technical experience, getting the results demanded of him by other directors; Robson is a graduate of Professor Baker's 47 Workshop and had experience in both movies and regular radio production. Reis believed that radio would not progress until, as he put it, the gulf separating the producer (director) from the engineer was narrowed. He was working as engineer on the *Hollywood Hotel* programs when W. B. Lewis (who had just been put in charge of Columbia's program department) came out to the West Coast. Reis had written two successful radio shows—singles, not series: *Meridian 7—1212* and *St. Louis Blues*; he was full of ideas about technical devices and expounded them to Lewis; Lewis asked him how he would like to establish an experimental workshop, acting as director and producer; Reis was a little appalled at the responsibility, but presently he was relieved of his engineering job and returned to New York for the Workshop in 1936. He had so many things to try out and was so full of energy, that one of the original purposes of the Workshop virtually disappeared: it was meant to give every director a chance to break from his routine assignments and try out whatever he wished; more than that, even if a director had nothing special in the way of experiment, the idea was to give him an unusual program to produce. Actually Reis became a one-man experimental station, and when *The Fall of the City* came into his hand, the long experience which he had had justified itself. A few months later he went to Hollywood on a movie writing and directing job.

Robson is now in general charge of the Workshop, but all the directors in the company do programs more or less regularly. T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* was done by George Zachary in a profoundly moving production; the extraordinary complications of *The Red Badge of Courage* were undertaken with a great degree of success by Norman Corwin ("fair degree" was his own estimate of the result) and *The Devil and Daniel Webster* is scheduled for production by Earl McGill. Robson's interest is not so much in technical devices as in new methods of production; he combined narrative and dramatic technique in a biography of Madame Curie, deliberately having portions of the book read in fairly long takes; he uses music much more than Reis did and likes to make a stylized pattern of sound (carpenters nailing boards or typists at their machines, falling into definite rhythms). Like Reis, he works on "voice perspective"—it is not enough to have speech on the air; the listener ought to feel the physical situation. Is the speaker in a

small room, in the middle of a field, in an auditorium? Is he talking to himself or to ten thousand? The important thing is what the speaker says; but the satisfaction of the listener can be multiplied many times if the situation is presented to him, particularly if it is not described and emphasized, but comes to his subconscious, through the difference in sounds.

How are you going to measure the success of experiments in radio?

In the area of technique, this is easy: if certain methods are proved effective and come into general use, the demonstration is complete. A number of the devices used by the Workshop have come into such common use: whether commercial experimenters have done more or less, I am not sure. The experimenters have used the echo chamber (giving the effect of oratory in a large auditorium), the filter which I have mentioned, and the "dead booth" which can isolate the spoken thoughts of a soldier in the midst of war's alarms; and interesting trials have been made in placing the mike so that actors can move freely about the studio, instead of being immobilized at one or two spots. Production is perhaps a little trickier; but correct psychological effects are accomplished.

Much more significant is the invitation to new talent. An outside contributor to the Workshop, a pharmacist by profession, did so well that the drug counter knows him no more and the producers of commercial serials take up all his time; a musical experiment launched a conductor on a night club career (but oddly, not on a great radio career). *The Ghost of Benjamin Sweet*, which I have mentioned, was so well liked that it grew into a weekly series, with an excellent Crossley rating. Yet, obviously, successes of this sort are not the only measure. Has experiment expanded the area from which radio draws its material and has it done anything to bring to radio special qualities which may free broadcasting from its dependence on fiction or drama or other established forms? For an enterprise so young as the Workshop, the answer is remarkably persuasive. Biography, informative studies of current problems (like housing—in a program by Alfred Kreymborg), and surrealism have all appeared on the programs; the entire Constitution of the United States was once presented; and the concept of radio as a new medium has been established, particularly among the poets. This isn't so much that you can cry halt; but it is a great deal. Moreover, the impetus to experiment has been given. When Orson Welles and the Mercury Theatre came to the air, the way had been prepared for them; in fact the technique of *First Person Singular* had been tried in a production made by Reis and Val Gielgud of

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The essence of the method is self-identification: "I am Jim Hawkins, cabin boy on the *Hispaniola*, sailing to find *Treasure Island*"; some development of this method may eliminate half of the awkward fumbings of radio dramatics and increase tenfold the sense of actuality-bringing fiction on the air to a level of immediacy near to the spot broadcasts of actual events.

All of these experiments interact. Some months ago I was producing a historical series, definitely an educational program. It couldn't be too experimental in form.

But I was able, without any untoward effects, to use a good radio device—the device of the commercials when they handle a remote, so that the discovery of America could begin with: "We take you now to the deck of the *Santa Maria*, thirty days out of Palos, sailing due west." The reason I could do this was that the effectiveness of the method—outside of actual remote reporting—had been proved by MacLeish in *The Fall of the City* where this particular method was brilliantly exploited.

I borrowed it from him, as he had borrowed it from the sports announcers— but he had

done the major work of transferring a method from one area to another.

Presently someone will transfer other methods, or develop new ones. For instance, the filter which gives distance or a disembodied quality to the voice has recently been used to carry on an argument with a natural voice; where two natural voices would have to be realistic, the combination made it possible to condense all the speeches to a kind of impressionistic style.

But devices aren't as important as talent, and the most important thing about talent is that it should have not a single chance, but a permanent, continuous opportunity.

Most of the professional writers who have experimented in radio have kept at it. MacLeish's *Air Raid* is scheduled by the Workshop; Kreymborg has done several works; Wilbur Daniel Steele has written three pieces. What these men get from radio, you can guess; basically it must be the feeling that poetry and the art of the writer in general has been restored to some kind of communication with the multitude. What radio gets from them is, at once, a kind of prestige; but ultimately it gets what all the arts need—new materials, new areas, and new talents. It is at least an even exchange. ##

Consumers, Awake!

Continued from page 57

tobacco," he said, filling his pipe. "I might read a little, too."

"That tobacco may be on the Approved list," said Mrs. Lathrop, with a loud sniff, "but it should be under F's. For Fertilizer." But the insult was lost. He was deep in the P's for Playing Cards.

Around three a. m., Mrs. Lathrop was awakened by a crash in the kitchen. While she lay quivering, the bedroom light snapped on and there was Mr. Lathrop, still dressed, the *Manual* in one hand and the other bleeding lavishly all over her pet hooked rug.

"I was opening another can of beer," he said defensively. "If you had a modern kind of a can opener instead of that old-fashioned type, this wouldn't have happened. Ugh!" he said and turned pale. The sight of blood always upset him.

Mrs. Lathrop got him into the bathroom and poured out some aromatic spirits of ammonia to drink while she assembled the first-aid gear from the medicine closet.

When she turned, his face was as green as the *Manual*, through whose pages he was fumbling with his good hand. The ammonia was still untouched beside him. "I wanted to see if the brand was Approved," he said in a small voice and passed out cold.

It was a long time before Mrs. Lathrop got him to bed with his cut bandaged, and cleared up as much of the mess as she could from the bathroom floor. She wasn't as

angry as she might have been because Mr. Lathrop looked so pathetic with his face so pale and his hand bound up. She might have dropped off to sleep, finally, feeling wifely and virtuous, if just as she was about to turn off the bed light, he had not become aware of the mercurochrome inside the bandage. "It's little better than water," he said in a quivering sort of voice. "I'll probably die of blood poisoning."

"The iodine was in Bertha's room," Mrs. Lathrop defended herself. "And I didn't want to disturb her."

"So you'd rather let me die than wake up the cook," he observed bitterly. "You certainly pamper that girl. Well, now I won't sleep a wink, worrying." He slapped down the *Manual* on the night table and in two minutes was snoring.

But Mrs. Lathrop did not sleep. Anger at length gave way to speculation on how many of her Lanes and Penates actually were on the Approved list. The conclusion was pretty depressing. She even tried counting consumers jumping over a fence, but that didn't work, either.

At last she turned on the light and reached into the table drawer for a sleeping pill. As she swallowed it down, the *Manual* seemed to leer at her. She turned to the S's. Sure enough, the sleeping tablets (the kind she'd taken for years) were not only Inferior but definitely Injurious. One of

Continued on page 132

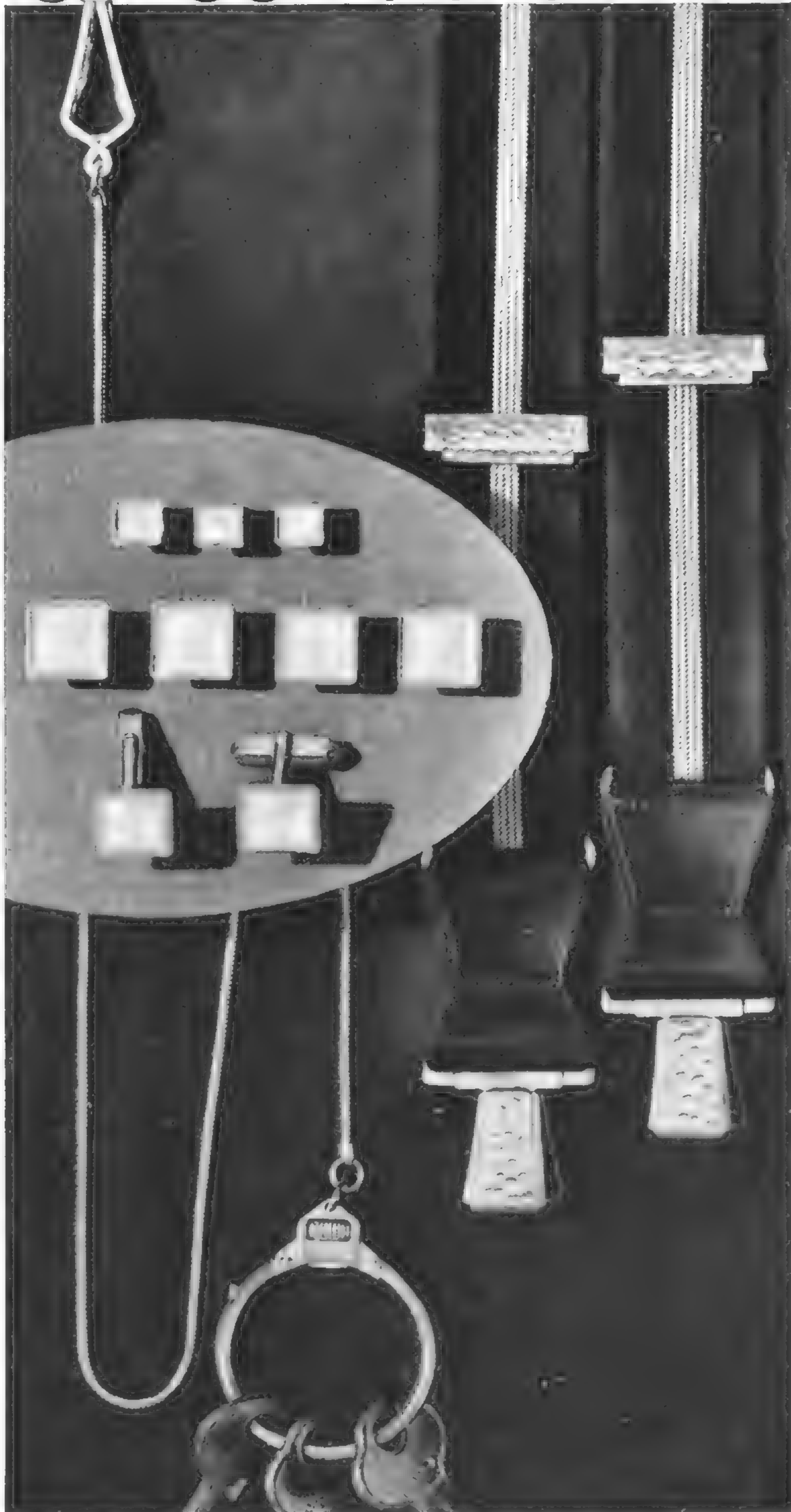
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Consumers, Awake!

Continued from pages 57-131

them contained enough barbituric acid derivatives to put a herd of elephants to sleep forever.

The rest of the night she lay awake, planning, and at six-thirty arose and dressed. When the alarm rang at eight, she was innocently occupied reading the morning paper in the living room.

A few minutes after George had stumbled into the bathroom, came the expected call. "What is it, dear?" she called back in her most helpmeet-ish voice and went in to him.

He was in his pajamas, looking half-alive, with white bubbles foaming on his lips. "Where the hell did you get this tooth powder?" he snarled. "It tastes like the stuff they clean the subway with."

"It's the Best Buy," said Mrs. Lathrop, with charming candor. "I went all the way to the drugstore before breakfast to buy it."

"Guess I'll get used to it," he mumbled and checked his shudders with really admirable self-control, went back to brushing his teeth.

"I'll be in the living room," said his wife sweetly, "if you need me."

His look implied that he never wanted to lay eyes on her again. Still, in two minutes he was screaming for her. This time it was the shaving cream.

The sight of him, with his face smeared up, looking as though he had just stepped on a skunk — indeed, the aroma emanating from the jar was pretty horrible — was too much for Mrs. Lathrop. She retreated quickly, leaving him to cope as best he could with bath soap, razor blades and talcum powder.

Mr. Lathrop was later than usual getting in to breakfast. He looked pale and his face was cut in several places.

"Those are the goddamnedest razor blades," he said irritably as he sat down, "that I ever ran across."

"Best Buy," said Mrs. L. happily. "Now drink up your tomato juice, Bertha has your breakfast all ready."

"Tomato juice!" he exclaimed, turning paler still.

Mrs. Lathrop explained soothingly that according to the *Manual* tomato juice had much the same vitamin content as orange juice and at this time of year was twice as cheap.

Gagging a little, he tossed it off, as Bertha fearfully set down before him a bowl of steaming oatmeal. "Where are my corn flakes?" he shouted.

"Corn flakes," explained Mrs. Lathrop as Bertha retreated in terror to the kitchen, "have practically no food value save for the cream and sugar used. Whereas hot cereal, if properly cooked in milk—"

"I want my coffee," George choked out in a voice which brought Bertha charging in with the tray. He looked at the cup

with the avid expression of a lost traveler sighting the roofs of home. But with the first spoonful, he uttered a cry of despair.

"Hot?" asked Mrs. Lathrop sympathetically.

"What is this?" demanded Mr. Lathrop. "Powdered mud?"

"It's the Best Buy," said Mrs. Lathrop gently. "I'll show you in the *Manual*. But maybe it's the evaporated milk you don't like. Half the price of fresh cream and just as good—"

"I'm late," said Mr. Lathrop coldly. "Important meeting downtown."

His wife was waiting in the hall with his hat, as usual, and the *Manual*. "Maybe you'll want this when you go out for lunch with Butch," she said, and called after his retreating figure, "Don't forget we're having company for dinner. You'll have to be home in time to mix the drinks."

* * *

For once he was home in plenty of time and kissed Mrs. Lathrop most affectionately. "For you," he said tenderly and dropped into her lap a corsage of pink gardenias, which were exactly right for her dinner dress.

She was so overwhelmed by the gift that she scarcely noticed how he was edging toward the bedroom door, concealing a large package behind him. "While you dress, dear," she said, "leave me the *Manual*. Our vacuum cleaner broke down again."

"Oh, the *Manual*," he said. "I left it at the office."

"Butch borrow it?" she asked absently.

"Oh, Butch," said Mr. Lathrop in so offhand a way that she was startled at once into suspicion. "I didn't see him all day."

"Sick?" asked Mrs. Lathrop. "There's a lot of flu around."

"Well," said Mr. Lathrop in a burst, "I might as well tell you. He's in jail, being held for assault and battery. Got into a row with some waiter at dinner last night. Too bad," he added and slammed the bedroom door quickly behind him.

A few seconds later Mrs. Lathrop heard the crackle of paper in the bathroom and the sound of glass breaking into the metal wastepaper basket. Evidently George had been shopping at the drugstore, too.

Bertha, arrayed in her good uniform, came in from the kitchen. "I thought there was an earthquake, Mum," she said nervously. "Is everything all right?" She was always on the edgy side before a dinner party.

Mrs. Lathrop patted her arm reassuringly and took a deep smell of her corsage. "Yes, Bertha," she told her with conviction, "everything is all right now. You may use the regular coffee."

"Sure, he's singin' in the shower," said Bertha on her way out.

And he was. ##

Witchcraft in Africa

Continued from page 64

leave doubts as to the manner in which it is accomplished, but not in the results normally reached, is the smell ceremony. When a serious crime has been committed, and none of the methods used leads to the discovery of the perpetrator, the witch doctor of the smell enters the scene. He is always a man of a certain type, somewhat advanced in years, with eyes of fire, an ascetic face and an incredibly thin body, a bundle of bones and nerves.

When all the men who may be considered under suspicion are seated around him in a great circle, a special rhythm of a hypnotic character begins on the tom-toms, aided by curious songs which all the gathering chant in unison, until the witch doctor falls into a sort of trance.

Then, after a few moments of almost cataleptic immobility, he suddenly begins to leap high in the air as if impelled by some abnormal force. At each leap he seizes a man and smells him, frantically continuing this performance for minutes or for hours in an atmosphere growing more and more electrical and hysterical. Finally he smells the guilty one, and denouncing him with a yell that has nothing human in its sound, he immediately drops to the ground completely spent.

It may be that the extreme nervous tension reduces to the minimum the defensive resistance of the criminal, meanwhile sharpening to the maximum the perceptions of the witch doctor, and that this is what exposes the culprit. Not through the "smelling out," but through a sort of intensified mind-reading. This, at any rate, was my conjecture after witnessing several of these dramatic trials. However that may be, the fact remains that in ninety-nine per cent of cases the individual so accused at once confesses his crime.

Another witch doctor who is very much respected in the community and who certainly possesses some extraordinary faculty which enables him to carry on his ministry with such infallibility, is the witch doctor of the hunt. I saw one at work in Northern Natal a few years ago. Before the drive began he crouched down on his knees under a shield to invoke the supreme god, while each hunter came to strike the ground before the seer with his club, spears or arrows so that the weapons might be lucky. Then the witch doctor rose and addressed the hunters. He told them where the game was to be found and in what quantity; how the various groups must advance and separate and join together again in order to obtain the best results, and how they must act to defend themselves and to attack.

In a country in which game is so scarce and so shy, the success of the hunting trip that day absolutely amazed me; and when I ex-

pressed my admiration to the witch doctor, particularly as each move had developed exactly as he had foretold, although he had been far from the scene, he answered me simply, "It is the spirits of the dead who have inspired me." And unconcernedly he continued to fondle a big python, ten feet long, which he had captured alive only that morning.

This latter fact, however, did not greatly surprise me, for I had often seen, as has anyone who has been in South Africa, old Charlie at the Snake Garden in Port Elizabeth freely handling at the same time three or four enormous pythons, any one of which would have been able to crush an ox.

But I have been even more impressed by other cases of witchcraft I have been able to see for myself, notably those of healing. I shall never forget, as an instance, a man, almost blind, who came to the kraal of the "witch doctor of the eyes" one day when I happened to be there. Groping his way along, tapping on the ground with a stick, his body bent and sagging, the poor fellow advanced slowly toward us, and soon I saw that his eyes were horribly swollen and infected, a spectacle to arouse almost as much disgust as pity.

The healing took place with the greatest rapidity. At once the witch doctor fetched a white cock and began to rub its head along the ground for some minutes, tracing in the dust complicated hieroglyphics until gradually the bird became rigid, as if hypnotized. So completely under the domination of the seer was the rooster, in fact, that when it was placed upon the head of the patient, it stood motionless, its legs stiff as ram-rods, not a feather ruffled.

Some magic words, a few hypnotic passes; the quick flash of a knife; the head of the bird falling on the ground and a spurt of blood anointing the face of the patient. Then a poultice of boiled herbs applied to the eyes. This was all.

But when a quarter of an hour later the witch doctor threw a calabash of water over the face of the man to wash away the poultice, as unbelievable as it may seem, his eyes were clean, clear, perfectly healed.

The boiled herbs certainly had some share in the healing. But the disease was so grave that it was easy to see in the visible and somewhat theatrical methods of the treatment the dramatic complement, or to put it better perhaps, the mask, of other secret powers which the healer was exercising. Helped, naturally, by the absolute faith of the patient and by his mental preparation to receive the healing.

Of the important part that, owing to the mentality of the native, the last two elements played in this and similar healings, I had the most unexpected confirmation one day when Professor Cipriani of the Royal University of Florence and

Continued at top of page 134

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Witchcraft in Africa

Continued from pages 61-133

I, in our effort to make plaster of Paris masks of natives, were suddenly transformed into witch doctors ourselves.

The necessary operations are extremely unpleasant for the victim. He must lie on the ground perfectly still while the plaster of Paris in a semi-liquid state is poured over all his face, leaving only two small holes for respiration, and he must remain there for a quarter of an hour or so until the mask has solidified and can be lifted off.

As amenable as the natives of the vicinity were, they refused flatly to take part in this "magic," and even the boys of our own camp could not be induced to undergo the process. We were about to abandon the idea when one afternoon we saw a strange

warrior coming to our camp, with an enormously inflated cheek and the pitiful air of someone suffering from a severe toothache.

The opportunity was too good to be missed, and in record time the work was begun, the warrior being only too glad to submit himself to anything the "great witch doctors of the whites" proposed to do to relieve him from pain. The fresh paste must have given some comfort to the inflamed cheek, for the man lay quietly on the ground until the mask had hardened.

And when we had taken it off, to our intense surprise, he jumped up jubilant in his gratitude, his faith justified. For, sure enough, the swelling had completely disappeared and the torturing pain had vanished!##

The Far Pastures

Continued from page 67

the blades scoured the glass and he finally had to turn them off.

He coughed. The grit seemed to coat his windpipe. With a surge of panic he wondered how much sand would sift into his lungs to fester and perhaps make pus pockets.

The wind sent its hot breath against the car, which barely moved now. The black blizzard churned all around him. Distance was gone, swallowed by this fury, and the sky pressed down, a huge dirty tarpaulin. . . .

* * *

It was noon when the car stopped at Clay's Service. The storm had swung due north and the honeyed sepia light was back. Clay himself was out shoveling away the drifts that had piled about the gas pumps. Under the windows the drifts had piled in graceful curves. About the weathervane on the roof the sand had made a brown sugarloaf.

Clay wondered how little Carey had fared at the hospital today, under the wet cloths, coughing and spitting; the dust got into the hospitals, too.

Ma Clay was sweeping the house. It was a mania with her now, he suspected, sweeping, sweeping when it did no good, sweeping the corners when grains of sand tumbled from the ceiling and rolled from the walls, creeping about the floors with every breath of air, immortal vermin nothing could destroy.

Clay watched the car window roll down. He stared at the dirty face with the black circles about the eyes and the muddled lips. He nodded and primed the pump. While he fed gas into the tank of the car Gardner crept from the front seat. He stepped carefully onto the ground and stood there. His knees buckled and he leaned against the fender, staring toward the little town.

There were gullies in the fields near by. Only where there were blades of yellow grass had the soil remained, making hummocks on

the wasted land. He took a deep breath of air and gasped in distaste. The smell of it—like prepared bran, which he had always disliked. He watched the woman sweeping the sand from her door. The wind sent it back and she swept it away again, stubbornly refusing to let nature win.

"How far you goin'?"

"Clear out to the coast."

Clay shook his head. "Long ways." He lit an old coal of tobacco in his pipe and sucked. The tobacco had no flavor but it was pleasant to get clean smoke.

"Things don't look so good here." Gardner ventured.

"Nope, they don't."

Gardner climbed behind the wheel. Still, he reflected, they've got the land, it's theirs, whatever happens it's theirs, they're not nomads like city people. He waved as the motor roared and car crunched down the road. It isn't always this way, he thought, and a piece of land's a fine thing, it's an anchor anyway.

Clay waved and watched the car disappear, its red taillight like a painted firefly.

"Going clear to the coast," he said to the woman. But she did not cease her sweeping. He cackled. "Where they have earthquakes and landslides—and floods."

He paused and sucked at his pipe. Floods. He wondered what a real flood would mean to these fields. . . . He looked down the road again and shook his head. To be free like that fellow, eating up the highway, not giving a thought to dust or rain, except that it might hold him up a day and keep him from hurrying on for no good reason. He swept the sand from about the pump and it blew back again. Savagely he swept it away once more. . . . Not to have a piece of land like a millstone around your neck, holding you down, shackling you and pinning you to a cracked dried bloodless earth. He sighed. To be your own master—to go—to come. To be so free! ##



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eyes to serve as goggles. Baby sealskin mittens, a lightweight silk scarf and two-tone brown ski boots complete the outfit. The main trend in ski wear, for reasons apparent to the naked eye, is toward this lightweight pullover type of wind jacket, worn usually with matching or contrasting peg-top trousers. Besides its light weight, the jacket is wind-resistant and snow-shedding. All unnecessary pockets and gadgets have been purged for the sake of practicality.

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Jeff Coongate's Perfect Crime

Continued from page 48

care for him. That first hunk wa'n't cooked well enough. Leave the next one on the fire a little while longer."

For days, Uncle Jeff let these blissful scenes roll in great soft clouds through his mind.

He dreamed out many countless angles.

In case of rain, for example, the warden would be obliged to let Uncle Jeff sleep under the canoe: "Tom, you wouldn't want to see an old man take a chill, would you boy? No, 'course you wouldn't. Mighty decent of you, boy. Old Jeff Coongate won't forget. Now, if you don't mind, leave me have your raincoat for a pillow, will you? Ground's mighty hard."

He was in the midst of imaginary objections to the way Tom Corn made tea, when the young man actually appeared, stepping softly from a clump of shoulder-high spruces.

"Howdy, Jeff," said the warden.

Uncle Jeff, startled, let out a squawk of surprise, but quickly recovered, and hung his head in dramatic shame, while, with a guilty-looking hand, he indicated the half-eaten buck.

"I give up," he said resignedly. "Tom—you got the goods on me this time."

"Any beaver, oldtimer?"

"Not a dang one, not even any sign."

"Mind if I look around a bit, Jeff?"

"Sure, help yourself—but first, tell me this: if you catch a man poachin', you're obleeged to take him in, ain't you?"

"You ought to know."

"Just what I thought: it's ninety days for deer, ain't it?"

"That's maximum."

"Well—how'd you find the river, comin' up?"

"Low—darn hard goin'."

"Hurt your canoe any?"

"Sure. Looks like it had small-pox, what with all the canoe glue on the bottom. I'll have to re-canvas her, sure."

"She'll get us down, all right, though, won't she?" asked Jeff, but Tom Corn had entered the cabin, and did not reply.

Jeff followed him in, and said: "Well, find anything?"

"Nope. When'd you kill the deer?"

Jeff sighed, and turned on his expression of tragic guilt. "Well, sir—I was settin' here one mornin', an' out he stepped. I don't know what come over me. Things just kind of went black. When they cleared up, the buck was dead, an' there was my rifle hot in my hands."

"You didn't dog him with hounds?"

"No, didn't have no hounds."

"You didn't shoot him in water?"

"No, Tom—no, I just shot him murdered him, you might say."

"Was it a Sunday?"

"No, 'twas last Thursday mornin', Tom. I'll swear to it. I'll sign

the confession, if you jest ask me. Now you cook us up a meal, and then we better git started, don't you figure? We could camp on the pine bluff tonight. Say we fry us up a couple slabs of the loin, Tom?"

"All right."

"I knowed you was a good sport at heart, boy. There ain't no use wastin' good meat, law nor no law. That's how I look at it. We might's well be pratiekle."

"Sure."

"Well, you won't have no trouble-takin' me down, Tom. You can take my rifle an' all my ca'tridges, if it'll make you rest easy."

"I wouldn't want to do that, that I know of."

"Well, son, it sure does me good to get this off my conscience. My sins has weighed mighty heavy on me, these days. When I looked down into that poor little deer's eyes, I damn near cried."

"Why?"

"To think what I had done."

"Why, what had you done?"

"Killed a deer."

Tom Corn began slicing some salt pork to try out in the frying pan.

"Uncle Jeff, you killed a legal deer," he said.

The one-eyed poacher went crimson to the roots of his thinning hair. Slowly he reached up his hand and scratched the back of his neck: "I—I—what?" he asked.

"You killed a deer legally."

Uncle Jeff sat down, and rested his chin in his hands: "Jeez, Tom," he said. "I don't see how I done it!"

"Well, maybe it just happened, Jeff."

"I swear before God it wa'n't intentional!"

"You've got a license, because I saw it back in Privilege. It's open season, legal open season—"

"I never even give it a thought," moaned Uncle Jeff.

"And you didn't shoot it on Sunday."

"So—so you ain't a-goin' to take me in, Tom?"

"Nothin' to take you for, oldtimer."

"An' I got to ram my new canoe down through them hellish rocks!"

"I guess that's about it, Jeff," he said.

"There ain't a thing you could dig up to hold me on, Tom?"

"Not a thing, Jeff."

The old man's hands slid up along his temples, his fingers twisting in his hair.

He sighed from the depths of his despair: "The way of the transgressor is hard, mighty hard, boy. Only—only there's jest one thing I want you not to do."

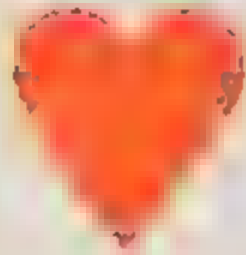
"What's that, Uncle Jeff?" he queried.

"Don't you never tell none of the folks 'round that Jeff Coongate shot a legal deer. My reputation's in serious jee-opardy." #



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(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Putting on the Dog

Continued from page 51

dogs, boarding them for a couple of weeks beforehand at a dollar a day so that each can get accustomed to the other, and charging the customary handling fee of ten dollars plus all prize money.

Despite all the vexations and complexities of the game, the dog show folks are a hardy lot. At the Westminster Kennel Club show in New York last year almost 3,000 dogs were entered, including 85 of the 105 breeds recognized by the American Kennel Club. Representing at least a million dollars in dog flesh, these ranged all the way from several hundred cocker spaniels to one otterhound, one maltese and a single giant schnauzer. And when you stop to consider that no less than two dozen of these breeds are older than Christianity, you begin to realize that when you go to a top flight show you are mingling with the upper crust of dogdom!

Regardless of historic background, however, they are just so many dogs to the judges who are guided in their decisions by established standards rather than by pedigrees.

These unprejudiced arbiters—who work for expenses only and have fewer friends than the state executioner—must be exceedingly well-grounded in canine anatomy and must know all of the standards required in the respective breeds.

That this is a large order is indicated by the fact that of 1,200 experts licensed by the AKC to officiate at recognized shows, not many more than fifty are licensed to judge all breeds.

The things judges look for in the ring cover a multitude of details, many of which are too subtle for the inexperienced eye to see.

The fact that ears and tails vary greatly with different breeds is obvious enough to anybody who ever saw more than three dogs: other points such as the slope of the shoulders, the arch of the back at the loin, the relative heights at the withers and the hips, the ratio of the muzzle to the skull, the line of the hindlegs, etc., are not so apparent to the layman.

But a collie with a skull domed as much as a German shepherd's would be set aside just as quickly as a bull terrier whose forelegs were as straight and stilt-like as a fox terrier's. Assuming that their owners had the temerity to enter them.

To the uninitiated much of this seems like faldral, yet the fact is that standard specifications are based pretty soundly upon the accepted function of the breed. Some points, to be sure, simmer down to a matter of taste. But when the skeptic asks what difference such details make in a dog's companionability, the professional is apt to retort in kind.

"What difference does it make in a guest's conversational charm," he'll inquire, "if he comes to a

formal dinner in tails and tan shoes?"

In either case the answer is "no difference." But in both cases informed people strive to comply with the accepted standards.

The dog show, however, is considerably more than a group of walking rule books scrutinizing the products of selective breeding: it is a place where dogs and human beings gather from the four quarters.

A great deal is at stake in future earnings, past labor and fervent hopes. And with such a mixture of animal and human mentalities, things are likely to happen.

Last year I saw a visitor nailed at an exit by a guard who thought the bulge under his coat was not quite up to "standard." The bulge proved to be a prize-winning cocker spaniel—belonging to somebody else!

On another occasion, when the entries for Best in Show were being judged, a poodle and a Kerry blue terrier chanced to be standing side by side on their respective leads. The poodle, of course, is considered a sissy by most dogs and is quite generally picked on unmercifully by them. The Kerry blue, on the other hand, is a fighting Irishman if there ever was one. Yet on this evening the poodle took one look at the "little mick," threw tradition to the winds and pounced on him with the obvious intention of tearing him limb from limb. The nearest equivalent would be for some prize-fight usher at the Garden to take a sudden swing at Joe Louis and knock him for a loop!

Somewhat more tragic in its ending was the swift drama during the judging of the Russian wolfhounds. One of the handlers was standing near the gate to the ring, his dog on a leash, when another exhibitor in the show strolled by with a Japanese spaniel on a lead. The otherwise placid Borzoi must have mistaken the strange little creature for a cockroach—or perhaps he had smoldering recollections of the disgrace of the Russo-Japanese War in his mind. In any event, he pounced upon the unsuspecting Oriental and, with one shake, broke his neck.

With so many different dogs in such close proximity, however, the surprising thing is that there are so few casualties of this sort. The one place you are least apt to see a good dog fight is at a dog show, partly because the exhibitors watch over their charges like hawks; partly because the animals are mostly show-broken and well trained.

Many of them are so blasé and bored by the proceedings that you soon realize it is all a routine business with them. They leave it to their owners to get excited and angry—and maybe they don't do just that!

I've heard more blood-chilling imprecations muttered at judges

Continued at top of page 144

Anticipation

ANTICIPATION

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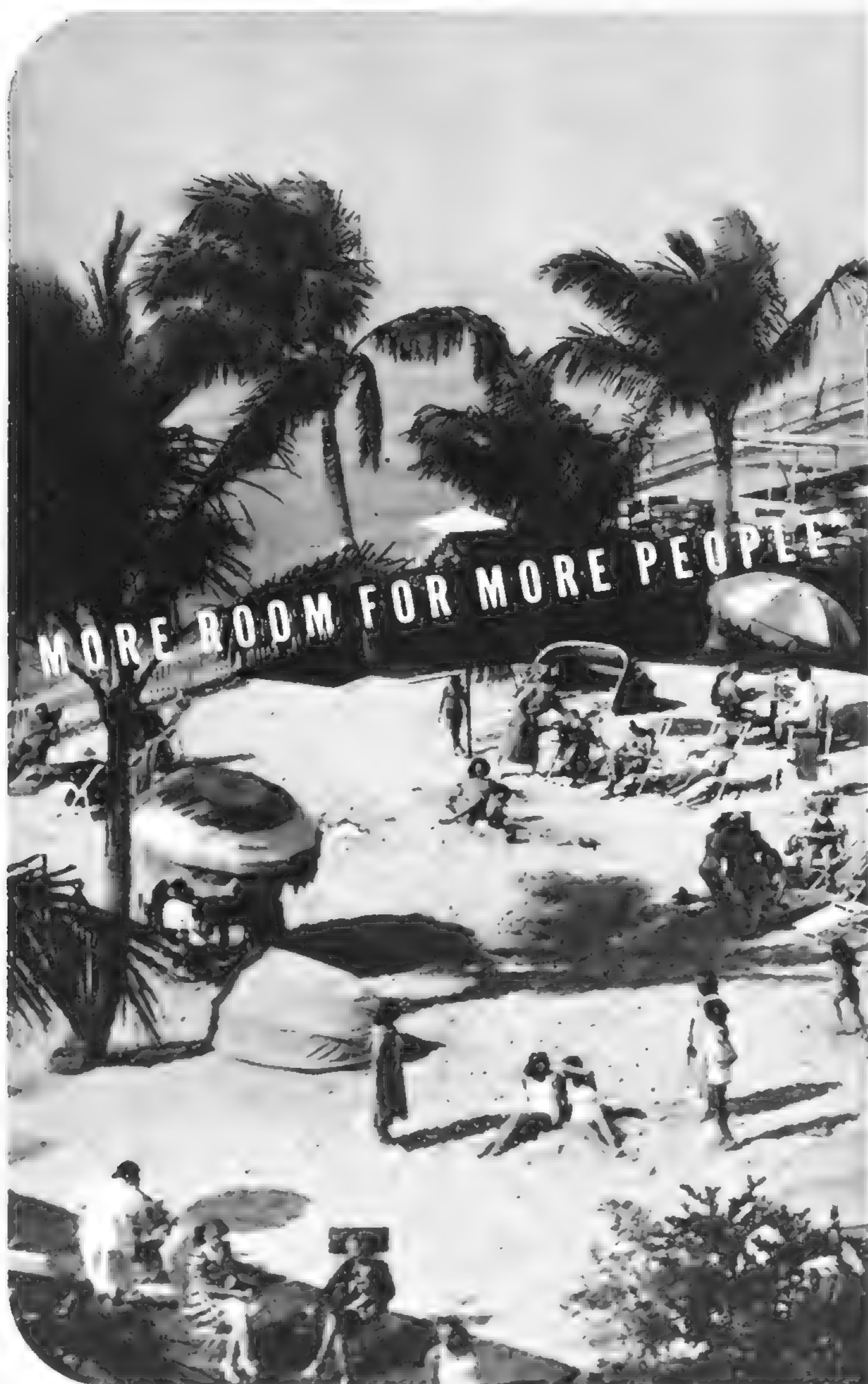
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Putting on the Dog

Continued from pages 51-143

by departing losers than I've ever heard flung at a baseball umpire even in such violently rabid towns as Brooklyn and Cincinnati. Occasionally, too, these disgruntled tempers reach the boiling point and burst out of bounds.

A year or so ago a woman exhibitor with what seemed to be a sure-fire winner received a telegram on the morning of the judging informing her that her son, at Yale, had been killed in an automobile accident. The shock just about knocked her out of the running—until investigation proved that the whole thing was a brutal hoax.

On another occasion, a few days before a show was scheduled to open, practically every dachshund in one exhibitor's kennels was poisoned by someone, apparently, who didn't relish the idea of competing against them. And more recently, when a collie which had taken Best in Show honors was being led out of the building by its owner, some savage rival threw a bottle of acid in the dog's face, blinding it.

Obviously, the "doggy set" plays rough, but I suppose they aren't much different from other human beings in that respect. Only a few weeks ago I met a very beautiful young woman who had won a beauty contest in Chicago some few years back. One reason why she is now devoting her energy to writing instead of to beauty contests is that after her last victory some disgruntled loser flung a bottle of acid at her.

Getting back to dogs, however,

the fact remains that shows are serious business, not just pleasant diversions for the idle rich. Unfortunately, the people involved in the game are merely human and when anything unpleasant happens it must be attributed to that debit.

On the other hand, the dogs are not subject to this handicap. And since the whole object of the show is to bring together the best representatives of the canine upper crust, I can usually steel myself into tolerating the humans as part of the price one must pay for the privilege of seeing so many fine dogs at one time!

To be sure, after the show is over, I go home to my own pair of "thoroughbred mongrels" who couldn't possibly win a ribbon if they were the only two entries in a show.

Like the owners of most of the other fifteen million dogs in the country, I ask for no social background in my pets—I merely ask that they treat me as an equal whenever there's company in the house.

In increasing numbers, however, people are deserting the ranks of *hoi polloi* and going in for blooded dogs. Last year all records were smashed with the registration of 84,475 purebred dogs—an increase of 17 per cent over the previous year's total. And as the shows continue to stimulate public interest in good dogs—which in turn spurs on the energies of the breeders—so will the canine population, at least as measured by man's standards, improve. #

Headaches for Money

Continued from page 63

me to snap out of it and must have said it like I was just a husband instead of a golf champion, because I did get myself together and it dawned on me that I was "in"; "in" as the winner of my second National Open title, and all in, physically.

But to get back to that mention of almost thinking myself out of the Western Open title at Westwood. Sam Snead was playing ahead of me and the battle for the title was between Sam and me. We were tied at 54 holes with 214. I had figured it out that I would get myself a couple of birdies at the par 5 fourteenth and fifteenth holes while Sam birdied only one of them, and that I'd hold that one stroke advantage to the finish.

Before I came to the place I'd doped out as the critical part of the route I hit a sweet drive about 270 yards straight down the middle of the eleventh fairway. The fairways were rather long there because the greens committee rightly wanted to keep grass through those burning summers in St. Louis.

I saw that I had a heavy lie with about 140 yards to the green. I knew that unless I kept my left arm firm I might play the shot

badly, so I kept saying to myself, "a firm left . . . a firm left . . . a firm left." I made my shot so strongly left-handed that it sprayed off to the right of the green into a trap. A good out and a 6-foot putt at the right time gave me my par, and nobody but Guldahl knew how nearly over-thinking about one part of the swing almost bumped me into a bogey that would have upset my whole plan. It later developed that Sam only got a par on the fourteenth and a 6 on the fifteenth by four-putting, so a 5 for me at the eleventh wouldn't have been dangerous any place but in my mind.

Another thing happened in that tournament that reminds me of how costly it may be to try to think about something besides hitting the ball squarely in a golf championship. At the last hole I hit my drive into a trap to the right of the fairway. The ball was lying close and I had to take a husky hack at it in getting it out and hole-high, on the edge of the green and 25 feet from the cup. I chipped the ball into the cup with my four-iron and got a birdie. When the ball was picked out of the cup it was found that I had cut the cover clear through when

I had slugged it out of the trap. The cut had been on the under side of the ball when I made the approach that I holed. If that cut had been where I could have seen it, I know I'd have thought so much about what queer hops it might make, I'd have hit the shot uncertainly and probably slopped it away. That time when I didn't know I had something unusual to worry about cost some members of Westwood a fat piece of money. They had bet that 280 wouldn't be broken in the Western Open on their course, but I chipped in the cut ball for a 279.

A player has all he can do to keep himself concentrated on hitting the ball in a golf tournament. That concentration sometimes probably accounts for what the public may consider thoughtlessness in the conduct of a player toward the other player, or players, with whom he's paired for the round. You don't mean to be inconsiderate of the other fellows but you simply must keep your mind on your own game.

I had great training in that concentration when I was out in California unable to get a job and worrying myself crazy about not having any money for my wife and my little boy.

To keep from thinking about what a jam I was in, I'd get my clubs out in the evening after I'd been trying all day to get a job, and I'd practice until it got so dark I'd have to hit the practice balls straight or lose them. I couldn't afford to lose a ball then.

I guess I got myself into the habit of concentrating on shots then. Winning a couple of National Opens and three straight Western Opens and a flock of lesser titles since I learned to concentrate, seems to prove something. I sure do know that when I missed winning the National Open in 1933 it was entirely because I hadn't taught myself to concentrate on those little putts. I hit them without thinking so there couldn't be any reason except luck for any of them going into the hole.

It seems to me that the reason for the failure of most American players to make good showings the first times they start in British Opens is that the Americans are interested in so many novel things about golf and living in Great Britain that they lose the habit of concentrating on their golf shots. It worked on me that way.

Bob Harlow, the former manager of the pros' tournament bureau, tells about a case that shows how much the right idea of concentration means to a golfer. Bob took the 1929 Ryder Cup team of American pros to Paris right after the British events were played. The boys were booked to compete in the French Open. When the team was getting near Paris, most of the fellows began asking Bob about the places to see in the city. Horton Smith, though, asked Bob to be sure to see that the team was housed in a hotel somewhere near the golf course so Smith could get out and do a lot of practicing.

Horton won that year's French Open championship. Even his twenty-first birthday party which occurred during that trip, didn't get Horton away from his concentration on playing golf.

I know just how much that concentration takes out of a fellow. You come in from a tournament round just about wilted. That effort of concentration gets to be too much for the fellows who are at it all the time, for a long time. At the Chicago Open last summer the crowd saw Hagen, Armour and Sarazen playing together on the last day of the tournament. The gallery never saw better golf shots made by any other players. They still have the shots.

The reason, I think, that these three veterans aren't still winning right along is that they have lost the knack of concentrating. Hagen has been in the big time since 1913, Armour since about 1919, and Sarazen since 1920. It's marvelous that those fellows still are as very good as they are, and I tell you that if any of the three of them could regain the faculty of being able to concentrate completely on every shot that he makes, I'd want no part of competition against any one of them for important money.

In Hagen's case I think it's plain that concentration had a lot to do with his record. He had a much better record in the British Open than he did in the American championship. He won the U. S. Open twice and the British, four times. After he got established as a top-notch player, he was going around this country playing exhibition matches almost up to the day before the U. S. National Opens started. He was worn down from concentration. When he competed in the British Opens he had the rest of ocean travel, or at least the way Hagen travels—freedom from the heavy concentration required by golf.

Nobody can tell me that the marvelous golf record Bobby Jones made didn't owe a lot to Bobby's wise policy in easing the load of concentration in competition. Jones didn't wear himself down by playing a lot of events, and when he did play he was conveyed by a bodyguard that minimized the distractions that players have to put up with now, so the older pros tell me. He could use his naturally strong power of concentration without constantly wearing it down by the heavy tournament schedule played by today's tournament pros.

Some people wonder why great golfers, such as Horton Smith, Harry Cooper, Henry Picard, Sam Snead, Johnny Revolta and Ky Laffoon, never have won a major national title in the United States or Great Britain. I believe it's because they play such heavy schedules that they have exhausted their capacity of concentration below the degree necessary to win the most exacting and important championships.

In the six months prior to this year's National Open, I'd played

Continued on page 146

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Headaches for Money

Continued from pages 63-145

fewer rounds in competition and exhibitions than any of the other fellows who finished near the top. I'd played 24 rounds in competition. Metz had played 26. Cooper had played 52, and I guess that Tony Penna had played almost that many because Tony played almost everywhere on the winter and spring circuit and won the Kansas City Open (where I didn't play) a week before the top championship at Denver. Byron Nelson had played 48 rounds. Picard, about as many. Runyan had played 52 rounds.

You may recall that Runyan hadn't been playing much between that Open at Denver and when he won the pro 1938 championship at Shawnee. Paul got better as he went along in that Shawnee tournament. He regained full command of his capacity for concentration. Snead didn't have that good luck. He had been playing steadily for more than two years in tough competition and his concentration just wouldn't stand up under the strain of matching those delicate approach shots and putts with Runyan.

Concentration has a whole lot to do with what people talk about as the putting "touch." If you can't get your mind entirely set on just how your fingers should feel when you're putting, you won't have much luck putting against Runyan the way he was in the final of the pro championship when he beat Sam 8 and 7.

There's another way of finding out what this item of concentration means to a golfer; that's the cash per round method. Figuring out my prize winnings per round up to early August, 1938, and comparing them with the prize money of the other boys, I was at the top. Other boys beat me in total winnings. Snead was leading all of us. That young man is such a phenomenal natural golfer that if he could concentrate at the right time, he'd win most of the events.

But I know that either from wearing his concentration powers down by such steady competition, or by not having the natural knack of concentrating as Hagen and Jones did, he's usually good news for me when he starts ahead of me. I passed him in winning the National Open of 1937 and the Western Open of 1938 because I could mind my business more completely than he was able to do.

That's not knocking Sammy. That's a tip to him. When he learns how to concentrate, the rest of us had better look out. Our best chance is that he may concentrate so much that he won't slop any shots away, but will wear himself down from the strain of thinking only about that little white ball.

This winter the troupe will be making the rounds again, playing championships almost every week end like a band of wrestlers, all of whom have such titles as The Champion of the World in Corsicana, Texas. The titles won't mean

much, but that prize money means a great deal and every one of us wants to get all of it he can. You hear fellows say they'll be in the money at a tournament because they're not bothered by any particular competition, that "it's just another tournament." Well, when you hear them say that, you can be sure that they're not playing the best golf they can in that tournament. Or maybe they're trying to kid themselves and you.

I like Cooper's way of going at his business. Some of the other boys, and some of the gallery, may think that Harry's too self-centered and complaining in competition to be America's golfing sweetheart. What of it? The folks pay to see him shoot the best golf that's in his system. He concentrates on doing that, and everything else is dismissed from his mind. You look at his record over fifteen years and when you think of how he's kept up as a money-winner, you'll have to admit that he is a super-man in concentrating.

Maybe we're all crazy in this business of golf to be wasting so much mental effort in concentrating on hitting a little ball around a pasture. I imagine that if we'd been steered into some other business, or profession, or art, and had applied the same concentration to another field that we have to golf, we might really be famous men.

I tried selling automobiles. I was a complete flop at that. Then I was thinking about the time when I'd sell a few cars and be able to play some golf after my commissions eased the pressure of creditors. It didn't take me long to be convinced that a guy could no more two-time thinking about selling automobiles and playing golf, than I could be thinking these days about a possible automobile sale when I had a putter in my hand and six feet of smooth grass between me and the cup.

I can tell that much of the golf shot by businessmen is terrible because they are thinking about something other than hitting a golf ball when they're out on a golf course. They are thinking about business. I see them come south for their vacations and I play quite a little golf with them. After they've been away from the office long enough to quit trying to two-time their thinking, their scores get better. They get concentrating on their golf and start shooting pretty fair games.

Then they go back home, believing they've got the game licked. I see them the next summer and ask them how they are coming with their scores. "Lousy" they tell me. "Nobody will believe that I shot an 82 on a hard course the last time I played with you in Florida."

I know what's happened. They didn't have the habit of concentrating planted in them deep enough for it to last. I wonder if they are any better concentrating on their business. They must be

or they wouldn't be vacationing in style in the south.

Funny thing I've noticed about golfers: Dentists and phony stock promoters, a lot of times, make rather good amateurs. They are accustomed to concentrating. The dentist has to apply his attention to a little nerve in a tooth. He has pretty good wrists, too, as physical equipment for the game. The phony stock guy can sell himself so strong on some blue-sky scheme he really believes it. That takes concentration, and gets him into a habit that helps his golf.

What I know about other sports—mostly what I've picked up by talking to standout performers in them—has convinced me that in every sport an essential for the star is concentration far beyond the point that concentration is required in most business thinking.

So I laugh to myself when I hear any whispers about the dumb,

weakminded golfers. I know that good golfers have to be strong-minded to keep their minds set on their business, for the least little straying of attention means that a stroke probably will go wrong.

You recall the number of times you really had to think, and concentrate on some idea, yesterday. Being fair about it you'll admit that you actually concentrated less than a dozen times. The last day of the 1938 Western Open I played a 70-65, and of those 135 strokes I know I definitely concentrated and concentrated hard—on 130 of them. Five I just hit. Luckily, none of them came out too badly.

And when I got through that evening I had a headache that felt as if it were going to split my head.

Maybe it looks like a brainless, pleasant thing to you, this business of batting a golf ball around for a living, but, honestly, it is a headache. ##

Bird Lands, Custom Made

Continued from page 70

laying and laying. She furnishes the incubator with sixty or more eggs before she thinks "Oh, nuts!" and gives up. One high-production little egg factory at Forshala (Whitney) Plantation apparently thought it was up to her to perpetuate the species all by herself, but finally stopped after laying a hundred and thirty-two eggs.

Sometimes the eggs are hatched by bantam hens, but because bantams are often disease carriers the incubator—which can hatch as many as six thousand eggs at a time—is preferred. After about twenty-two days in the incubator the chicks hatch, cutting themselves out with a marvelously convenient "tooth" on their beaks which has no other earthly purpose and drops off in a day or two.

In the second year of the Investigation, an unhappy brood of lost chicks was found in a near-by field and brought in. Speculatively, Stoddard put them into the pen of a pair of mated quail and stepped back to see what would happen. The adult birds showed uncertainty as the lively bits of fluff burrowed through their feathers, almost upsetting them. Then, growing visibly pleased, they clucked and in a few minutes were scratching for the new family.

Encouraged, Stoddard put chicks into the pen of an unmated cock—and got the same result. More experiments satisfied him that even a bachelor bird will eagerly adopt a brood of strange chicks and competently raise them to adulthood. So in the vicinity of quail-farm operations many an unmated male bird, after being lured into a wire trap by a demure hen decoy, is presented with a dozen or so incubator chicks and allowed to lead them proudly into the wild.

Where electric brooders are used instead of foster parents, care is taken in opening the coops, because after two or three weeks the youngsters may actually fly out. Then there follows a rush to the house and an excited session with the butterfly net. At eight weeks the birds are old enough to be released.

In the wild, the young quail discovers that when it comes to enemies, the woods are full of them. Most enemies aren't sharp enough or quick enough to give him much trouble.

And some of the enemies are really benefactors. In the early days of the Investigation, marsh hawks were so numerous that the wild-life scientists hastened to establish their status, especially since the birds were often flushed from half-eaten quail.

Hawks have an eccentricity of regurgitating indigestible parts of their food—like bone and fur and feathers—in the form of pellets. On Forshala plantation a marsh-hawk roost was found, with piles of pellets near-by. The pellets were collected and sent to the Washington laboratories for analysis.

The report showed that quail were eaten by marsh hawks occasionally—but for every quail there was sign of fifty cotton rats. Cotton rats compete directly with quail for food. And they are quail-egg eaters. Each rat may eat several eggs a season. So for saving a couple of hundred potential quail, the marsh hawk asks a fee of one lone bird.

The Cooper's hawk, though, is quite another matter. This small "blue-darter" can overtake a grown quail in full forty-mile-an-hour flight. Where they are plentiful, Cooper's hawks, having a twelve-month open season, probably kill as many quail as hunters.

Another quail enemy that can be freely persecuted by the game manager is the night-hunting house cat. Yes, your own dear Tabby, who used to play so amusingly around your feet. When he's allowed to get out for any foraging he becomes a ruthless murderer. One clear summer morning Stoddard walked out to the propagat-

Continued on page 148



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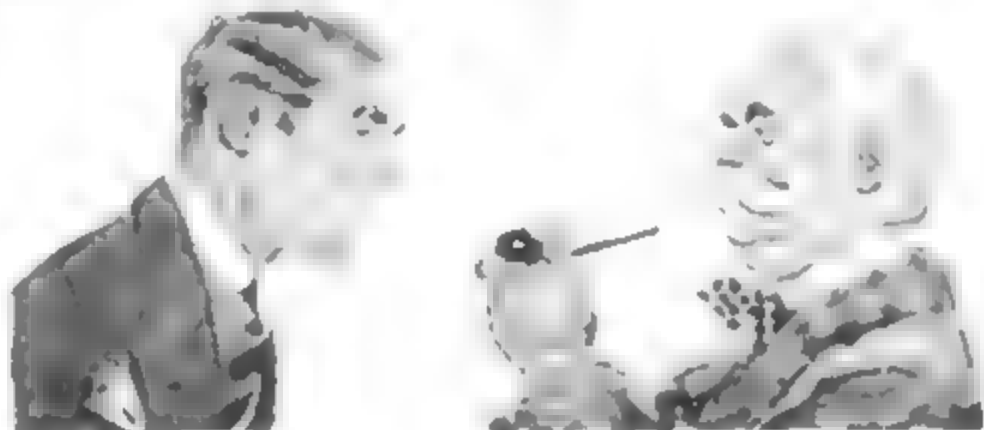
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Bird Lands. Custom Made

Continued from pages 70-147

ing pens to find that during the night a cat had paid them a visit—and twenty-eight dead quail strewn about was the result.

In the deep South, the stubbornest bobwhite menace is an insect—the fire ant. The death he and his hordes bring isn't a nice one. The ants attack the nest just as the chicks begin to hatch, and devour the baby quail alive.

There are other foes—skunks, foxes, snakes, loose bird dogs, and sometimes even quail-egg-eating backwoodsmen. Add to all that hazards like bad weather and uncontrolled woods fires, and it begins to seem surprising that any birds manage to reach maturity. But the quail, besides being a masterpiece of camouflage, is quick-winged and quick-witted. If his most persistent enemies are controlled, he will—in the proper environment—elude the others with regularity. And possibly become a stronger and gamier bird for having been chased.

This matter of proper environment Herbert Stoddard found to be the key to game management. The best quail shooting is in the South, though not because quail thrive only in southern climate. Michigan and Ohio used to be among the best states for quail, but increasingly extensive and clean agriculture removed coverts

and food and left the birds vulnerable to all manner of hungry enemies. The South, with easy living, cheap land and consequently careless farming, suited them better.

Quail food is about eighty-five per cent weed seeds—partridge peas, beggarweed, Japan clover and such—and the rest insect. The bobwhite needs no babbling brook to quench his thirst—he drinks dew from the grass blades.

To be able to feed and drink their dew in safety, the birds require a certain kind of range, just as you need a kitchen in your house. Roosting calls for another kind of range—you require a bedroom. They dislike the idea of living constantly in a cornfield just as much as you would dislike living entirely in your kitchen. You want at least four rooms in your house—quail want at least four kinds of range, mainly open woodland, weedy fields, cultivated ground, and brushy land.

First Stoddard satisfied himself about which ranges were best for quail. Then he told the preserve owners. He also told them that each of the four range types should be easily accessible to the birds—in other words, there should be a juncture of the types.

Returning to our simple analogy, suppose your house, consisting of only four essential rooms,

is two hundred feet square. You'd have some fine big rooms, but most of the space would be wasted. Some practical fellow points out that you could reduce the size of your rooms and thereby make more of them, and have an apartment house. There'd be homes for many families instead of one, and each would have the four essential rooms. And that—using land instead of a house and ranges instead of rooms—is the way to make homes for more quail.

Obediently, mule teams and tractors began rearranging the topography of the piny-woods country. Bird food was planted in a few sections. Where the quail stock had become excessively thin, young hatchery birds were released, but that wasn't often necessary.

A season passed. Stoddard spent many days taking a census of the birds. Patiently he studied his figures and got his answer: the birds were increasing. Another season—more increase. And he knew then, that his work, beyond all doubt, was succeeding.

The preserve country is now the happiest hunting grounds imaginable. Quail? They're everywhere. Even a mediocre bird dog can locate one big blasting covey after another. As secondary items of the quail management, some 10,000

wild turkeys—at one time a fast-disappearing species—inhabit the preserves in beautiful droves. And deer are plentiful.

Today, Herbert L. Stoddard is the undisputed authority on bobwhite quail, and the Quail Investigation's work is recognized as the first successful attempt at large-scale game management in this country. Because of it there shouldn't be any doubt about the future of our birds. Quail will be here as long as we want to go to a little trouble to keep them here.

Provided, of course, we use common sense in shooting. Although it sounds bromidic, it's a fact that genuine sportsmen have more pleasure in watching the dogs work and in making the hard shots than in stuffing their bags. An ultra-sporting method of shooting is practiced by Ed Farrior, the wind-burned field-trial man and handler of the 1937 national bird-dog champion, Air Pilot's Sam. Farrior uses a little 28-gauge gun and shoots at the cocks only. Try spotting the cocks in a fast covey flush, sometime.

On his Sherwood Plantation, Herbert Stoddard and his assistant, E. V. Komarek, go even farther than that. They hunt wild turkeys with bow and arrow.

They may even kill one some day. ##

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AT ALL MEN'S AND DEPARTMENT STORES

Robert Philipp: Collector's Artist

Continued from page 59

time after returning to the United States from his European schooling, he enrolled in the classes of the National Academy. At the Art Students' League he studied under Bridgeman and DuMond, the latter of whom he found a particularly excellent teacher. He visited the museums and spent time copying the Old Masters, particularly Rembrandt, Hals and El Greco. Philipp tried to earn money by his painting although he was beyond the need of it. His first portrait commission brought a friend's wife and daughter to sit for him. He made other portraits. He sold copies of the Old Masters and his own water colors. In 1922, when still in his student years, he sent a self-portrait to the National Academy, which not only hung it but awarded it the second Hallgarten prize. But the following year the picture which he sent did not even pass the jury. Now the Academy has to hang whatever he chooses to send, for in 1935 he was elected an Associate, with the right to put A. N. A. after his name.

His father died in 1923 and the following year he accompanied his uncle and mother on a European tour. After staying in Germany for a time, the group reached Paris where the painter remained for a time after the departure for the United States of his mother and uncle. He studied in no particular school but spent much time in the Louvre and the Luxembourg, studying masterpieces, and did

considerable painting of Parisian scenes. Upon returning to New York he began exercising his tenor voice and his acting talent in his uncle's company. Around 1926 he gave up music as a career.

Philipp declares that he does not work according to any formula, that the painting of every picture is an adventure without relation to the adventure that preceded it. Although he does not scorn representation, his painting is always creative; he does not always, for example, paint landscapes directly from Nature. Even in figure painting he sometimes does his best work after the model has left. He does not reject portrait commissions, but he paints portraits without compromise. He likes to change the mood and tempo of his paintings. It was a great relief to him, after having done a long series of young women, to attack the problem of *Dust to Dust*, the theme of which he felt intensely and which he executed surely and without fumbling in two days. When the inspiration is on him, there are weeks when he works incessantly. Then there are lulls when he spends days at a time in reflection. During these introspective periods, he loves to drive through the country studying the moods of landscape. He has also done sculpture, pastel, water color and lithography and hopes to continue working in all these different mediums which he finds fascinating and conducive to the expression of his temperament. #

On the Record

Continued from page 115

out tambourines, more wooden clappers, and the same note on the piano twelve times in succession. I was told to listen for the street-car, but when they made my copy, there must have been a strike.

You hunt on yours. For the girl "in the know," nothing is better than the eight symphonies of William Boyce, active, vivacious, and elegant, which *Timely* has recorded (Set 1-K). And if she's not afraid of strange names, there's d'Indy's *Symphony for Orchestra and Piano on a French Mountain Air* (Columbia No. 211, \$5), played by Marguerite Long and the Colonne Symphony and conducted by Paul Paray, ranking conductor in Paris today. It's lyric, rhythmic, and scintillating in the best French manner: the breaks and joints are not as smooth as they should be, but then where would you put them in such a work.

Some folks are sensitized to a particular composer. That's easy, if you find out their weakness. The *Brandenburg Concertos* always thrill the Bachians. Complete in a handsome two-volume set (Columbia 249 and 250, \$9), they have been put on wax by the most distinguished instrumentalists of our

time under the direction of Fritz Busch. There is a lighter side to Bach, as everybody knows who has heard of the "Coffee" Cantata. It is a jibe at the women of Leipzig and their fashionable coffee craze, which was new then. The plot is simple. Lieschen, in spite of threats from her father, refuses to give up drinking coffee. After much argument, she agrees to do so in exchange for a husband. In the end she gets both. Muscraft has recorded the "Coffee" Cantata. Benjamin de Loache sings the father. William Hain narrates. Ethel Hayden is Lieschen and the instrumental ensemble is directed from the harpsichord by Ernest Victor Wolff.

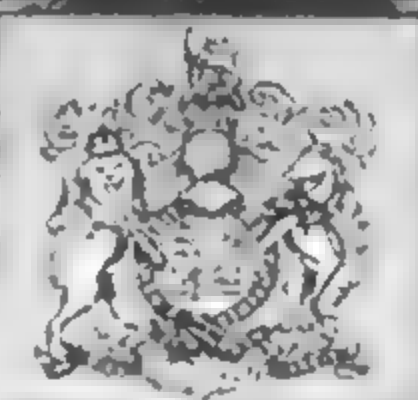
It is worth a place in every collection.

It's no trouble to hunt out a work by Beethoven, Mozart, Stravinsky, Schumann, Tchaikovsky, or whoever writes your jane's favorites: The Gramophone Shop Encyclopedia will give you complete listings of the old recordings and there are supplements containing everything since its publication.

If you've got friends with a yen for the violin, I suggest the second Prokofieff Concerto played by Heifetz, the first played by Szigeti, Yehudi Menuhin's record-

Continued on page 150

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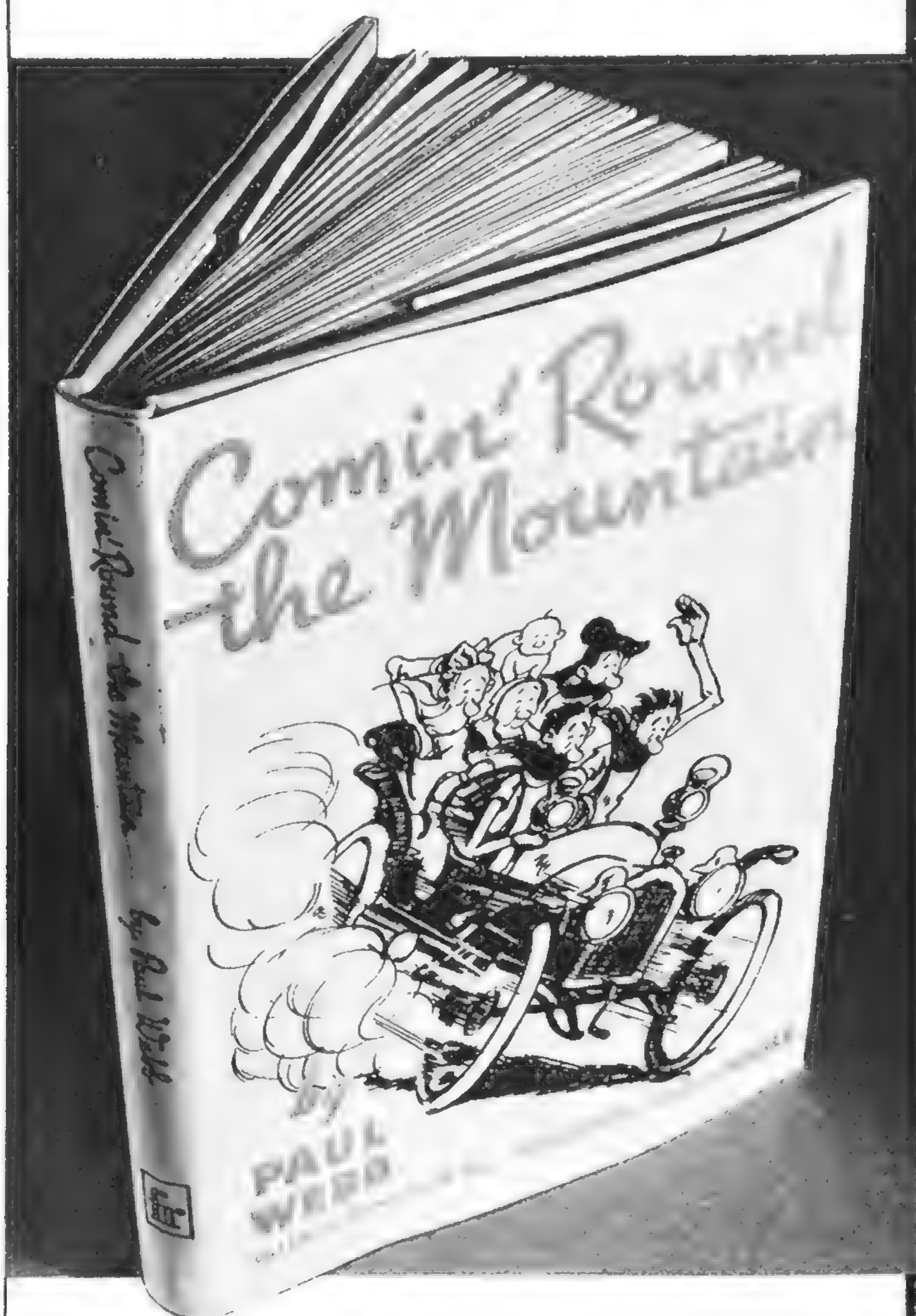
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On the Record

Continued from pages 115-149

ing with Hepzibah of Enesco's *Sonata, No. 3, in A Minor*. If these are unfamiliar, turn to Kreisler or Elman or Zimbalist and grab.

For the piano, Edwin Fisher has recorded the Bach Preludes and Fugues; Artur Schnabel, the Chopin Nocturnes . . . and there's always Paderewski, Rachmaninoff, and Horowitz with single discs . . . and concertos.

If tenors are her passion, any of Gigli's arias. If it's a basso she likes (and you are not afraid of competition), take along Pinza's *O tu Palermo* and *L'Ultima Canzone*. . . .

For the old folks, Schumann-Heink's *Stille Nacht* or John McCormack's *Adeste Fideles* are guaranteed.

Stokowski's *Eine Feste Burg* and Russian Christmas music are plenty colorful . . . and the Trinity Choir sings Christmas Carols (Victor 35788).

You know whether your maiden aunt would take to *There Are Fairies in the Bottom of Our Garden* (Gramophone Shop 1002) and *I'm a Camp-fire Girl* (Gramophone Shop 1003) . . . or any of those naughty ditties the Marconi Brothers put out in New York for the Duke of Windsor and a

group of Park Avenue Consumers.

* * *

Maybe she glides divinely, and you like to limber up in her front hall or drawing room. If she has a cultivated taste, frequents La Conga or Morocco, buy her Pancho's *Famous Tangos* (Decca, \$2.25).

If she likes her Cuban rhythm raw, Hermanos Castro's *Rumba Album* is it. If she prefers to keep away from "grease-ball" and "spic" motions, likes the way the rumba is played in the best hotels, get Henry King's ten sides, (Decca, \$2.25). If she works in Macy's or the Emporium, visits the Palomar, Trianon, or Roseland, she'll take to Victor's Symposium of Swing, featuring Bunny Berigan, "Fats" Waller, Tommy Dorsey, and Benny Goodman. It's \$5.50.

If she wears white tulle and waltzes, it's Harry Horlick's two Decca Albums, Nos. 11 and 13. If she's lonesome in Muncie, send her *An Evening at the Waldorf*. It'll make you think of the Central Park Casino, as it features Leo Reisman. To see how Bach and Handel would do it if they were alive, spend *Twenty Minutes with Andre Kostelanetz*. ##

RECORDS

And if it's frosty where you are, and you need to generate a little heat, any one of these is recommended:

- | | | |
|---------------------------|--|----------------|
| BENNY GOODMAN | <i>Sometimes I'm Happy and King Porter</i> | Victor 25090 |
| LARRY CLINTON | <i>Midnight in the Madhouse and Big Dipper</i> | Victor 25697 |
| LIONEL HAMPTON | <i>Rhythm, Rhythm and China Stomp</i> | Victor 25586 |
| HAL KEMP | <i>Dodging a Divorcee and Serenade for a Wealthy Widow</i> | Brunswick 7945 |
| TOMMY DORSEY | <i>Rhythm Saved the World and At the Codfish Ball</i> | Victor 25314 |
| CHAUNCEY MOREHOUSE | <i>Oriental Nocturne and Ku-Li-A</i> | Brunswick 8142 |
| DUKE ELLINGTON | <i>Swingtime in Honolulu and I'm Slappin' 7th Avenue</i> | Brunswick 8131 |
| RAYMOND SCOTT | <i>Powerhouse and Toy Trumpet</i> | Brunswick 7993 |
| HUDSON-DE LANGE ORCHESTRA | <i>China Clipper and Why Pretend</i> | Brunswick 8147 |
| JOHNNY MERCER | <i>Jamboree Jones and Bob White</i> | Brunswick 7988 |
| BEN POLLACK | <i>Boogie Woogie and California, Here I Come</i> | Decca 1517 |
| BOB CROSBY | <i>Christopher Columbus and It's Great To Be in Love Again</i> | Decca 753 |
| COUNT BASIE | <i>Honeysuckle Rose and Roseland Shuffle</i> | Decca 1141 |
| GLEN GRAY | <i>Copenhagen and Jungle Jitters</i> | Decca 1048 |
| EDGAR HAYES | <i>Stompin' at the Renny and Laughing at Life</i> | Decca 1416 |
| WOODY HERMAN | <i>Doctor Jazz and Trouble in Mind</i> | Decca 1307 |
| EARL HINES | <i>Bubbling Over and Blue</i> | Decca 714 |
| CLAUDE HOPKINS | <i>Zozoï and Monkey Business</i> | Decca 674 |
| HARRY ROY | <i>Tiger Rag, Bugle Call Rag and Twelfth Street Rag</i> | Decca 1507 |
| HENRY KING | <i>'Swonderful and Say it with Music</i> | Brunswick 1890 |

I Get a Bang Out of Elephants

Continued from page 87

by this time, and gave orders to pull out for the Athi River region, in the Wakamba Reserve. The Wakambas have hunted with poison arrows for generations, and they know their stuff. They're fine people. I'll bet you'd find them less savage than the people in the apartment next door. As you go along on a safari, you pick up boys from each district who know their way about. And you learn to respect them. Most of them are hired, and the wages are divided by their headman—not equally—but according to seniority. The rest of the gang just goes along for the hell of it, and for any meat they can get to take home.

We made camp on the banks of the Athi River. Every night we were entertained by sounds of elephants tearing down branches to feed, by the roaring of lions and rhino in the river. Each morning we sent boys up and down the river, on both sides, to pick up the elephant spoor. The boys go in pairs—so that one boy can come back to tell what happened to the other, just in case. They carry sticks which they use to measure the size of the spoor, cutting notches in them to show the exact size. At daybreak, when all the boys had returned, we compared sticks and started out after the biggest spoor. After following them up about ten miles, we spotted the herd. We waited around for three-quarters of an hour, looking these monkeys over. Mike decided that one of the bulls was big enough to take a chance on, but told me not to use a brain shot, because of the chance of losing a trophy. So I blasted through the thorn bush with Mike's Gibbs 4/16, for the heart. He went down, but he was up again. I followed with another shot which later proved to hit him in the lungs. Meanwhile the herd began to trumpet and mill about, trying to wind us.

Mike said, "Come on, get the hell out of here." So we ran downwind till we'd succeeded in losing them. Then we snuck back to find the guy we shot. Finding him was no trick, because you could hear him groaning. He was coming for us. As I leveled off for his head, to try for a brain shot, Mike said, "Look out for his ivory." I shot him up under the jaw, towards the brain. He went down, to stay. While he wasn't as big as we had hoped, he was worth taking. His tusks averaged ninety-one pounds each.

The biggest elephant I got was in the Voi section, which was generally considered to be "shot out." We went along an old safari road, long abandoned, and within three miles of town we picked up some very promising spoor. It led us through some awful tough stuff. It was during this trip, by the way, that I happened on the only snake of the whole safari. It lay across our path; a six-foot puff adder. When I saw what it was, I drew back for a mashie shot. But the

nearest boy caught my walking stick and signaled to walk around the snake, which we all did, quietly. Only a damned fool disturbs a puff adder, they told me later.

It was around noon that we ran bang into three bulls: one, a Cube Sana, Swahili for "very big," and the other two, smaller Shakari (Swahili for soldier-guard.) Older and bigger bulls usually line up with the young Shakari, who are more pugnacious and stand guard. Often the Shakari charge the hunter while the big guy gets away. It's all doped out in advance, and boy, they're plenty smart.

For the first time, it wasn't necessary for Mike to put the ten-power glasses on this big bull to tell that he was our meat. We went into action immediately. Charo, the gun bearer, was several paces behind me and the second scout, who immediately preceded me, was carrying Mike's 4/16 Gibbs. I stepped forward and grabbed this gun in passing. The heavy thorn brush (every cockeyed thing in Africa bears thorns) hid most of the big tusker from view and I saw it was impossible to get a clear shot. So I blasted him in the general direction of the heart. The whole gang of elephants disappeared. In my haste to jam a second cartridge in the chamber, I jammed the ejector. Charo immediately cut a branch to improvise a ramrod and at this juncture I heard what sounded like two French 75's right over my shoulder. I looked up to see Mike dotting the forehead of this forty-pound Shakari who had turned on his tracks and was coming for us thirty yards away. I saw a second shot plow through his forehead, making him sway momentarily. But he regained his balance and came on. You can imagine my relief, holding a useless rifle in my hand, when Mike gave him the third, right in the sweet spot, dropping him dead than a mackerel twenty feet away. Grabbing my Mannlicher 256 from the gun boy, I took out after the big lad to see if I could pick up any blood spoor. I was cursing my luck at losing such a marvelous animal, and also at having to take the smaller bull in self-defense. Flecks of frothy blood indicated there was a lung wound, which meant I had hit him rather high. I only hoped it would be enough to anchor him. When we'd gone about two hundred fifty yards, the local scout stopped me with outstretched arms and pointed straight ahead. The big tusker had turned and was coming toward us rather slowly—he was pretty sick. I ran toward him within twenty paces and tried to get a view of his head which was behind thick stuff. Finally, as he came on, and as his ivory was the only visible target, I drew a bead halfway between the tips of his ivory and then proceeded to follow up that imaginary dividing line until the sights seemed to rest on the brain. I eased off, and the

Continued at top of page 152

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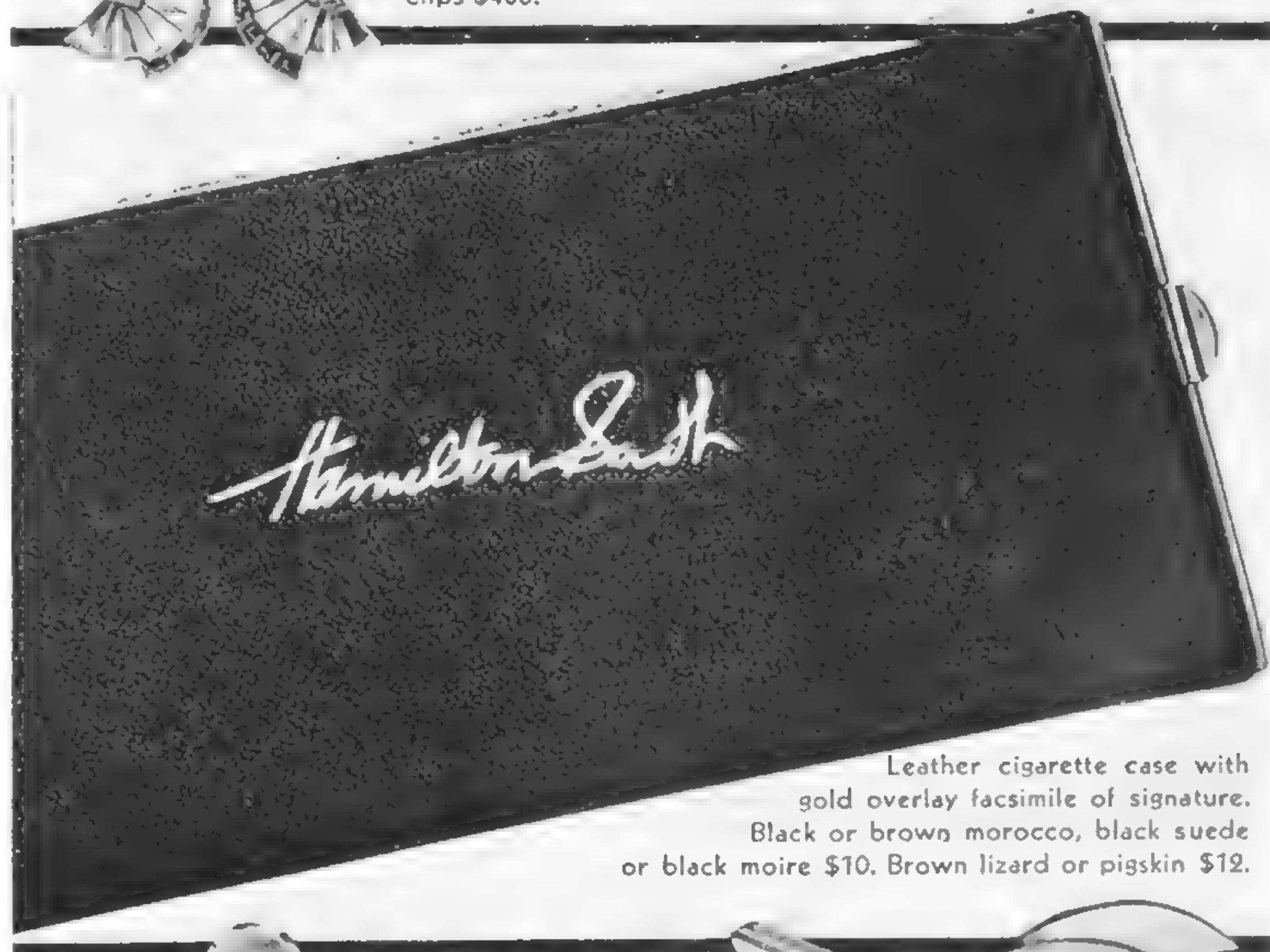
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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

366 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

I Get a Bang Out of Elephants

Continued from pages 87-151

little slug dropped him. It was a swell feeling to realize I'd got this big fellow. His tusks averaged one hundred two pounds. Yet I experienced a real regret—it sounds like alligator's tears, but other hunters say they've shared it—at having murdered such a mass of meat, a really glorious animal, just for the sake of getting a trophy.

One morning after the scouts had returned from spooring, we looked over the sticks and were thrilled to discover what looked like the granddaddy of all pachyderms. He had evidently drunk in the river at midnight and although we started the stalk at five-thirty in the morning, it wasn't until three that afternoon, we came up to the herd. There were around twenty of them—mostly cows with young. You must move cautiously when you see young elephants, for a mother will charge at first smell. A mother elephant isn't a good trophy, and since your allotment is limited, it's a shame to have to kill her in self-defense. It's rotten luck for you, and for the elephant.

The way to avoid useless killing is to stay downwind (that is, so the wind blows from the herd, toward you). An elephant always runs upwind to make a charge. His hearing is keen but his eyes aren't much good to him, and he depends mainly on his sense of smell.

We stalled around, waiting for the herd to move so we could pick out the old boy with the heavy ivory. But they didn't accommodate us and at length, Mike climbed into the tallest tree handy, about a hundred yards from the herd. Using his ten-power glasses, he picked up the big guy and declared he was all we'd hoped for, from his spoor. We waited another ten minutes for those monkeys to move, gave up, and decided to

chance going in among them. Mike had spotted the big one near a mimosa tree, so we made for that tree. Inch by inch we made our way through the brush to a spot twenty paces from the tree, downwind of it, where I could see only the hind foot of the quarry. I was attempting to peer through the thick stuff when something stopped me. It was the strangest sound I've ever heard.

It sounded like two short blasts from a steam whistle—a sort of whoo-who, and it came from behind thirty yards of where I stood. Something happened to my spine, but not, thank God, to my locomotion. I turned and beheld my first rhino charging at us wide open. He looked like nothing so much as a big oversized rubber race horse. His nose had picked up our odor and he must have thought we smelled. He came straight on, galloping and puffing. I waited for Mike to shoot, because I could see his horns were only about ten inches long—plenty long enough to be uncomfortable but not long enough for a good trophy. I knew if I busted him, as instinct told me to do, he'd go on my license. Fortunately, the wind was quartering by us and as the blundering rhino had picked up our scent downwind and was running upwind, he passed within five yards of us. He left us with nothing worse than a tingling in the spine. And that, lads, was the biggest thrill I had in Africa. All I can say for it is, I wish my enemies the same. ##

EDITOR'S NOTE: Since Petty has more tales about Africa than we could accommodate in one story, we have persuaded him to write a book. He has some fine photographs of animals for illustrations. But we are wondering whether those nature lovers who constitute George's public would like to see some Petty gals, along with the wildebeest.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 10-12

NUMBER 4 ANSWERS ALL

While reading *Man Who Walked Through Glass* in the November issue, the following questions came to mind:

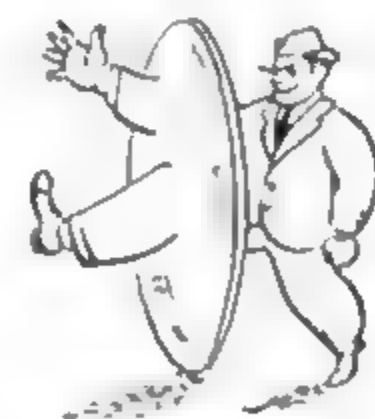
1. What would happen if Guimple should stick his hand through a piece of glass and then reach around with his other hand and put the ring on his finger?
2. If Guimple should walk through a convex lens, would he be bigger when he emerged on the other side?
3. Could Guimple get the olive out of a martini without spilling any of the cocktail?
4. What the Hell? Anyway?

Very truly yours,
Auburn, Alabama

CLAYTON WRIGHT
T. S. SMITH
FRANK GUNTER

WARNING: PETTY'S A CRACK SHOT

What the hell has happened to Petty? His last drawing in your November issue stunk. We could smell it across the room. It didn't live up to his usual standard. Well, what the hell you will probably only throw this in the basket so we won't bother to write any more as we have told you all we want to anyway. Do us a favor though and warn us when you print another of his



drawings like that so we won't have to waste the half a buck.

Yours till the next issue,
Boston, Mass. The Bentley Boys

EXCELSIOR, OR HIGHER AND HIGHER

I used to aspire
To write for ESQUIRE.
Somewhat as a flyer
I sent a satire
Called *Molly Maguire*,
Who rose from the mire
To sing in a choir
In rakish attire
Causing men to admire
And some to desire,
(A few to acquire
For moderate hire.)
I felt she'd inspire
ESQUIRE to buy 'er.
Now fancy my ire
To have it transpire
That *Molly*, entire,
Came back with a dire
Note saying 'twas drier
Than grass after fire!

* * *
But I shall not tire;
I'll work and perspire;
My aim shall be higher;
For all I require
Is to make the ESQUIRE
Before I expire.

Yours truly, dear Sire,
Fitchburg, Mass. AMOS KENT

Home Sweet Home

Continued from page 41

important. There was not what one would call a sense of symbolism in her at all. As Martin said, it was all a question of "feel," of inward perception. She was gross, and as such, God help her. He couldn't.

On the third day of March, with the ushering in on the heavenly floor of the new moon, Martin's smoldering resolve suddenly burst alight. In an instant born of fire he realized that he had sufficiently added and subtracted, had weighed long enough on a balance. The instant was timed providentially insofar as its birth coincided with his wife's absence at the market in the town, and as the instant in question hurled its fiery radiance upon him he resolutely put on his cap ere it died. No part of him betrayed him except perhaps his eyes. They were ablaze. But he drew heavy lids over them, secreting them. At the low door the wind met him with sudden encouragement. Instantly he tasted it and translated the taste. In the glory of it he realized his parting was devoid of pity for the woman he once fondled as if she were a holy thing. It was regrettable but it was true.

"They're harvesting hay," he told himself, "in the fifty-eight acre field on Lord Orr's estate, forty miles away."

He resolved to strike off in that direction. The way lay over the river at the bottom of Terry O'Kane's barley field and thence cut a winding path through Tippen's wood and over the left shoulder of Slieve Ruadh to the level vale that was now invisible to him. With the help of God he would see it at the dip of the next sun. The closing in of the night upon it would be a matter of great visual feasting. He hoped he would confront the sight alone; most people though trained in the Mass to give a bowed deference to the mystical, were incongruously unmannerly in the presence of such a natural sacrament. In that lay the secret of many failures, the ruin of many temples.

On the green bank of the river he came upon a man idly stretched out, his hand cupped behind his neck and his eyes searching the waters from under the rim of a very battered hat. Martin recognized him at once as the "Thread Man." That was what people called him over the ground of four counties because he offered for sale a stock of rough linen thread and great-eyed needles at the cottage doors.

Martin sat down beside him and awaited the return of Terry Kane's boat now approaching from the opposite bank.

The Thread Man plucked a blade of grass, stuck it in his mouth and eyed Martin. What conclusion he came to he reserved for digesting with the wisp of grass.

"Are you for crossin'?" he asked as effortlessly as he could.

Martin nodded his assent.

"Is it for the town of Kildare you are bound?"

"For anywhere at all," returned Martin.

The tramp eyed him again.

"It's a wonder to me," he commented. "a tame little man like yourself would spend a penny ha-penny crossin' the river and you goin' to just anywhere at all. Isn't there a world of places this side o' the water, if that's the way o' it?"

"I'd rather the river behind me," muttered Martin.

"Um," said the Thread Man. "A river behind is a river between, what do you say?"

"Maybe," said Martin.

There was a pause. The Thread Man chewed at a blade slowly.

"Does your woman know you're taking a stroll to—to anywhere at all, and the water behind you?" he said with a hint of insinuation.

Martin stared at him, his eyes on guard.

"My woman?" he repeated. "What woman?"

The tramp leered a little under the stubble on his cheeks.

"The woman of your bed and board," he said.

"How did you know I was married anyhow?" challenged Martin, not a little angry. The tramp's smile was now a something, half pity, half contempt.

"You just—know," he answered. "If a man secures his woman from other men with a ring, a woman secures her man against her sisters by branding him all over."

Martin caught his breath.

"With what?" he questioned angrily.

"What? . . . What a stickler for names you are. How would I know. There's surely ten thousand things in the world without a name at all."

Martin felt himself quivering with rage before the insinuations of the other.

"I—I don't like you," he said at length between his teeth.

"That's too bad," answered the Thread Man, seizing a new blade of grass.

"You're just trying to be smart," pursued Martin. "What evidence have you at all I'm a married man?"

"If it was a crime," said the Thread Man. "I have more evidence than would hang you on a forty-foot gallows."

"Out with it," cried Martin, now thoroughly roused, "prove it."

"Prove it, is it?" said the tramp, one eye closed, and the other running Martin over like an electric torch. "Look, to begin with, the droop of your shoulders where you've given up resistin' her. You're hers. And that habit you have of squinting all in a minute to the side, the way you be watchin' her. And the way your ears are cocked out the way a bit with you always expectin' the rasp of her voice at you. And the wee black mark there in the neck of your

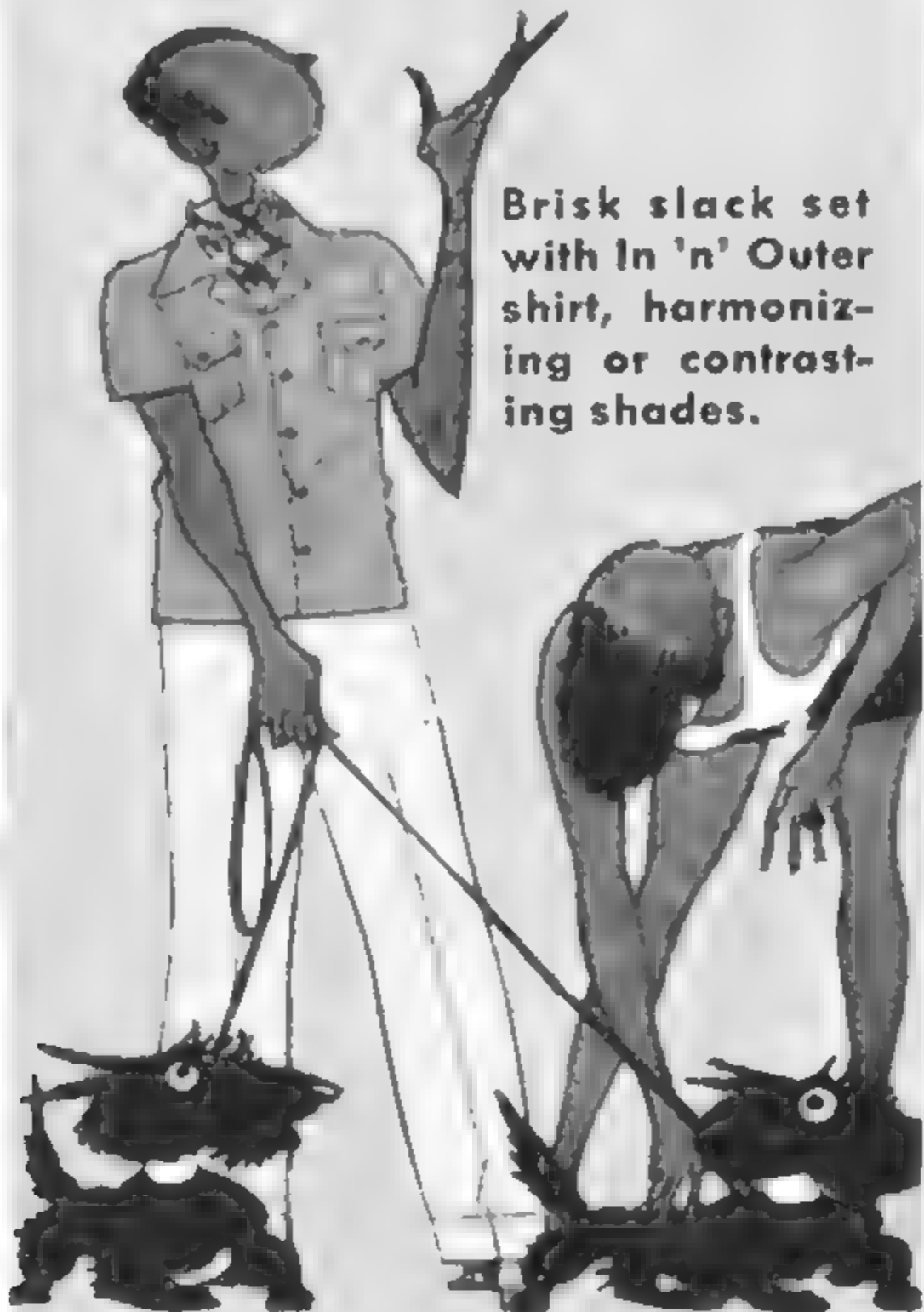
Continued on page 154

Skipper SPORTWEAR

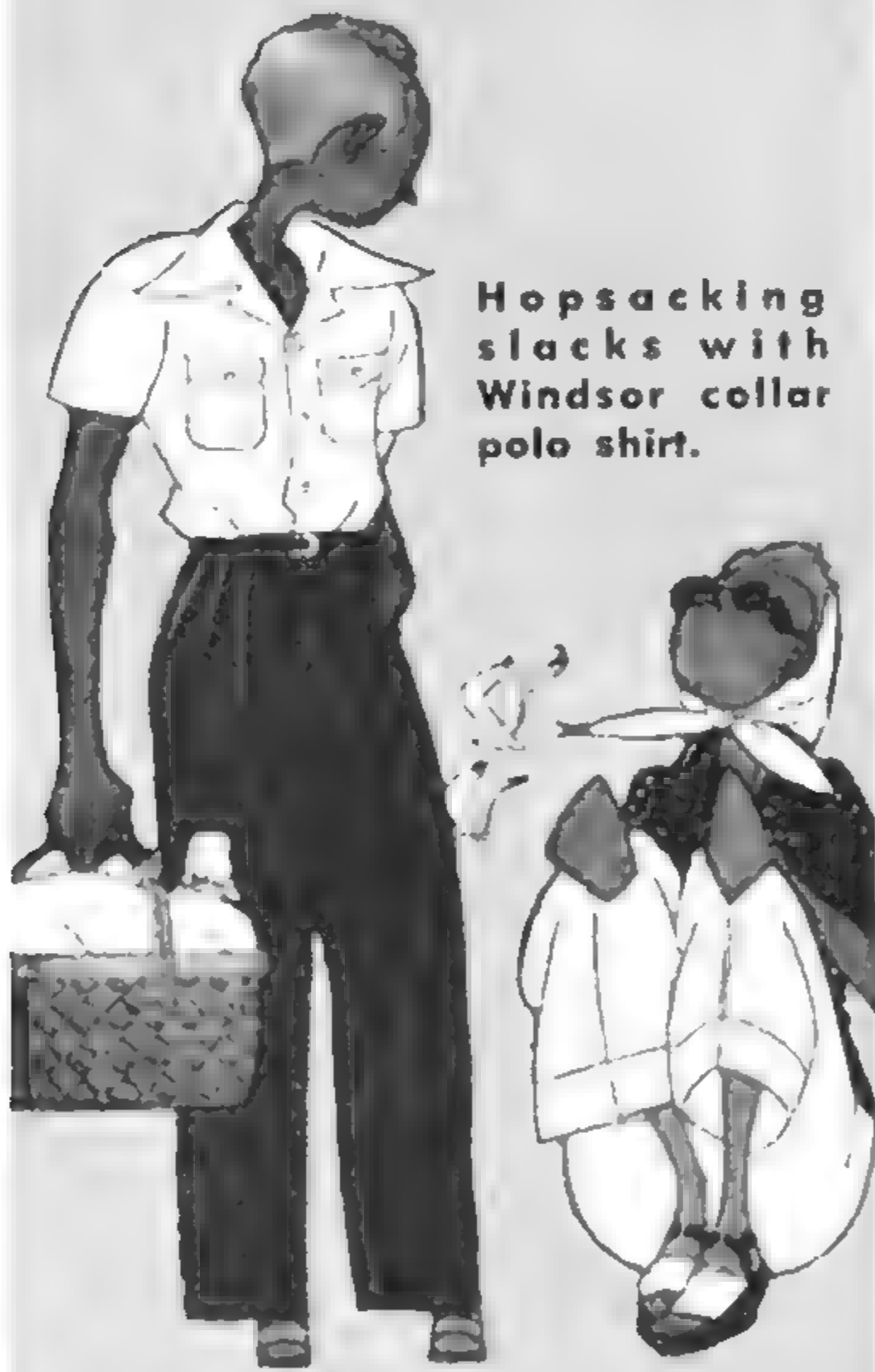
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OF MIAMI



Brisk slack set with In 'n' Outer shirt, harmonizing or contrasting shades.



Hopsacking slacks with Windsor collar polo shirt.

Sports ensemble of Bush coat and California style slacks of CONGO CLOTH, correctly harmonized.



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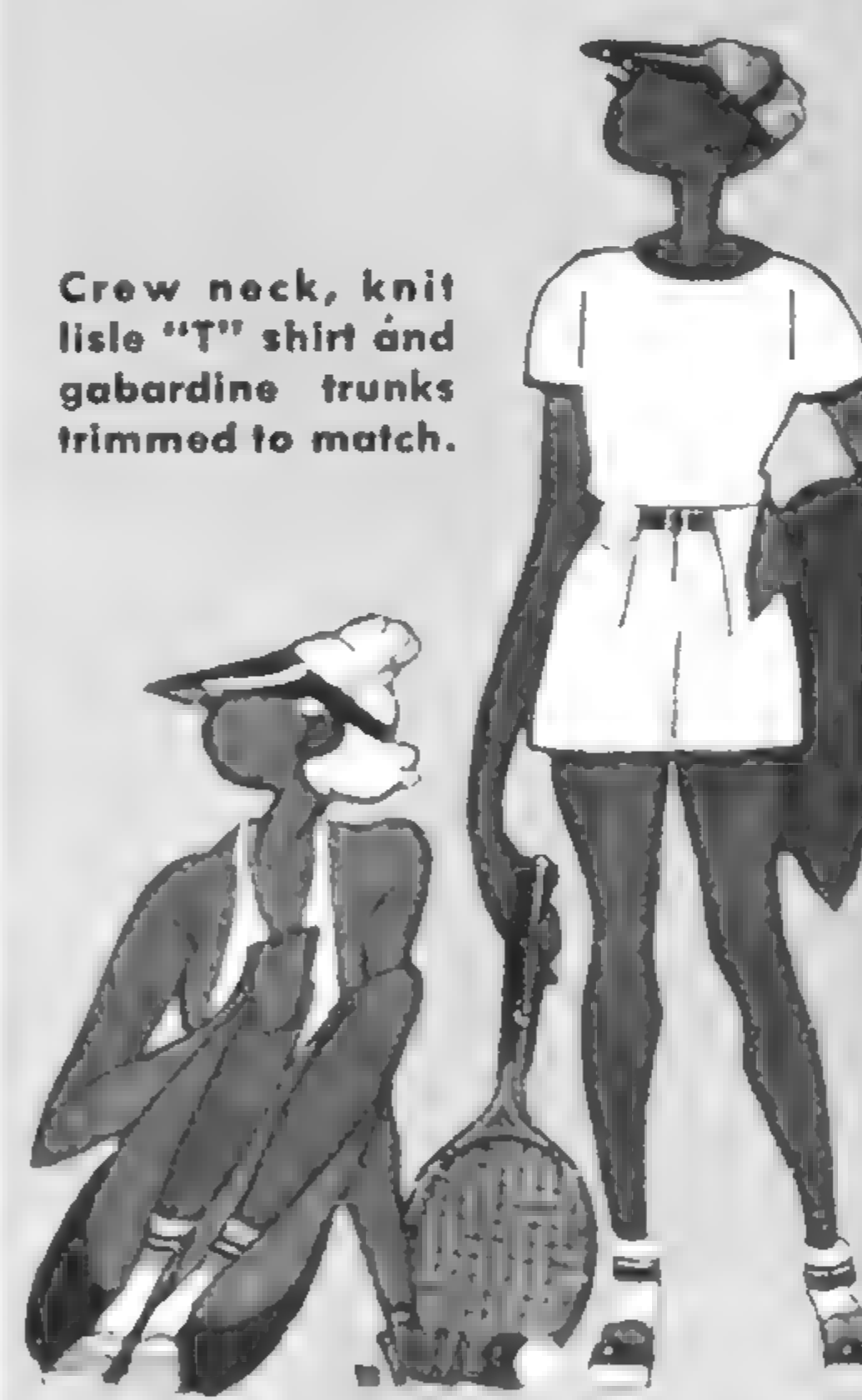
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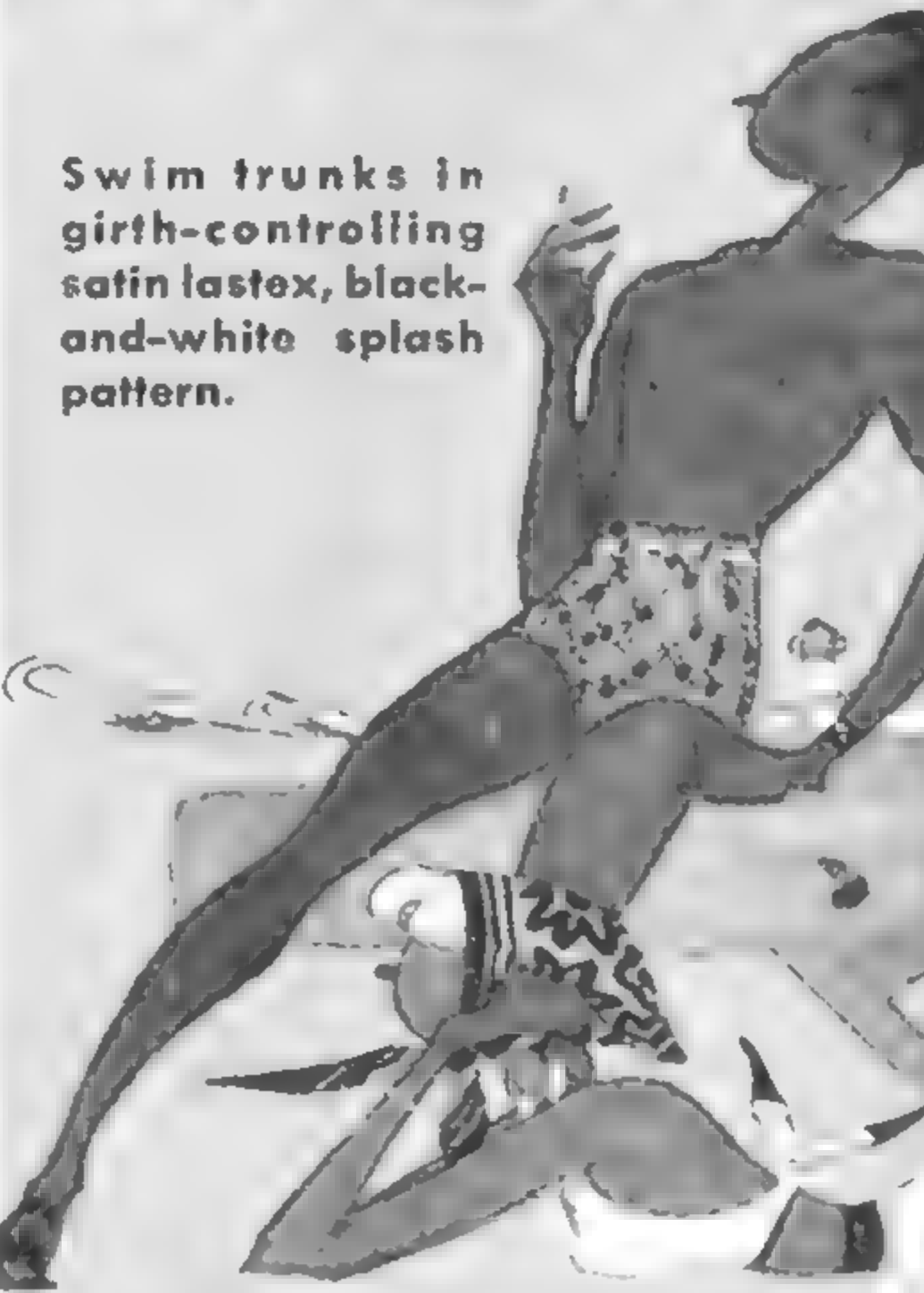
OF MIAMI



New collarless Half-Coat over polo shirt in slack suit ensemble.



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Swim trunks in girth-controlling satin lastex, black-and-white splash pattern.

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Home Sweet Home

Continued from pages 41-153

shirt, the exact shape of your chin, when you'd be broodin' at the fire, thinkin' to find a way where there's no way. And the cowed look in your eyes, with just the one spark in them that goes as quick as it comes. Ten times there since you sat down, you flipped a fallen bit of a leaf off your trousers and twice you rubbed the green glaze of the grass off your sleeve. And look at the inside of the turn-ups in your trousers — not as much as a burnt match in them nor a speck of sand nor nothin'. Sure you're an open book to me. And me not sayin' a word about your hand-knitted socks nor the wee patch in your shirt that was done with a number ten needle that only a woman's finger can manage."

Martin lay crushed. It had gone far past the moment for anger. He was speechless, impotent.

"God's truth," he said grudgingly at length. "I'd never have thought it. You're a noticin' man, I'll say that for you."

"I'm not more noticin' than the next one," commented the tramp. "If between this and—and anywhere at all, there's one woman among all the women we meet that doesn't notice what I notice, you can hit me a flyin' kick in the stomach."

But Martin had no desire to risk his chance of such a reward.

"It's no use so. I must stay where I am," he said slowly, rising and shaking the damp of the grass from him. The tramp too lurched to his feet.

"That's a truth," said the tramp, "that you got brave and cheap. Did you ever see them brandin' sheep?"

"Often," said Martin.

"They're not in it with men," commented the tramp. "The next time the preacher in the chapel talks about the mark you get in the soul at your christenin' that can never be rubbed off, think the same thing of the brandin's your woman has put all over you. For it is gospel too."

"You seem to be a knowledgeable man at any rate," said Martin half admiringly.

"I gained it dear and I'm passin' it on cheap," responded the Thread Man. "Five years ago when I murdered my first wife—"

Martin felt suddenly weak at the knees and stifled a cry.

"Aye," continued the tramp calmly. "She was a damn nuisance; I had a little farm then. I bought a vicious baste of a mare and sent my woman out to the stable to get a tin-can I left lyin' nicely at the mare's tail. The baste got her with the right hind leg..."

"Ugh" said Martin sickeningly.

"No need for that," said the Thread Man. "She felt nothin'. All over in a tick. I thought I was free then, but in nine months another one seven times worse was hoppin' cups and things off me head."

"Did you—kill her too?" Mar-

tin managed to slowly gasp.

"I tried to," answered the tramp decisively, "but the very devil himself was guardin' her. She wouldn't go near the stable, she wouldn't look down the well, she wouldn't help me to fix the patch on the roof. A wise one I'm tellin' you. I'm goin' home to her now in the town of Kildare, and there's a grand battle before me. When you came along, I was workin' out a plan of defense. I was feelin' that if I captured the kitchen and forced her back into the room I would be in command of most of the artillery..."

At this point a hail from the water's edge interrupted him and Terry Kane beckoned to them with an oar. The sight of the boat sickened Martin so that instinctively he turned his back to it.

"I think I'll just go—go home," he said, strangely hoarse.

"I'm for the same place," said the tramp, "so I can't complain either. But do you know what I am goin' to tell you, as a branded fellow creature: There's a wise age ahead of us will do away with the cruelest of all things on earth, the thing called home. I wish the high God had seen fit to hold back my birth a bit longer."

In a daze, Martin retraced his steps to his home. As he entered his house an involuntary shivering took possession of him so that his legs wavered and his fingers blundered impotently with his cap. His wife, vigorously alert and loquacious after a day of mighty talk at the market diagnosed him with one penetrating glance.

"I'm going to be sick," said Martin uneasily.

She jerked up his chin with a sweep of her arm.

"Show me the color of your tongue," she rapped out, and when Martin listlessly presented her with that ornament she greeted it with an ominous snort. In a few minutes she had divested him of coat and shirt, had forced him down on the threadbare couch and he felt her strong oily fingers massaging his chest and back. They seared his skin like a fury.

"God help you, you poor idiot," she kept muttering between vigorous strokes; "you'd be a tramp on the road only I'm lookin' after you, and as thievin' and godless a wretch as the Thread Man himself."

With that, she dragged his trousers off with what was the very negation of mock modesty and trundled him into bed. As he lay deciding how many grains of truth were in his wife's assertion, she appeared from the fireplace with a tumbler of salts and a bowl of hot, buttery gruel.

"N-n-no," he protested feebly. "I'm better," and instantly he dived completely under the bed-clothes.

A huge hand dived after him and reappeared with his chin in vise-like fingers. She tilted up his head with a mighty forearm. ‡

From the
 Mountains
in our own
 Backyard



MAUREEN

O'SULLIVAN

M-G-M STAR

appearing in 'Spring Madness' shows

WHITE STAG • SKI TOGS

From snowy Mt. Hood and Mt. Rainier... to windless Sun Valley... from the white floor of Yosemite to moviedom's winter Arrowhead, lie the Ski-Testing grounds of White Stag Ski Togs.

• Above "Alpine" Hooded Windbreaker appliqued with peasant braid. Cream, Navy, or Powder Blue... \$8.50

"Downhill" Style Gabardine Trousers Navy, Grey, Dartmouth Green \$9.95

• At left—

Famous "Four-Season" Jacket of Adirondack Poplin with detachable zipper hood. Six colors. The perfect all-sports combination. \$8.95

"Downhill" Gabardine Trousers. Navy, Grey, Dartmouth Green, and Brown... \$10.95

At Smart Shops Or Send for Style Portfolio "E"

For weather protection and color WHITE STAG features





Barley from sun-soaked fields . . . corn grown to rich perfection . . . rye sown in rich soil,
reaped at just the right ripeness . . . Mother Nature supplies every ingredient for this famous whiskey . . . Dis-
tilled and blended according to a long-treasured recipe now 115 years old. And so we say, with utmost sincerity:

REGARDLESS OF PRICE NO BETTER WHISKEY IN ANY BOTTLE.

FOR TROPIC NIGHTS

Extreme left: Single breasted white shawl collar dinner jacket with midnight blue dress trousers, pleated shirt with fold collar, black tie, maroon cummerbund.

Left: Double breasted shawl collar silk dinner jacket with black dress trousers, soft shirt with ribbon shape black tie, native coconut straw hat with white puggree band, green silk handkerchief.

WILLIAMS

Above: The new boater straw hat with extremely wide dark colored band, patent leather monk front dress shoe, patent leather pumps, blue velvet formal house slipper with gold monogram, worn by well-dressed men at house parties in Palm Beach and other Southern resorts.

Right: Evening blue—a new shade for dinner jackets worn in Southern climates, made in double breasted model in lightweight tropical fabrics, with self-faced shawl collar; silk shirt, black thistle shape tie, boater hat with wide blue band, patent leather evening pumps, camel's hair coat for cool evenings.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

SINCE 1510...BENEDICTINE D.O.M.*

NOW ALSO...B AND B LIQUEUR†



“AFTER COFFEE A **BENEDICTINE**”

OR FOR THOSE WHO PREFER A DRIER LIQUEUR, A **B AND B**

*Among the butlers who serve
“After Coffee . . . a Bénédictine”*

*Giles—Butler to
DOUGLAS MACKAY WHITNEY*

*Kostia—Butler to
PRINCE ALEXIS OBOLENSKY*

*Fred—Butler to
GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM*

YES, at America's most exclusive dinners, coffee-time is Bénédictine-time. Yet this pleasant social custom is one luxury that's not costly—up to 50 servings may be obtained from the regular-size bottle. No wonder Bénédictine outsold the next most popular imported liqueur by more than 2 to 1 in a typical month last year, according to sales figures of all states publishing them.

Tonight, drink with America's leading hosts... enjoy “After Coffee . . . a Bénédictine.”

Now after 423 years, a new liqueur also comes from Fécamp, France. Bénédictine's own bottled B AND B (Bénédictine and Brandy) is the famous Bénédictine combined with selected Cognacs. A new taste sensation! Perfectly blended in Bénédictine's centuries-old cellars, it is far superior to hurriedly mixed Bénédictine and Brandy.

There is only one Bénédictine. *Trademark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. †Trademark Registration Applied For. Both 86° proof. Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., N. Y., Sole U. S. Agents.





Fashion Approved Enka Rayon

Forget the whole thing, if you think she'd rather have a fireless cooker...but if she's as young as you think she is...if she's as smart as you'd like her to be...here's just about the most thoughtful gift man ever gave woman. Far as you're concerned...just look at the picture. Far as she's concerned, here's what she'll notice: that it's a two-piece model of Stehli's Meadowmist; that it has a removable bolero jacket that can shift into high when the scene changes from afternoon to evening...a bodice of leaf embroidered net (no discount)...a skirt as fluttery as her heart. It's a knockout idea of a Christmas gift for you to see that she's sheathed like this! \$25 or thereabouts.

Lord and Taylor . . . New York, N. Y.
J. L. Brandeis and Sons, Omaha, Neb.
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Chicago, Ill.
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*And at Leading Stores the Country Over
or write*

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Story of a Law

Continued from page 69

mean the customers might have spent their ticket money on food or clothes or books or travel or any of a million other things. What I am trying to get at is that when somebody wins, somebody loses."

"Of all the silly arguments," said the producer, and it seems that They figured it the same way. Because when the producers put on the pressure, They passed a law. Only it wasn't called the Theatre Libel Law. By this time They had figured that it was a waste of time to squabble over every business that made a squawk, so They just consolidated everything and passed the Business Libel Law, which made it very illegal to say nasty things about any business whatsoever. Its principle was that since the welfare of the country indisputably depended on Business, it was suicidal to criticize Business.

Well, the first thing you know, a few more wars and revolutions broke out in Europe and Asia and Africa, and a lot of our armament manufacturers started sending arms to them. The *Cosmos* made a big editorial complaint about this, and for its pains it got a nice fat fine plastered on it, because, of course, soon after the Business Libel Law had been passed They had ruled that anything went as far as arms manufacturing and shipping was concerned, and that Business shouldn't be bothered by Neutrality Laws or Sanctions. It was at this point that Mr. Print murmured to himself: "If I only had featured that next wreck of Colossal Airways, I might not be paying this fine today." It is not controllable that this reflection did Mr. Print any particular good.

Here is what happened about half a year later: There was a lousy patent medicine company that wanted to put an advertisement in Mr. Print's paper, but Mr. Print looked up the record of the company and had its product analyzed, and found that the stuff was nothing but a lot of water with a little peppermint flavoring in it and couldn't cure so much as a sneezing fit. So Mr. Print rejected the ad, and what do you suppose happened? The company prosecuted under the Business Libel Law, rejection of advertising being construed as libel in one of its sections.

But Mr. Print just laughed and said: "Phooey! That law refers only to legitimate business, and this patent medicine is a phony from the word go." But Mr. Print didn't laugh very long because the patent medicine company had a very smart lawyer, and he said: "I don't see anything in the law that specifies legitimate business, and besides how are you going to argue on moral grounds? I personally look on the armament business as a dastardly thing which causes the deaths of countless innocent people.

"Can anybody claim this patent medicine has done a millionth

the harm that armaments have?"

This made Them scratch Their heads. "Besides," continued the smart lawyer, "our business interrelates with others. Stop us putting out patent medicine, and it's going to hurt the bottle companies which means the glass companies—and the stopper companies and the label companies, isn't it? How about that?" So after They thought it over, They saw the wisdom of this argument, and They slapped another fine on Mr. Print, and saw to it that he printed the patent medicine company's ad in the *Cosmos*.

The next incident did not concern Mr. Print. It didn't happen for another year. It seems that They caught a gang of forgers who had been turning out all kinds of phony bills for a good many years. So when They caught them, They started to give them the works, but right in the middle of things, the forgers yelled: "Hey! Wait a minute!"

"What do you mean, wait a minute?" They said.

"You can't do this to us," said the forgers. "It would ruin our business. It's contrary to the Business Libel Law."

"What!" They exclaimed. "But forging isn't a business."

"Oh yeah?" said the forgers. "Well, we've found it mighty good."

"But cripes," They said. "It isn't a legitimate business. It's a crime. A hell of a crime."

"O.K." said the forgers, "but how about that patent medicine company decision? That wasn't a legitimate business either. Not the way we see it. Fooling all those innocent customers with a lot of flavored water. Tch tch! That's terrible. Now look at us. We make money, and everybody needs money—the people, the country, Business—everybody. And you say that isn't legitimate!"

This was mighty unexpected, and They had to pause and scratch Their heads. "By golly," They said, "we never thought of it that way before."

"We can see that," said the forgers, "but quit stalling, and give us an acquittal. We want to get back to work again."

"Well—" They said. "We've got to think this over." So they thought for quite a while, and finally They said: "I think the thing we should do is to consult Business on this."

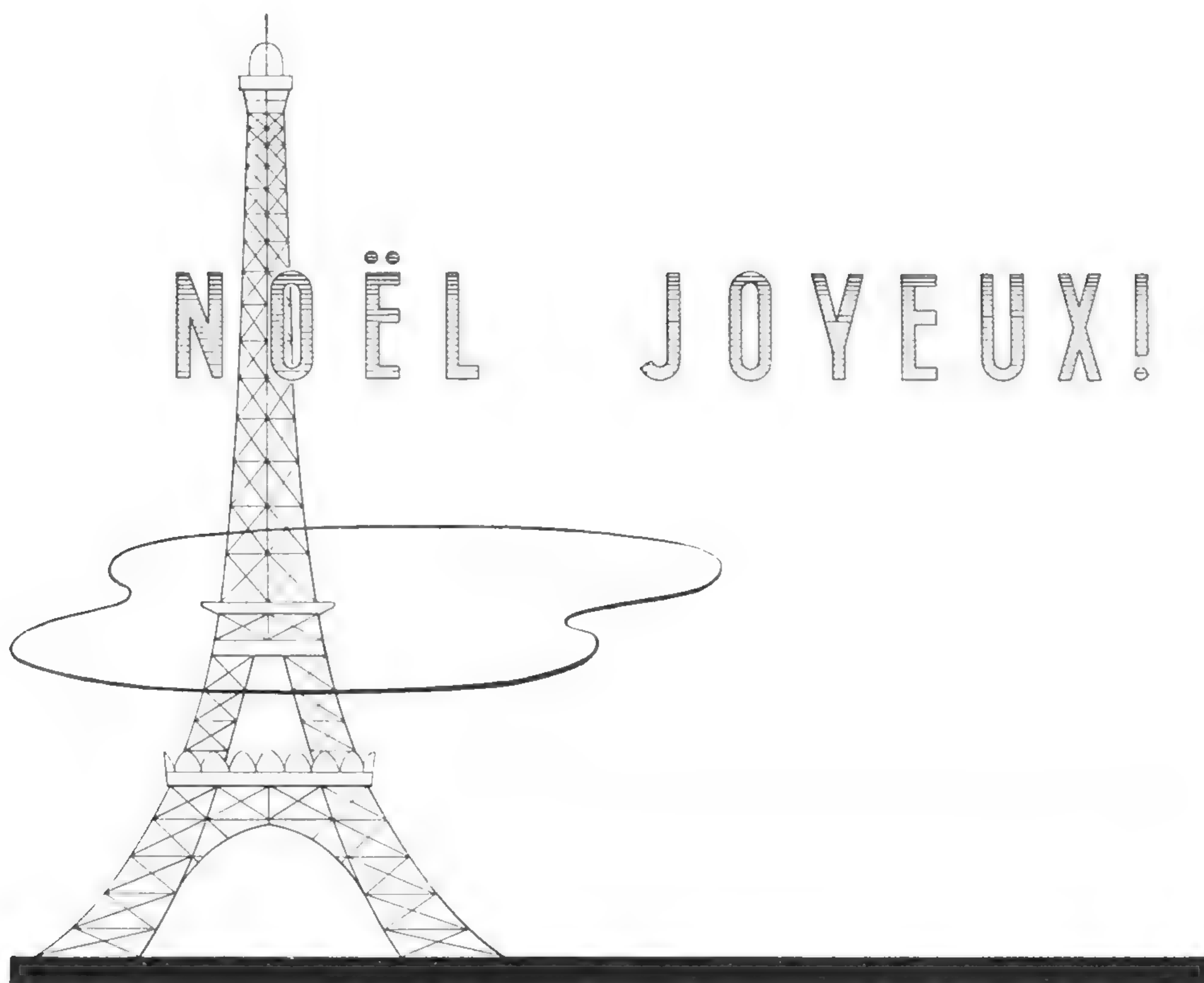
"O.K." said the forgers, "Go ahead and consult it."

So They went out, and They were gone quite a while, and finally They came back, and the forgers said: "Well, how about it?"

Well, They stalled for a while, and then finally They said: "Well, the truth of the matter is that we looked everywhere, high and low, and we couldn't find Business."

"You couldn't find it?" the forgers asked.

"No," They said. "Isn't it the funniest thing? And it was here just the other day." ##



*An Inspired Christmas Gift Idea from France
for a Person of Superior Taste*

THE NEW CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF

VERVE

Just arrived from the binderies in Paris, France—the brilliant Christmas Issue of VERVE—a treasure trove of art and commentary—containing more than seventy color plates in heliogravure and letterpress—featuring a Christmas Almanac with original interpolations by Henri Matisse—representing other original works of art by Matisse, Derain and Roualt, as well as reproductions of the works of masters from Rubens to Toulouse-Lautrec—including pictorial features of the Great Lovers of History, the Cuisine of All Nations and Epochs, a 14th Century Treatise on Hygiene, Twelve Hunting Masterpieces, the engravings of Gustave Doré in juxtaposition with modern photographs of the same scenes—and many other curiosities and special features.

*Copies are available at the better newsstands
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Just as easy to look at as they are to maneuver. Bass boots bring form-fitting comfort to skiers who take pride in their art. Though modestly priced from \$6.00 to \$14.00, Bass Ski Boots will not blush under comparison. Better see your local dealer today and ask for Bass. Or send for our free illustrated booklet. G. H. Bass & Co., Dept. E-1, Wilton, Maine.



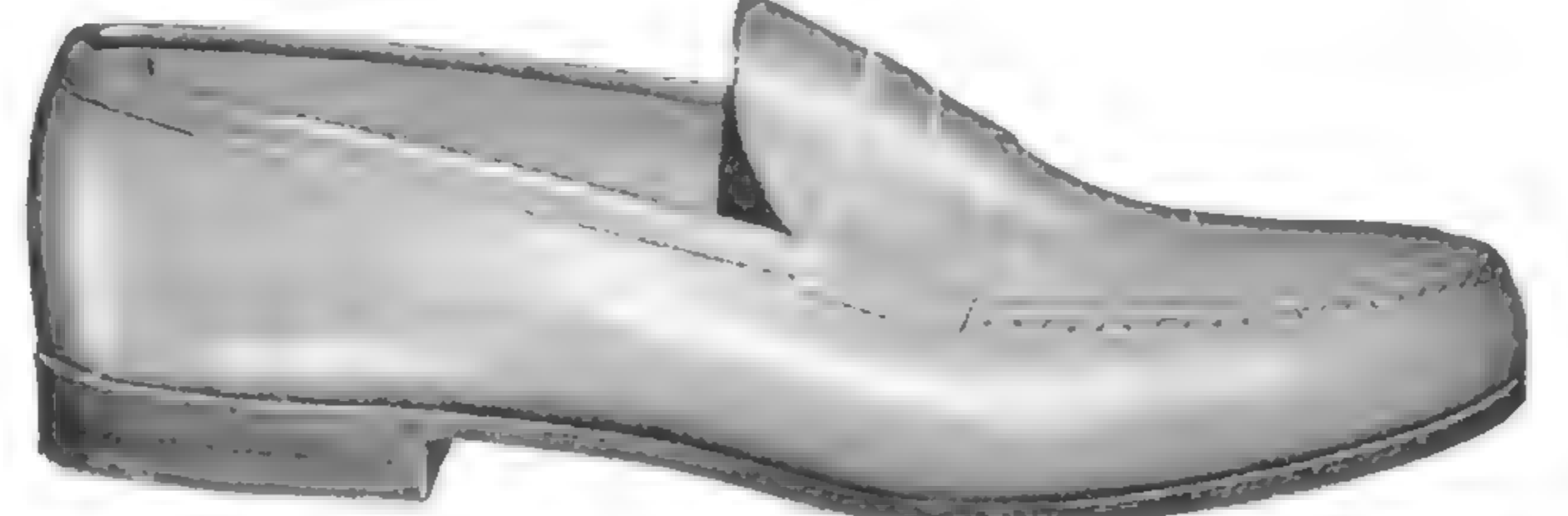
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THE GIFT FOR FEET THAT WANT TO FEEL AT HOME

WEEJUNS



If you want to start a small panic of joyous surprise Christmas morning, give Weejuns. Combining all the advantages of shoes, slippers and moccasins in one snappy number, Weejuns are ideally suited for lazy lounging at home or in the locker room... and just as correct for beach or sport wear. Leather soles and heels in natural color. Your dealer has them.



WEEJUNS . . . made in America by G. H. BASS & CO.

Important
...to trail-wise skiers

Smart skiers are wearing the HANOVER blouse this winter. Trail-tested here and in the Andes... a free-action weatherproof of Burton's Parka Cloth, in Tan, Navy, Natural... and only \$5. See this and other Slalom wear at leading shops. Write for folder E.

B. F. MOORE & CO. • NEWPORT, VERMONT

**Slalom
SKI WEAR**



The HANOVER

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 93

yes—they have roots. They have grown gradually, assimilated thoroughly. There is no rush, no bustle... all is taken in its stride. Life is, I am told, like it was in New York fifty years ago before the commercial, knife-your-neighbor spirit captivated our greatest metropolis. People in San Francisco expect each other to have a good time... and they do. Life is easy and luxuriant.

The air... the views of the harbor... the environs: sunrise in Palo Alto, the spreading Eucalyptus in Burlingame, the redwood and shrubbery of Ross are never-ending feasts for the eye. Treasure Island rises out of the bay like a Persian fairy-garden with alleys and alleys of hundred-year-old olive trees... full-sized oaks and hundreds of palms...

An afternoon at Berkeley introduced me to such new terms as *All-Americans* and brought me up-to-date on the latest wrinkles in football rules and the latest innovations in between-the-halves entertainment. The bands brought to mind the fact that the most influential renaissance in musical America this past decade has been in high school and college bands, damn little of which is heard on the football field. I was disappointed that the bass drum wasn't on a truck as at my Alma Mater. They did have a movable xylophone, however, and I had to admit the rooting section had tricks I'd never seen before. The mob scene in *Die Meistersinger* was much better staged on the gridiron after the game than it ever has been inside a theatre...

The view from the Berkeley hills as the sun slowly fell between the walls of the Golden Gate is an unparalleled addition to my collection of sunsets.

TUESDAY

Night ride across the Mohave Desert in cab of the Streamliner City of Los Angeles. Moon obligingly lighted up the sagebrush, revealed lost rivers, made the sand white like snow...

The train's equipment was colorful: the Little Nugget car appropriately decorated with long lace curtains and red plush drapes had a bar, a singing canary, daguerreotypes from the gay nineties, and suggestive pictures in the washrooms.

Night life in Las Vegas, Nevada: Cowboys stalking the streets: Block 16 crowded: Neon signs lighting the gambling dens: more silver dollars than at the mint.

WEDNESDAY

Stop-off at Zion Canyon to see nature's most perfect setting for Walhalla: the Indian's great white throne. Near-by a magnificent cathedral in granite. Deer walking into the lounge of the lodge. Here it is easy to agree with Debussy that it is more profitable to see the sunrise than to hear the *Pastorale* symphony, though one doesn't want to make the choice.

THURSDAY or FRIDAY

Salt Lake City: Private organ recital in Mormon Tabernacle at 7 a. m. Acoustics rival those of La Scala.

On to the Grand Teton in Wyoming with the grandest views in the West. Across Teton Pass to Jackson Hole... an icy swim in Jenny Lake and up to Yellowstone, the park closed but Old Faithful on duty. Innumerable signs told us not to feed the bears who unfortunately, were on holiday. Instead, coyotes obliged with a sample of their musical prowess.

The Indians down at Blackfoot, with papoose on their backs, refused absolutely to utter a sound.

Before this time, I'd lost all track of day and dates and was glad to haul in at Sun Valley for a bath and food. The most continental mountain village this side of St. Moritz, Sun Valley has atmosphere. Except that its waiters speak English and the *bier stube* hasn't been lived in as long as it should, you might be in the Swiss or Bavarian Alps. It will shortly have a tradition. The crowd is active and doesn't expect to have things done for them. Their language is glutted with more technical words than music. I sat down on my skis and listened instead to old lyrics sung by the Basque sheep herders in the mountains near-by.

Besides visiting the clinks in Bach, Idaho and Echo, Oregon, I made one side-trip to what turned out to be the most attractive of all mountain lodges: massive Timberline Lodge, which rests majestically at the edge of the last growth of trees on the slopes of Mt. Hood. Built out of native stone and timber by WPA, operated under the supervision of Uncle Sam's Forest Service, a regiment could gather around its great stone chimney.

Undoubtedly, it is the world's most expensively and most tastefully decorated house in the snow. The simple, rugged carvings, furniture, rugs, draperies, are all hand-made of local materials to harmonize with the colors out-of-the-windows. With a glass mural of Paul Bunyan and his companion, Babe the Blue Ox, in the taproom; patterns of ferns, trees, wild flowers, and Indian symbols everywhere, the lodge is a monument to the workers who built it. There is even an amphitheatre where the WPA orchestra from Portland plays in the summer.

What I have recounted are only the commonplace externals... the obvious facts that greet the eye at first glance. Underneath, there is romance, a deep spirit, countless untouched vibrations. The most receptive and sensitive Americans I have met are outdoor Westerners.

If Europe collapses, if our indoor artistic manifestations become decadent and inspiration sterile, all is not lost. For decades to come, we can bury ourselves in our West. #

Scotland's gifts are few... but Famous

• To the right, a Silver Peg Tankard, given to Sir John Maxwell of Pollock by his uncle, in the seventeenth century. To the left, JOHNNIE WALKER Black Label, a treasured whisky that Scotland gives to the world after long years of mellowing.



BORN 1820...
still going strong



RICH in romance...steeped in tradition...are the treasures that Scotland holds close to her heart. Among these is Johnnie Walker Black Label... a rare old whisky...mellow and smooth with twelve long years in the cask. Which is why we suggest this treasured Scotch, by the case or by the bottle, as the starting point of your Christmas shopping...and the finishing touch to your Christmas giving. Give Johnnie Walker Black Label to those whose friendship you value...and who, in turn, will value the fine, smooth flavour of Scotch whisky at its very best!

WHEN YOU WOULD GIVE THE BEST—

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLACK LABEL BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Copy, 1938, Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., importers of Johnnie Walker Blended Scotch Whisky



Johnnie Walker Red Label Blended Scotch Whisky—8 years old—86.8 proof.



Johnnie Walker Black Label Blended Scotch Whisky—12 years old—86.8 proof.



Johnnie Walker in the Special Holiday Package containing 3 bottles. Available in Red Label or Black Label.



← The Mexican poncho, made in lightweight terry cloth and other toweling fabrics in the new reed color, supplants the beach robe. It is ideal for lounging on the beach or for use aboard ship as a robe to be worn on deck. Originally worn at St. Tropez, French Riviera.

← Fashion leaders on the Riviera favor silk net shirts in the new Algerian brown, with half sleeves and open front, worn with light grey shorts and brown and white Norwegian slippers. This outfit is ideal for deck games, luncheon, cocktails, and for wear to and from the cabana or beach club.

→ At ports of call in the tropics, lightweight suits of silk, linen, Palm Beach cloth and synthetic fabrics are all-important in the new hemp color. This single breasted model is worn with a tan Madras shirt with lounge collar attached, plain color Shantung silk tie, lightweight hose, reverse calf shoes, and Bombay bowler or pith helmet.

→ A popular outfit at Eden Roc and Cannes last summer was the Algerian brown cabana coat with carnelian color shorts. Note that the shorts have cuffs like regulation trousers. The sandals are leather blocks in rectangular shape, also making their first appearance on the Riviera.

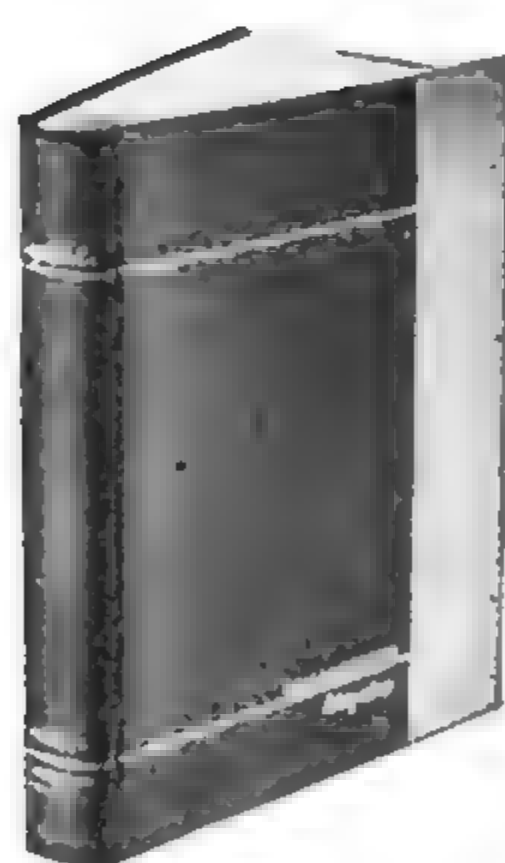
(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Robert Goodman

SOUTHERN AND CRUISE WEAR

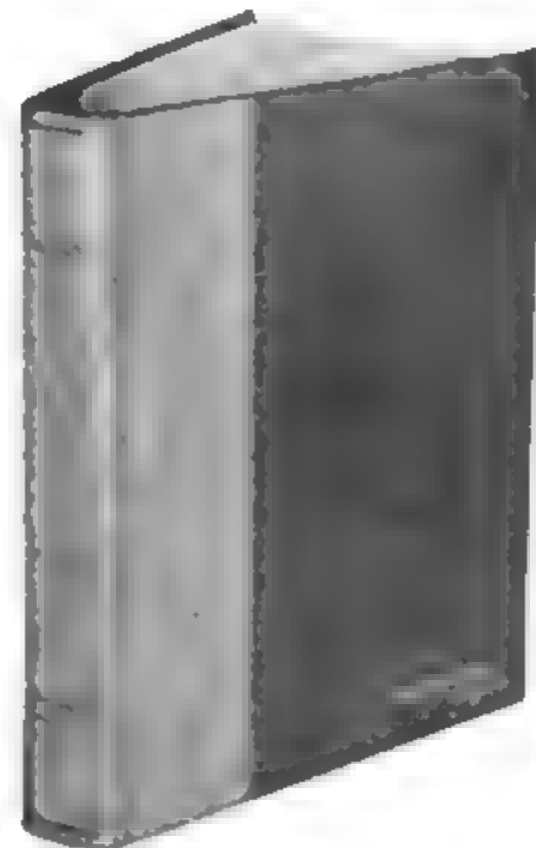
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Baby Starlet: a Portrait

Continued from page 39

mendous promise for some years now—a period somewhat longer than “promise” is normally supposed to promise. Some days, when she is a little more sensible than on other days, she's secretly a little worried about this and also that she still plays leads only in “B” pictures; “A” pictures, alas, she can achieve only in secondary roles; in all probability she has still not got that coveted role the studio promised her more than a year ago.

And it will surprise many of us, no doubt, that she never receives more than \$250 a week. This fact, perhaps, helps us but little in our study of her influence, but it might help if our wives and girl friends knew that the Starlet *does not* earn \$1,000 to \$5,000 weekly. As a matter of fact, more often than not, she receives only \$75 a week. But, lest we give an untrue picture of her Hollywoodian importance, let us hasten to add that the Baby Starlet is a true Hollywoodian aristocrat, for does she not receive a *regular* salary—a fairly rare thing in Hollywood, all reports to the contrary? She does, and not only that but she works regularly before the cameras. She may do only a “bit” part, but she works regularly and is paid regularly. That is a miracle in Hollywood, especially among the younger set; this happening and state of affairs is so tremendous that it can hardly be underestimated; it goes immediately to her head and makes her about as lovable as a crocodile under the influence of marihuana, or, again, approximately as human as a five foot steel-and-platinum model of the Empire State Building. She's terrific.

She's a *contract* player.

Miss Starlet does not achieve this magnificent position entirely through chance. She's always had *some* theatre experience—usually a good deal. Remember that studios, whatever their major faults, are not unastute, that is, at least, insofar as the peculiar demands of their own profession are concerned; cinema contracts are not given out wholesale. More likely than anything else they are earned by the Starlet by many previous appearances in provincial theatres where, as luck eventually had it, a screen scout found her—especially if she is beautiful. It goes without saying, of course, that Starlets must be beautiful.

Sometimes Starlets get a contract without theatre experience; when this occurs it occurs only because the girl in question has had a tremendous amount of brass, determination, and stick-to-it-iveness; she crashes Hollywood exactly as a battering ram crashes a gate. If a girl starts out solely as a crasher, she usually avoids the extras and Central Casting; she manages, through hook or crook, to get directly to the executives. But, more often than not, “getting into the movies” is for her a matter of patience rather than courage;

nine times out of ten the “crasher” is a Western girl living in the vicinity of Los Angeles, which fact makes it not at all difficult to wait until the studios are willing to allow her to walk into a screen test. Her parents keep her until the studios, worn down by repeated assault, are ready to give her the much coveted chance.

The Middle Western and Eastern girl, however, have an infinitely harder time of “crashing”; they do not have the money to stay in Hollywood for four or five years in order to wait for “the chance.” They are able to stick it out only a year or two. If an Eastern girl gets into the movies, she usually is sent out by an Eastern scout who has accepted her upon her acting abilities.

Therefore, the Eastern Starlet is slightly less obnoxious than her Western sister; both, however, are equally hard little brats, and the studio, knowing it, is ever harassed with the problem of creating softening influences about them. The studios partially solve this problem by instructing their publicity departments to surround them (in the press at least) with doting mothers and well run homes. These mother-home-sweet-home stories, however, are usually the sheerest bunkum, for although a mother may still be hanging around our Baby Starlet, sharing her pay check, and a little post-humous feminine glamor (for the Starlet's house will now be overrun with boy friends) she doesn't cut any ice in the Starlet's decisions to stay out all night. Starlets never allow their mothers to guess who is the boss and breadwinner of the household. They tell them.

If Starlets have no fear of mothers, they do have one thing which worries them to death—the fear of being commonplace. This, if discovered, would instantly take them out of the glamor class, for if they should ever remotely become like other girls, they know that they will just as automatically lose that which places them apart. To illustrate, although practically all of them have diabolical tempers, not a one of them, for instance, will cuss. They'll say “Heavenly Day” or something else they consider equally quaint, but try as they may they are all commonplace enough in their physical expressions of temper (which high-falutingly they choose to call temperament!). They throw things. They do not know what it means to control themselves. This volatility is also apt to show itself in their love affairs; although these affairs are usually of short duration owing to this very “temperament,” which no living man can bear too long, still we will say one thing in their favor—they arrive at the point more quickly than their sisters of the 20's arrived at theirs. Civilization, possibly, is advancing. The oncoming world catastrophe is undoubtedly edging up on humanity;

Continued on page 161

THE New Trend IN RAINCOATS • BY ALLIGATOR

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LOOK SUCCESSFUL — BE SUCCESSFUL!

A good, healthy coat of tan has a surprising effect on your business success. You look healthy and virile and instantly command attention. Salesmen find their sales actually increase after they have acquired a real bronze tan! And you will find yourself more popular, for both men and women are attracted by that healthy outdoor look!

IMPROVES HEALTH AS WELL AS APPEARANCE!

The appearance of health is based on actual fact—for frequent exposure to the ultra-violet rays of the sun tones up the entire system, increases activity of many glands, helps build up resistance to colds... and aids in clearing up many skin diseases, such as acne, psoriasis and surface pimples. Laboratory tests have shown ultra-violet rays to be especially effective in the treatment of athlete's foot.

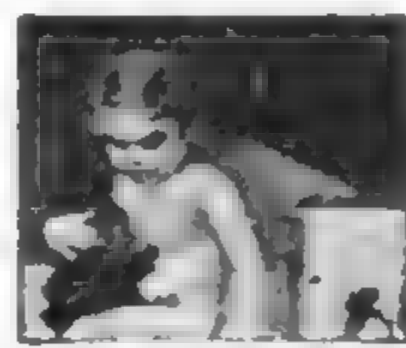
4 TIMES AS POWERFUL AS SUMMER SUN!

Now Health Ray has perfected an inexpensive sun lamp that will give you the same amount of beneficial ultra-violet rays in 15 minutes that you could get from one hour of clear sunshine in the middle of a summer day. You know what a glorious tan your skin would acquire if you could spend an hour every noon sun-bathing... doctors tell you how much physical benefit you would derive. NOW, with the Health Ray Lamp, you can get the same healthy tan, build up the same vitality and health in a few minutes, morning or evening, in your own home.

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These rays are invaluable in the prevention and treatment of rickets.

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Test this compact, genuine carbon-arc lamp for 7 days at our expense. It is so easy to operate and is approved by many of the finest testing laboratories. Fully guaranteed by Health Ray Mfg. Co. of Deep River, Conn., this lamp will be the greatest investment you ever made.

SEND FOR DETAILS OF OUR 7-DAY FREE TRIAL!
Let us mail you our FREE information on sunshine, complete details of the Health Ray Lamp and our 7-day trial offer!

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If You Want YOUR SUN LAMP AT ONCE...
Simply mail \$1 with the coupon. Use it for 7 days. Then either pay \$6.95 balance or return the lamp and get your dollar back.

DON'T WAIT! MAIL COUPON NOW!

HEALTH RAY MFG. CO., INC.

371B, W. Elm Street, Deep River, Conn.
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Baby Starlet: a Portrait

Continued from pages 39-163

the signs are here, for Starlets, determined not to miss anything that life has to offer, do not miss anything; but what is better, they waste no time about it.

If they do have Sex Appeal they have it in spite of their clothes. Their influence upon American-girl clothes is nothing short of nefarious, for every Starlet dresses both sensationally and in bad taste. Moreover she believes that she is always dressed in the best of taste. Sometimes—although rarely—she realizes that she has no talent for dressing, accordingly she places herself in the hands of a first-class dressmaker and forthwith dismisses the dress-choosing problem. Her lack of feeling for clothes—curiously unfeminine—might even lead to believe that there is really something extraordinarily masculine about her whole spiritual make-up. For instance if she marries she can never bear to lose even the slightest control over all that is hers; she and she alone is the Absolute of her household; she will brook no interference with her complete dominance of each and every arising situation, no matter how trivial. In seven cases out of ten she's a handsome and unconscious Amazon, remade, with infinite art, into a fluffy—but pseudo—feminine frill.

Her chief religions are money and the fond belief that she possesses a superior mind. Like everyone else in Hollywood she exaggerates her salary, and meanwhile she drives a glistening white roadster for which she is still paying in monthly installments. Three weeks ago she damaged it severely by driving into a stone wall—not while she was drunk—but just while she was thinking. She gets very thoughtful sometimes and this function of hers astounds her. No one is more impressed than she when she discovers herself cogitating; it's comparable only to the birth of a new solar system. Sometimes when she gets to thinking she begins to think about her movie agent. Like as not he's not attending to her business properly. Probably she has just as good a business head as he. She may even think "Why not do my own business and save the percentage?" After all has she not landed her first contract alone and unaided? Finally she decides to do her own business, and when she does, it takes an expert accountant and a business manager at least three or four days to straighten out her affairs and to square her bouncing checks.

The Starlet who comes from the East will invariably be engaged to some nice and earnest boy back home. After all she's beautiful, remember, and certainly some of the boys back home must have been on the job. The special one she's engaged to she's promised to write every other day. She's come to Hollywood most probably upon his money. As she departed they

planned to get married within a year and she's worked out exactly how many children they can afford to have and practically every other detail of their future lives. (Remember she's born bossy.) Needless to say she breaks this engagement after a few weeks of Hollywood; the boy back home seems hopelessly small town to her after her first whirl of Hollywood publicity, Hollywood celebrities, and Hollywood studios. Fame goes to her head. Moreover she is now able to spend \$250 every week; she spends it with no small gusto—she's sure there will be plenty more.

Life suddenly becomes very pleasant; she rents a small but comfortable house, invites all of her new Hollywood friends to very late (early afternoon) breakfasts, and in general becomes a minor Hollywood celebrity.

At this point she usually realizes that she is very artistic. She is an actress, and therefore an artist. She is a person who *should* pretend to culture and civilization. A thousand uncut books will suddenly grace her bookshelves, and she'll have other and tremendous cultural inspirations, as for instance, she'll hear one of the musical works of say, Stravinski; this will be the signal for her to buy a gramophone and *all* the records of that master. Night after night she'll play these records, apparently listening to them with great care. But do we need to say that she does not absorb them. Not even slightly. Three weeks from now she'll not even be able to remember the name "Stravinski." Her records will collect dust; she'll be off on a new tangent, quite equally excited and beautifully flustered by a new motor car or a new bathing beach. Her life is one delicious cultural episode after the other. She may even decide to start an art gallery, but whatever she does her interests will always be short lived. That is, of course, outside of acting in the pictures.

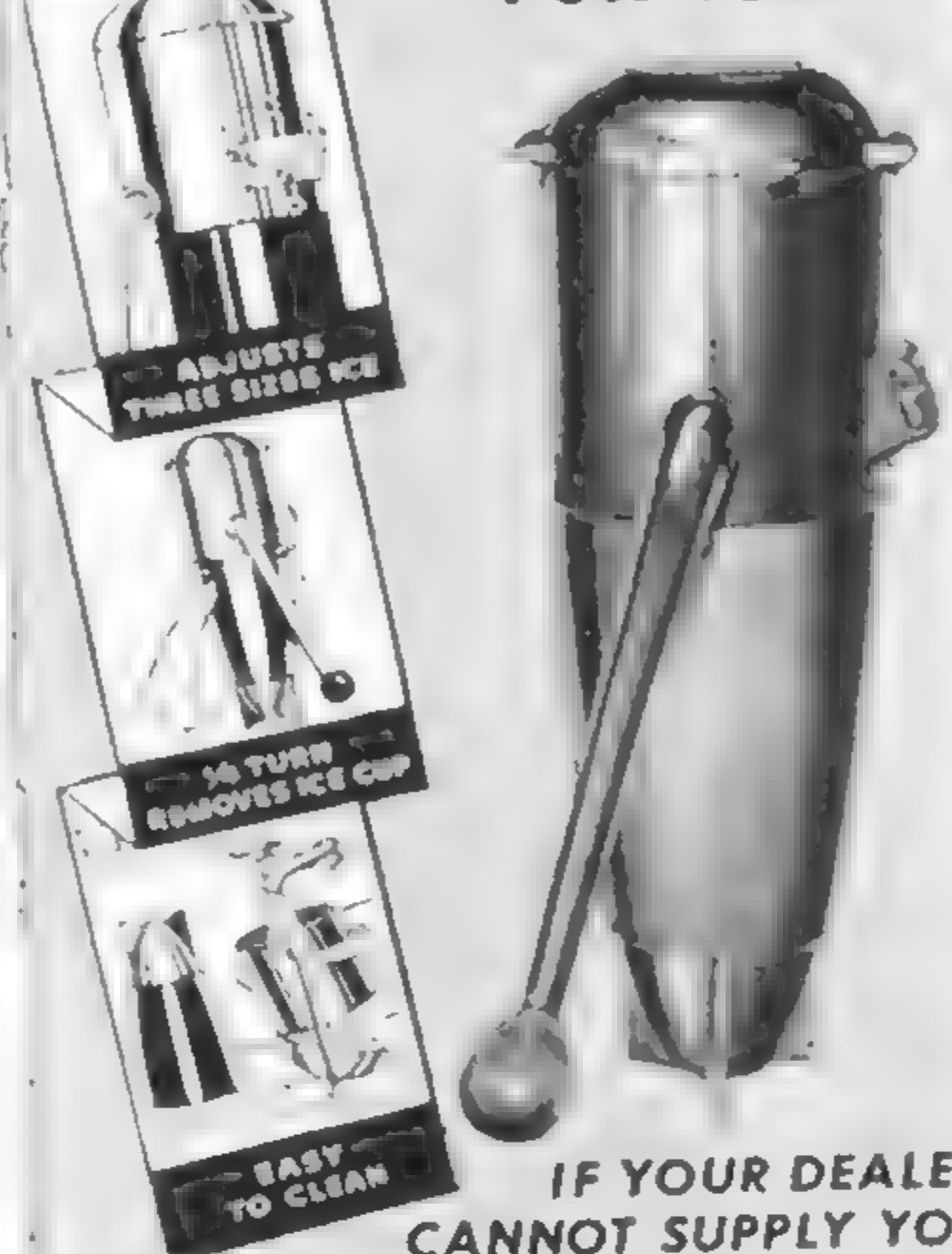
By the time that she's twenty-three—and the chances are that she'll *still* be a Baby Starlet then—she will have married at least several times. She doesn't consider marriage important. Marriage could only be important in two ways; first of all to keep secret so as not to spoil her fan mail, and secondly it is more convenient to marry her lovers than to constantly fear a public opinion which might all too easily break her career. Married or not the fan magazines will always maintain that she's unmarried anyway unless she marries someone of note—preferably another actor or a famous cinema director. In all cases her first husband is doomed to oblivion; he will probably be a young writer or even a penniless artist of her own age. Her second husband will invariably be a young and promising movie director some seven or eight years her senior.

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the head of the studio. She'll be a great star then.

Her most besetting vice is laziness. Unless she's actually working at the studio, which is not more than three days a week, she'll remain in bed until 2 or 3 in the afternoon, although she always goes to bed shortly after 1 or 2 o'clock at night. Apparently, however, she does nothing in bed but sleep in it; she certainly doesn't read—unless it is her fan mail. Being extraordinarily lazy she does not like sports. She belongs to a fashionable tennis club, but she doesn't play tennis unless she has the tendency to put on weight. She spends most of her non-working and non-sleeping hours in picnicking with friends. But she—to do her credit—does have one scintillating virtue—she doesn't like night clubs and can only be rarely seen in them.

Do we need add that she is impossibly vain? She has not the faintest inkling of this, of course, and considers herself astonishingly modest. She will often ask you, "Do you think that I am in the least like other motion picture actresses?" She's deathly afraid of any other girl who appears to her to have the least bit of fluff and sparkle—fluff and sparkle in all other girls than herself is "tootsie-ish." Her beauty, curiously enough, often gives her an inferiority complex and she is tremendously angry if anyone ever mistakes her for any other platinum blonde or redhead. She serenely believes that she is an original production never before duplicated upon God's earth, and she constantly plays upon this "originality"; for instance every one of these Baby Starlets believes, and with simple intensity, that running about in a pair of dirty slacks is divinely original. Upon such occasions, however, it will be noticed that not a strand of her lovely hair is one hairbreadth out of place. All this self-deception points to the fact that our composite Baby Starlet is not very intelligent. More often than not avariciousness is her only semblance of intelligence; she has a natural-born canniness which often makes a great impression; people say of her that "She's a smart girl." Yes, she is a smart girl, but her smartness has nothing to do with intelligence; it has rather to do with the greediness and cuteness of gangsters who are too smart for their own ultimate good.

If she's not a Broadwayite she's usually much more naïve than her Eastern sister. When she's not a native New Yorker, New York will never be anything more to her than a geographic name; her only interest in going there would be to play Juliet in a legitimate theatre. As a matter of fact she has no desire whatsoever to leave Hollywood which city to her epitomizes the very top of the world—the final goal of everything. Later, if she ever does become a great motion picture star, she'll be just a little la-de-da about Hollywood, and speak frequently about chang-

ing her domicile to Paris or London. Her ideas about Paris or London concentrate themselves into what manner of way she might be received in those cities. She'll tell you "I hear that they practically mob Hollywood picture actresses in Paris and London." Someday she'll actually go there; she'll not be mobbed; therefore she'll come back to America satisfied to spend the remainder of her days in Hollywood. "London? Paris? Pooh!" You'll understand that these cities have nothing that Hollywood hasn't got.

And if you've known her before she came to Hollywood, you'll be both electrified and alarmed by the enormous amount of glamor she now inserts into even the most insignificant of her telephone conversations. Whenever and wherever she speechifies, her speech will be replete with broad a's and impassioned inflections concerning nothing. Her studio, having selected for her a hairdress, a make-up, and a proper carriage and deportment, selects for her as well, a personality! Daily drills in rigmarole of this personality now becomes a part of her daily routine; this is, of course, not quite her fault, and no one would blame her for what she *has to do* if she would but leave this synthetic personality at the studio where it belongs. But no, she is too fascinated by this new, this extraordinary, and this complete change in herself. She cannot leave such a glamorous and scintillating thing at the studio. She brings it home, wears it, becomes it. Eventually she sees herself as the living embodiment of her screen heroines. She begins to acquire what she honestly believes to be a very superior and heroic kind of character. In a word she becomes world-shaking, colossal, tremendous! Her self-deception is complete.

And eventually she will legalize her stage name—the name the studio once selected for her to replace that old and ugly one her family christened her. When she legalizes her stage name it means that she has arrived at the supreme stage in an enormously psychic struggle with her fate; she has at last made herself over into a new woman, and she wishes the law to make the new woman sacred, legal, and everlasting. This step symbolizes a kind of narcissistic marriage with herself, a casting away of every last vestige of the past. From this moment on she becomes a princess royal, a phenomenal person tremendously and ecstatically pleased with living every day, thoroughly and completely, within the confines of her own marvelous skin. She is She.

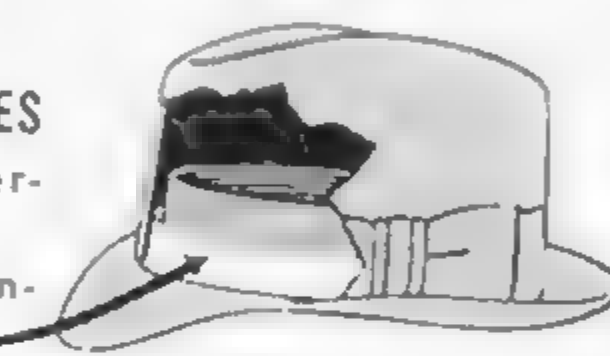
Sometimes, though rarely, she improves with age. There are great actresses in Hollywood who are incredibly sensible. The really good actresses stay on, anyway; the poor ones drop out automatically and are lost in oblivion. Nevertheless, a very talented Baby Starlet occasionally does make the grade, and in so doing becomes a great star. In that case she has

Continued at top of page 166



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Baby Starlet: a Portrait

Continued from pages 39-163-165

rarely got tough, gone out after the dough, the electric lights, the billings, or the big scramble for Hollywoodian supremacy. Sometimes—rarely enough—she actually earns back the tremendous investment initially invested in her by her studio. If she ever does get to be a great star, she'll probably still have her secretary read the books she pretends to have read—as most of the great stars have their secretaries read the books they pretend they have read. (Some stars actually do read their own books and scripts.) But if she is the run of the lot, she'll need to go to more and more Hollywoodian parties, more and more exciting polo games, and more and more classy clam bakes; she'll need to entertain more extensively too, and against her will she'll often need to take up horseback riding or some other reducing sport. But she'll hate sports until the end of her days. Now, and at this period of her life, she can afford to hate anything for she'll be earning seven hundred fifty dollars to five thousand dollars a week. More often than not it will

not be enough to meet her enormous bills. If she's wise—and there have been a few picture actresses in Hollywood who were wise—she'll acquire some property or gilt-edge investment before it is too late; the property she'll acquire will usually be the property of some older cinema actress whose popularity is now upon the wane

a property sacrificed because the older Hollywoodian head spun upon its axis once too often. The younger actress will hate the taste of the older actress and she'll redecorate the whole house—but she'll leave that famous gold bathtub of her illustrious predecessor exactly as she found it. She'll joke about this bathtub, of course

“I'm going to change that hideous bathtub just as soon as I can get around to it”—but she never does.

Neither will her successor.

Today she's a Baby Starlet. She's lovely and America's Girl Friend. She's so nice and clean and appetizing that one speculates upon how well she would taste broiled. Probably very excellent.

And how our much more lovely girls in America look up to her! ##

The Swordsman

Continued from page 85

he heard miles away and with a force that brought raw spurts of crimson from even the whale's mountainous side.

In the end the assassin crew prevailed and the whale lay on the surface like a scuppered ship, too done to move. By this time scores of lesser killers from ten miles around had run the blood trail up-wind, so to speak; sharks mostly, tiger, hammerhead, sawfish and those mongrels the dogfish, whom even the sharks despise, the real scavengers of the sea. These hovered in the offing while the real killers fed, then closed in like hyenas, rending each other and the kill alike. And well they might, for it was not every day nor every year for that matter, that such a harvest comes in the way of these sea jackals. There was a deal of whale to that carcass and the leavings furnished “poor relief” to thousands for days thereafter, even weeks, for there was an infinitesimal army of cutters and borers that came afterward and tunneled the very bones.

When Xiphias bore away from the scene at last, he was for once wholly satiated on blood and rapine. And he had learned a valuable lesson in his chance contact with the killer pack. In future he was to hobnob with them often when quarry ran too big or too numerous for one alone.

Then came a mysterious call that sent him hurrying southward, ever southward at a feverish yet effortless speed, his sword cutting the water ahead of him like the ram of a warship, each swooping grand thrust of his knife-blade tail hurling him forward fifty yards at a time. Toward nightfall he fell in

with others of his kind and soon there were hundreds of great bodies and blue erect fins rushing forward beside him in the same magnetic direction. They were moving shoreward, out of the pathless deeps and their object was to spawn.

Tacking back and forth amid the rushing finny army Xiphias cast his hypnotic jeweled eyes around from side to side. He was looking for something amid the hurrying host. Before the company reached its destination he had apparently found what he sought. His high sail-like back fin had ranged up alongside another sail-like back fin and kept there. All in a minute apparently, and out of a blue sky, he had fallen in love.

That, of course, was the real reason for the long journey, to find a consort, since for the rest of that day and for all the days and months that followed their two curve-bladed, high-crested back fins were to be seen cutting the waves together. For there is that to be said in favor of swordfish, like the highest evolved mammals they choose a single mate and fight for that mate against any odds.

The female was an eleven-foot beauty, lithe as a rapier, strong as wire cable, deadly as any snake, cruel as the sea itself, fearless and true as nickel steel.

For two whole days the army of swordfish lay in the warm sheltered cove just off a small island—the same cove in which Xiphias had been born. They lay like anchored submarines in about five fathoms of water, all heads pointing one way, all round gleaming

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eyes staring seaward, apparently taking no more notice of one another than so many boats. On the third day there were no more swordfish left in the cove, only on the white sandy floor of the basking place there were thousands of fertilized eggs, the size of peas, a few of which would fecundate and people those waters with other swordfish in years to come.

For a honeymoon trip Xiphias and his mate accompanied some twenty other swordfish on what is known as a "beat" in fishermen's parlance. Just off the coast of the island rising up for hundreds of feet from the sea floor and stretching away for many miles, was a kelp forest which was the haunt of many shoals of fish and the hiding place of the prolific squid. In and through and under the swaying kelp shot the company of swordfish, ravenous after a two-day fast, slashing, stabbing and eviscerating with cruel twists of their weapons, gulping on the run, leaving a trail of maimed and dying fish behind them. For an entire day the carnage continued ending in a typical Prussian "putsch," directed against the swarming and odious army of the squids. Hundreds and hundreds of the slimy, saucer-eyed, nightmare shapes were cornered amid the sea grass and driven in a horrified stampede to the very shore of the island. The scene defies all description; it was such a sight as men in the most vehement grips of d.t.'s may picture. Up onto the very sand the squid were driven, squirting clouds of ink behind them in a vain effort to camouflage their trails, hundreds of them spitted and hacked into writhing gobbets along the way.

After it was all over the swordfish, their seizure of blood-madness expended, went away, pair by pair, alone as was their custom. Life for Xiphias and his new mate became an endless blissful excursion. All day long they basked or lazily glided along the surface in the hot sun, now and then indulging in a swift and joyous hunt in which they complemented each other as perfectly as the different parts of a single machine.

Now and then they encountered boats and the two great fish, too insolent in their pride of power to care until the very bows were almost upon them, would dive to right and left coming up again a hundred yards apart, drifting together again and sailing majestically on. Or sometimes in the case of a small boat, they would launch an attack on it and that boat would depart from there under every ounce of man or motor power it could muster.

One day another male swordfish appeared—a rival from nowhere. He loomed up out of the blue in the shape of a regal purple phantom and instantly a jealous killing rage surged up in Xiphias. The other shot forward with a challenging rush. For a space the two cruised warily round and round jockeying for an opening. Then swift as torpedoes released from their tubes, they charged. The rival, a three hundred and fifty pound monster, was a very master of *riposte*. But Xiphias canted and parried at the last instant.

Their two swords crossed and clashed, and each ripped a shallow livid gash along the other's side as their bodies met with a force that by any natural law should have broken every bone in their bodies. But shocks designed to blast the life out of any land-dwelling creature apparently have little effect on sea folk. Both recoiled, recovered and came in again. But Xiphias came in an instant sooner than the other. A moment later he was sterning clear of the lashing, whipping body of the foe whom he had run clean through in a mathematical and horribly precise manner just below his side fin. It was a fatal wound, but Xiphias continued to stab and twist with his lance until the rival lay belly up in the reddened water, torn open as if he had struck a mine.

No more flurried over the battle, in a life made up of battles, than they would have been over the killing of a meal, Xiphias and his mate turned and sailed out into the gathering dusk and mystery of the sea. A day later they were the amazing distance of six hundred miles away and still going—southward. They were answering one of the mysterious calls of the swordfish kind which bids them journey periodically up and down the bulge of the planet for no particular reason except to allay the fierce restless drive of their fiery natures.

It was exactly four years later before the mighty pair again appeared in the vicinity of their original meeting place. It was spawning time again and with others of their kind they had come out of the pathless deep to the same island cove again. A story of their far wanderings in the interim might have been likened to the history of Caesar's wars. They had become veritable conquerors of the sea and grown to a length of more than seventeen feet.

Perhaps it was the pride that goes with such size or the inordinate hunger that follows a spawning that made the great pair reckless and apparently oblivious in the matter of the small boat that lay directly in their path as they left the island cove two days later. Seemingly neither great fish even saw the boat as they sailed leisurely side by side a hundred yards off the port side. Now and then the big shear-like back fins would shut down in their respective sheaths and the pair would dive together and come up again a minute later with infinite composure and unconcern. They took no more notice of the boat than they might of a clump of floating seaweed, that being their kingly way. But the men in the small launch were quite as wily in the ways of the swordfish hunt. With motor loafing they moved in a wide circle keeping a pair of

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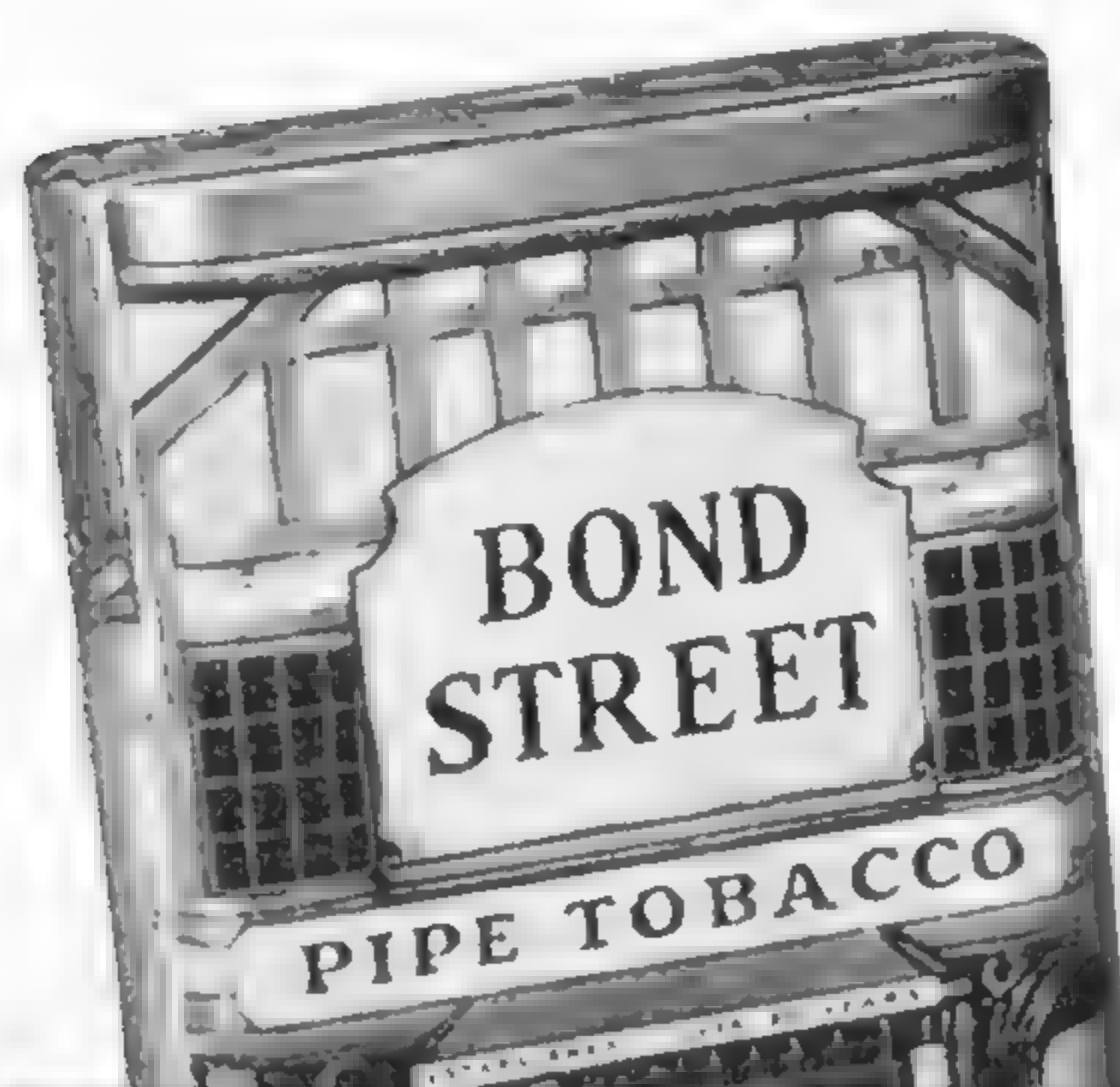
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The Swordsman

Continued from pages 85-167

eighteen-inch flying-fish playing and skimming over the surface in the wake of the boat.

Presently the swordfish pair appeared from nowhere special, close beside one of the flying fish, turned and abruptly made for it with a concerted rush. The female, imperious tigress that she was, held on with mouth agape, but as Xiphias came hurtling in on a converging angle, some dim cold memory of his youth awakened in his sluggish fishy brain—and he swerved aside.

Next instant he whipped around and shot into the depths like a spent shell, for he had seen just what the men in the boat anticipated. His mate had checked, then reared straight into the air wrenching madly at an invisible something and with the deceitful flying fish still in her jaws, spun like a top, then went tearing out to sea, half out of the water in one straight streaking rush that left a wedge of hissing waves in her wake.

The line sang, the reel hissed and smoked, the men shouted and cursed as the launch was towed after her. Again and again she leapt upward to the height of a tall man, sending the water back in foaming cascades and flinging her head from side to side. At each leap she seemed to hang an incredibly long time in the air before she sank again beneath the waves. Then mile after mile, hour after hour, she churned, raced and tore in crazy circles, the cunning of a tiger and the speed of a bird in all her maneuvers. Once she turned and charged the boat blindly, only missing it by inches as the steersman desperately jockeyed. And once she made a complete circle of the launch, and reared on her tail like a mad horse, drenching the occupants with spray.

The number twenty-four line on the sixteen-ounce rod with its twenty-time, patented, brake-fitted reel, though it would break at a dead weight of sixty pounds, continued to hold because the angler played it perfectly, checking as he allowed the great fish to play herself out. Then the subtle business of reeling in began, a prolonged battle such as would try the mettle of the bravest. The launch went bobbing and rushing hither and yon as the fisherman, feet braced against the gunwales and clasped grimly by his companion from behind, fought no less for the prize than to keep from being dragged overboard. Finally, still fighting with a savagery that made the men hold their breath, she was brought alongside, caught with the cruel and gripping gaff, and ignominiously done to death.

And what of Xiphias who had sought the depths at the outset of the fight? He had taken no part in the game up to now; apparently he had fled. However, the dim warning that had saved him was the memory of the time he had

been caught in his youth and escaped with all the line and parts of a broken rod trailing after him. He understood all too well and had seen everything, but not until now when everyone concerned had forgotten him completely, did he appear suddenly out of nowhere, coming head on. The anglers saw him with a simultaneous shout of warning.

Reared out of the water half on his tail, his two-foot lance at rest he bore down on the launch at a speed that left a snarling wedge of water in his wake. His fierce, round, iridescent eye gleamed insensately in the morning sun.

He arrived, hurling himself clean out of the water and over the boat. Only by a miracle did the two men escape being spitted by his sword. Indeed the lash of his slablike tail felled one man to the bottom of the boat, dislocating an arm.

In less than a minute he was coming in again, from the opposite side. Utterly crazed, mindless and blinded by the sight of his slaughtered mate he had gone "all out" as anglers say, and was bent on annihilation. That time he struck the boat fairly amidships. The sheer smashing force of the collision in foot-pounds of energy was a thing of wonder, and there was the further wonder that the impact did not shatter every bone in Xiphias' body. But his high-domed, reinforced head and neck were specialized shock-absorbers for that kind of work, and he survived. The small launch shivered and swayed; Xiphias backed away, slowly and very dazedly and minus six inches of his polished sword which had broken off and remained imbedded in the side of the boat.

While he was gathering his stunned wits for another charge and the men, on their knees, wrestled with the balky engine, a black and ominous shadow shot suddenly athwart the blue of sea and sky. A great flapping mass, slimy, bat-like and horrible, fell fairly upon Xiphias' back, two leathery wings with a spread of twenty-five full feet and fitted with suction cups, wrapped themselves about the swordfish's body. For a space there was a titanic foaming struggle in the waves, but the sheer two-ton weight of the cloak-fish finished that. It bore the swordsman down and down into the lightless depths from which he never returned.

The cloak-fish, by the way, was Xiphias' old enemy, the selfsame ogre of the depths that had lain in wait for young swordfish for fully a century, still up to his old, old trick of catching the sea folk wounded or unaware and flinging himself upon their backs. But I doubt if the cloak-fish, ancient and wily as he was, would ever have accomplished his purpose had he tried at any other but that unfortunate moment when Xiphias himself was bent on suicide. ##

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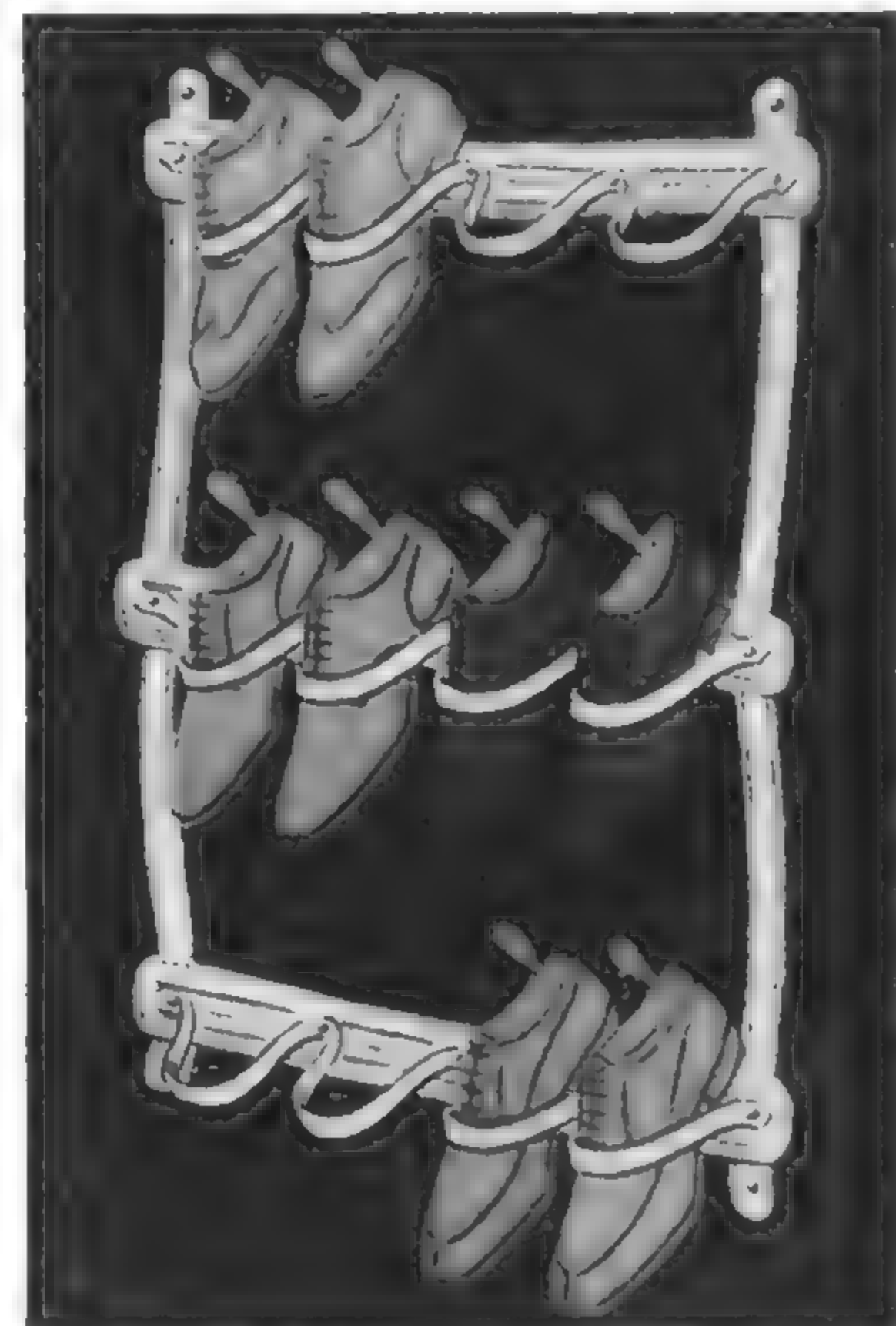


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The Libel Racket

Continued from page 47

charlatan institutes a libel action asking heavy damages. This automatically gags the newspaper, for, by an ironical twist in the law, it is deemed to multiply and intensify the libel if you continue to expose a crook who has sued you for libel, until you have proved in court that he is a crook—which may be a matter of months and years, even when you have all the evidence, because of the crowded calendar of the court.

Another flaw in the law that enables people, perhaps of wealth and power but with dubious reputations, to frighten publishers and stifle legitimate criticism—thereby hampering the freedom of the press—by invoking the law of libel, is the ancient axiom of the law that "the proof must be as broad as the charge." Because of that axiom, if you publish an extensive, well-documented list of a man's money-making means and methods—means and methods which constitute a social and economic menace and are therefore a matter of public concern—you must be careful not to make a minor statement that is not readily susceptible to proof, for this difficult-to-prove statement may form a technical basis for an action for libel in which heavy damages may be asked. You may be able to prove that he has committed murder, mayhem, fraud, extortion or what not; but you must not say he lives at 21 Blank Street, when he lives at 121 Blank Street, if No. 21 Blank Street turns out to be a notorious address.

These libel suits, too, are usually in the nature of threats rather than bona fide actions intended to be fought to the finish. Often because of the plaintiff's wealth and power and because of the great cost of litigation, a publisher is frightened into withdrawing a series of articles and offering a retraction instead of showing guts, refusing to compromise with his integrity, and fighting to the last ditch in defense of the principle of freedom of the press.

However, if a few publishers *did* show guts and if they would refuse to back down when thus intimidated, the number of these threats would be greatly lessened and probably abolished altogether. For, under a new interpretation of law, established by a fairly recent decision of the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court, the right of the defendant was upheld to *prove the truth of part of his printed charges* in a libel suit, even if he is unable to prove the truth of the whole of the alleged libel.

One of the most sensational libel suits in recent years was the Friedland case. It was sensational in that it was one of those rare instances in which the newspapers took notice of a libel suit and in which the publisher-defendant performed a notable public service in fighting a libel suit in which the odds, at first, seemed rather heavy against him. In winning the suit

the publisher broke up a criminal organization and brought about a conviction for manslaughter.

Benjamin Lester Friedland, an investment banker, was a man of wealth and prominence in New York, highly regarded in political as well as in financial circles.

Dr. S. Dana Hubbard, chief of the Medical Bureau in New York City, discovered the existence of a large and elaborate hospital, operated mainly or exclusively for the performance of abortions, but he could not get hold of any of that concrete, "admissible" evidence which the law requires as a basis of a criminal charge.

He had heard, on reliable testimony (but that sort of reliable testimony which might go wrong in a witness' fright in an awesome court) that girls were daily being brought into this hospital who were so far gone in pregnancy that it was exceedingly dangerous to operate upon them. And often they died and their bodies were spirited out and buried elsewhere so cautiously and so secretly it was never intimated that the deaths occurred in the hospital.

Dr. Hubbard went to Joseph Medill Patterson, editor and publisher of the *New York Daily News*, and related such of the story as he had knowledge of, suggesting that the newspaper try to do something which the Police Department, the detective bureau and the medical bureau had been unable to do—break up this criminal practice.

Patterson gave his ace reporter, John O'Donnell, the assignment. O'Donnell did not go near the hospital. He followed the old French police injunction, "Search for the woman." He finally ferreted out a young woman who had formerly been employed as a nurse in the hospital. She gave him material for an extraordinary scoop, having to do with an abortion ring operated on a very efficient basis, which brought in hundreds of unmarried, pregnant girls from small towns within a 300-mile radius of New York City. On the strength of this girl's story, O'Donnell wrote an exposé of the abortion ring and linked Friedland with the ring. Friedland immediately brought a suit against the *Daily News*, alleging libel and asking \$500,000 damages.

Patterson turned the case over to his then chief counsel, Macdonald De Witt, who, as usual, decided to fight it without any offer of compromise. De Witt set his crack investigators to work, at first concentrating his attention upon the so-called "Dr. Thompson" who was head of the hospital.

This "Dr. Thompson" had once before been arrested, tried and acquitted for lack of evidence, on a charge of not being a real doctor and of operating under the license of another. De Witt's investigators found that Thompson under another name had studied medicine at Dartmouth and had been kicked

Continued on page 170

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The Libel Racket

Continued from pages 47-169

out; that he had gone to California and there had practiced abortion until he was arrested and tried on a charge of manslaughter. In this manslaughter trial it was brought out that a young woman who had been operated on had become hysterical and had been strapped to a bed. Moreover, she had been left there while "Dr. Thompson" and the nurse had gone away for a week end. When they came back the girl was dead. The girl was a domestic and had no relatives. The body had been put into a trunk filled with chemicals and buried in the cellar of Thompson's house.

Thompson would have gotten away with this *except for a dispute over a six-dollar plumber's bill*. Thompson had refused to pay the plumber and in revenge the plumber had gone to Thompson's house while Thompson was away in order to sabotage the work he had done for Thompson. While engaged in this sabotage, the plumber dropped his hammer and noticed that there was a hollow sound in the concrete when the hammer hit it. He cracked open the concrete and discovered beneath it a trunk and, suspecting the worst, he called the police, who opened the trunk and found the disintegrated body of the girl who was identified through her dental work.

Thompson was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to eleven years in the federal penitentiary. He was pardoned by President Taft after serving the larger part of his sentence. After that Thompson had gone to Boston where he had practiced medicine and abortion under the name of Dr. Hudson. Thence he had gone to New York, where he first used the name of Muttart and later practiced under the name and license of "Dr. Thompson."

He organized his abortion practice on a large businesslike scale with many ramifications. He would make personal visits to small town and country doctors within a 300-mile radius of New York, and arrange with them a fee-split or commission on all abortion cases sent to him. He was smooth and he was always able to sell his idea to the country doctors not only on purely financial grounds, but on the moral plea that he was saving young women from social disgrace by secretly performing these operations which the small town or country doctor could not do without danger of exposure, even if it were not against the law to perform abortions.

Thompson's fees were large and when a woman came to him who said she could not pay the high fee he demanded, he told her he would shave the price if she would give him the name of the man who had got her into trouble, and moreover, he would give her a commission on every case she was responsible for bringing to the hospital.

He successfully used for purposes of blackmail the names disclosed by his patients. He always

charged the men the full fee he had demanded of the women, who had already paid for the abortion. Often he would further blackmail them for still larger amounts.

Those women, who lacked cash, but who had property or other collateral, Thompson told where they could get a loan large enough to pay his fee. He told them to go to Friedland, who had a loan office and an investment banking office.

Friedland's interest charges were stiff, and he required two signatures on each loan plus a chattel mortgage as collateral, or a lien on property, including automobiles. His practice was to foreclose on the first lapse of interest payment, as a result of which in one Manhattan garage he had a very great number of automobiles which he had seized under foreclosure.

All these automobiles were the cause of his undoing, for it was by tracing down the owners of the original licenses of these automobiles that De Witt's investigators were able to establish Friedland's connection with the abortion ring.

On the stand, under oath, Friedland admitted that during the regime of the ex-convict Thompson, he had received \$114,000 from the jailbird doctor and he also admitted that he still had \$80,000 of this money in his various investment companies, stating that it was an unsecured loan. The jury in this case was out only fifteen minutes, and not only brought in a verdict for the defendant, in which it stated that the charges of which Friedland complained were true in all respects, but recommended to the court that the *Daily News* be commended for the public service of bringing all these facts to light!

The *Isla da Luzon* was an old Spanish gunboat, captured by the Americans in the Spanish-American War, later sold to the Mexican government, and still later bought back and put into government patrol service in the Gulf of Mexico, during the Great War. After the war, the gunboat was sold to a syndicate, purporting to be British, called the Bahaman-Salvors, Ltd., which was supposed to be engaged in the salvage of sunken boats in Bahaman waters.

In 1923, during the reign of Prohibition, Frank Dolan, a newspaper reporter, wrote for his New York newspaper, a story of the rum row and the boats which operated outside of the 12-mile limit, bringing in contraband liquor from the Bahamas. He named the *Isla da Luzon* as one of the rum-running boats and said that Sloan Dannenhour, a well-known New York society man and an ex-lieutenant of the Navy, was the leader of this band of rum-runners, and commander of the *Isla da Luzon*.

Dannenhour brought suit for libel, asking heavy damages, and denied that the *Isla da Luzon* was used for any other purpose than that stated in its purchase papers and in its charter.

In order to establish the proof of

his charges the defendant's attorney had to send an investigator on a mission that was dangerous in the extreme. The investigator had to go to Nassau, which was at that time dominated by rum-smugglers who, because of prohibition in the United States were responsible for the great prosperity then reigning in the Bahamas; and he would have to bring back properly certified and exemplified documents from a hostile source and from an island in which outlawry was so exceedingly profitable that the mere suspicion of any interference with the bootleggers' and rumrunners' business was cause enough for the quiet but violent death of the men suspected.

Nevertheless, the investigator brought back documents to prove that on several instances the *Isla da Luzon* cleared the port of Nassau with a cargo of six thousand

cases of liquor, destined for St. Pierre, that the ship had returned to port in Nassau with empty cargo and with paper showing that it had never reached St. Pierre and that the boat had been sighted in the interim on numerous occasions by the U.S. Coast Guard service outside the 12-mile limit of New York harbor. The story of the investigator's escape with his documentary proof is in itself a thrilling story but too long for here. Suffice it to say, when Mr. Dannenhour was subjected to examination before trial and faced with evidence, he dropped the suit like a hot coal.

In the light of these instances, it ought to be obvious that publication of stories pertaining to libel actions, far from encouraging new actions, might measurably cut down the number of those now cluttering up the courts, making every editor's life a nightmare.##

Sport Among the Vikings

Continued from page 81

crafts, go in for interior decoration, and furniture blossoms forth in unusual carvings and quaint painted designs. Everything is scrupulously clean, food is plentiful and good. Provisions are brought up by peasants who carry it in big loads on their backs. Beer and wine can be obtained for a modicum, but Norwegian licensing laws play tricks . . . controlled by local option, prohibition may rear its ugly head in various sections. The rate for room and food including one liter of beer, is about eight Norwegian kronen (a Norwegian krone being approximately twenty-five cents).

The most popular place in the Jotunheimen range is Spiterstulen, not a winter sports center, but an isolated cluster of mountain huts belonging to the Norwegian Ski-touring Association. Spiterstulen, huddled in a picturesque valley at the foot of Mount Galdhoegg, Norway's highest mountain . . . some 8100 feet in height, is really hard to get to, fourteen hours from Oslo . . . seven of which are by rail, three in a motor bus and the remaining four on foot! If you can take it, it's worth the trip up to meet up with their delicious but unduly potent beer called Paaska Brygg . . . a beverage sold only at Easter time. On an expedition of this kind take only a knapsack . . . ten pound equipment is about the standard which reduces you to a few bare necessities such as toilet articles, a sweater, muffler, extra socks, mitts and pajamas.

If you are not physically or mentally equipped for that Spartan type of skiing Norway affords, you can journey over the border into happy, prosperous Sweden. The smartest ski resort in Sweden is Åre (not a part of the verb "to be" but the Swedish St. Moritz). Åre is in the heart of Jaemtland, 1200 feet above sea level and twenty-one hours from Stockholm. Skiing is excellent from the end of December to the

end of March or April. At the best hotels you pay from seven to twelve Swedish kronen a day (a Swedish krone is equal to about twenty-five cents) for room and board. The hotels are surging with smart Britishers, well groomed, clean-cut Swedish men and the fresh and natural type of womanhood you rarely find outside of Sweden. Swedish women have an undeniable charm with their tall, statuesque bearing, blue eyes, fair skins. Robust of figure, with a substantial understanding in lieu of the proverbial slim, well-turned ankle, they fairly glow with good health. The art of *maquillage* is seemingly unknown . . . a cosmetic company would close its doors in no time . . . and after a Swedish embrace, you find no trace of crimson upon your osculatory organ.

The Swedes may seem to be somewhat stiff, a trifle sullen and shy, but after a few "skols," done with true Swedish ceremony, they do pretty well. When a Swede drinks a toast, it is done with a serious mien. He raises his glass to the pearl button of the dress shirt, bows without rising, and stares fixedly at the person whom he is toasting. The Siglinde manages to extract a vacuous smile as she graciously nods her head.

Hotels in Åre are restful and comfortable . . . the food decidedly on the masculine side. You add poundage imbibing their bouillon, a marrowy meat concoction with elk's meat as its base, and various types of birds thrown in for good measure. You'll stuff yourself with every kind of fish and herring, filet, minced meat of elk done up in cabbage, sharp ginger pears and still sharper cheese, home-made knäckebröd, black bread, strong brandy and a thin light beer that is all the law allows in Sweden. Watch your waistline on their ice puddings, made of the thickest unwhipped cream with a mash of wild strawberries. Guests at Åre dress for dinner in true continental fashion.

Continued on page 172



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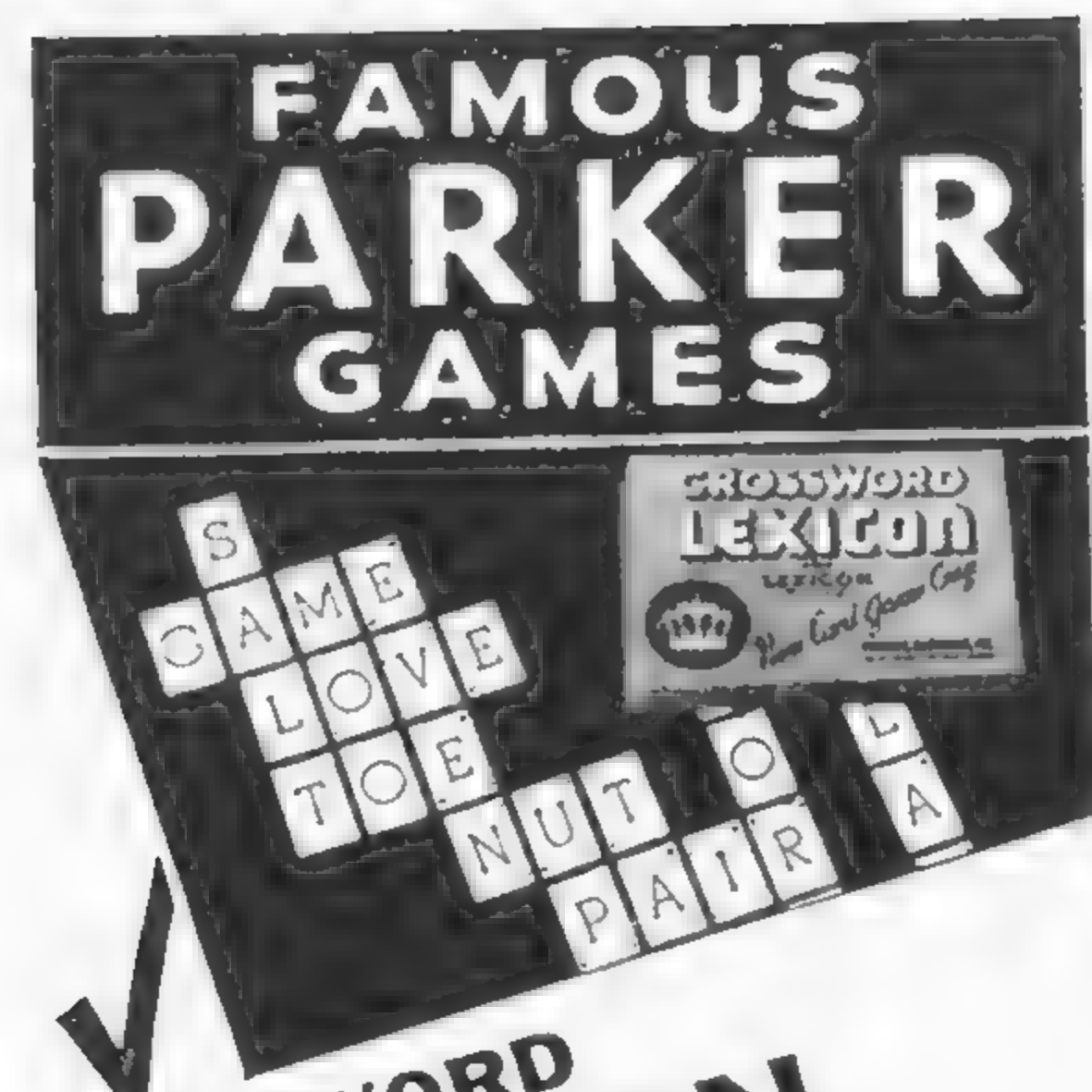
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Sport Among the Vikings

Continued from pages 81-171

Your day starts early in the morning, when the sanctity of your chamber is broken into by a rosy-cheeked country girl in her traditional light blue cotton dress and white apron, who curtsies, wishes you a good morning, shuts your window, then skillfully lays and lights a crackling birch fire.

After a typical hearty Swedish breakfast you set forth for Mount Areskutan, 4700 feet in height, the highest point in Sweden. A funicular railway rises to about 2000 feet above the bottom of the valley... but in no other ski resort in the world can you board a trim little airplane which flies you and your skis to the top of the mountain!

A ski school is open at Are throughout the winter, under the management of experts... and further attractions include an excellent bobsleigh track and several curling rinks. The end of February marks Are week, during which time different winter sports contests are organized. Families of Laps come down with their reindeer herds, offering sleigh rides in an *akja*, a sort of Lap sled drawn by reindeer... and life is very gay.

Storlien is another popular ski spot on the Norwegian frontier, and so popular it is difficult to obtain accommodations. A large hotel has just been opened, the tiny bedrooms arranged with berths like those on an ocean liner... single, double or triple deckers, but one hotel is not enough. You find yourself sleeping in the "slovagn"... the Swedish Pullman, pulled up on a side track and holding the overflow of guests who cannot obtain hotel rooms. The railroad makes a good thing of it, as Storlien is served only by rail. The town itself is barren upland, which provides endless, neatly sloped hills and valleys. You can wear any type of ski costume... swathe yourself in numerous outer layers, or strip down to a swim suit in order to acquire an enviable coppery tan.

If after a spree in the open you feel an urban urge overcoming you, then you head back to Stockholm, the "Venice of the North" and as gay and modern as any city in Europe. Between January and March, the frozen bays are filled with ski sailing races, ice yachting, and the near-by Saltsjöbaden, the popular Swedish summer resort, is turned into a winter sports spot, featuring really thrilling ski races.

Dining seems to be a continuous performance in Stockholm, and accordingly superb restaurants abound. *Den Gylde Freden* (the Golden Peace) is the best known place. Built in 1572, these caves have witnessed the comings and going of many celebrities. In the cellar of *Den Gylde Freden* with low vaulted ceilings, polished oak tables reflecting bright candle lights, you may partake of a ceremonial Swedish meal. First a

snack of herring and potato on hard bread, then a snifter of fire-water called aquavit... then follows an impressive Smörgåsbord that nobly lives up to its reputation... and so on far into the night.

Then there is Rosengren's Kellare, where in the Gay Nineties the young men about town entertained their ladies; or the Grand Café Royal... the Café de la Paix of the Swedish capital.

Don't skip dinner at the Hotel Anglais for the old-fashioned Swedish food among old-fashioned surroundings. Try its excellent yellow pea soup with slices of pork and sausage... known there as Thursday's soup, a weekly rite corresponding to Saturday night baked beans in New England.

Go supper dancing at the Cecil... smart and decidedly urban with its champagne and fresh caviar set in large glass bowls of ice. Even at midnight you will find Swedes ordering hearty dinners, soup, filet mignon, *et al.*

If, per chance, you are in Stockholm in late April or May, prepare for a real thrill... skiing in the land of the midnight sun. The journey from Stockholm to Riksgaensen, the highest skiing hotel in the North, just a stone's throw from the Norwegian frontier, is twenty-four hours in one of the fastest, most modern trains in the Scandinavian countries. It will cost you about sixteen dollars and two-fifty for a sleeper.

Northern Sweden is by no means a wild region fit only for polar expeditions. Though situated beyond the Arctic Circle, a latitude further north than Iceland and the greater part of Alaska, it is not very cold.

For the biggest part of June, the sun remains above the horizon day and night, and while this may curtail romance, it's a perfect set-up for ski fanatics who if they have the endurance, can carry on for twenty-four hours, up and down the perfect slopes. The climax of the winter sports season comes on Midsummer Night (June 21) when the guests at the hotel keep their skis on the night through while executing a ski dance around a May Pole.

Riksgaensen has all the comforts of home in a pleasant peasant way. You sit and gaze out on snow-capped mountains, the wild and lonely homes of the Laps. At Easter time, they gather for their annual market and to celebrate weddings, baptisms and funerals which up to this time have been impossible because of the frozen ground. Strangely enough, the Laps themselves are not good skiers... to them skis are mainly a means of getting about... and they greet with amused tolerance the antics of the foreigners.

The hotel in Riksgaensen is famous for its smörgåsbord... you beat a circular path around the table piled high with soufflés, marvelous cheese, Swedish meat

How to Drink Like a Gentleman and know it



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ESQUIRE'S "Liquor Intelligencer" is a 56 page, stiff cover, plastic-bound book which will accomplish for you just what its title states—make you intelligent about liquor. Not a cocktail recipe book, ESQUIRE'S "Liquor Intelligencer," nevertheless contains the recipes for all the cocktails currently preferred by gentlemen hosts the world over, plus the kind of information on every noble liquor that a man who knows his way about must have. The historic background and the method of manufacture of Rye, Bourbon, Scotch, and Irish whiskies; the same on Rum, and Cognac and Gin and Wine aperitifs. Illuminating chapters on subjects such as these: How to give a cocktail party, from the intimate affair to a brawl in the grand manner; canapes, quick or careful, hot or cold; pick-me-ups and night-caps; the equipment you should own, from glasses to shakers; and plain and fancy toasts. ESQUIRE'S "Liquor Intelligencer" gives you the how, what and why of the highball and cocktail and wine. It's not alone a cocktail book, it's a liquor education in one easy lesson.

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Newest country to take its place among the Northern ski resorts is Finland, a curious combination of old world and ultra modernity. In this distant corner of the world, a mysterious race related to the Magyars of Hungary is building a strong, virile republic. Though fairly poor, Finland is slumless, scrupulously clean and beautified by an art of originality and daring.

Finland, in proportion to the size of her population, has more skis and skiers than any other country in the world. There is hardly a Finn who does not ski... babies seemingly take to the wooden boards as soon as they can toddle.

The terrain in Finland is vastly different from that of Norway and Central Europe. It is a country of low hills (with the exception of Lapland), mainly suited for cross-country skiing and long distance running. The Finns have developed a special style for long distance racing, the so-called "flat-racing" technique which involves a vigorous swinging of the hips and a strong thrust of the poles in what is called a four-time tempo. Good arms and lungs are even more needed for that stroke than powerful legs. These giants of stamina have an endurance which is inexhaustible... a Finn can often cover the second half of a sixty-kilometer race in less time than the first half!

In the northern countries it was always considered quite impossible for any foreign skier to win a long distance race in Finland. In 1935 a Swede won a fifty kilometer skiing endurance contest, the first time in history that the trophy went to a foreigner. Finns are the most feared international sports contestants. In relation to population, the country has more athletes, holds more records than any other nation in the world. Young people in Finland look upon Nurmi with reverence... he is the Finnish composite of Babe Ruth and Lindbergh.

Interest in skiing and skiing contests is keen. A number of national as well as international skiing contests are arranged each year.

Then there are the so-called "propaganda contests," held in most of the cities and industrial centers. These contests are arranged between the employees of two or more industrial firms or business houses, or, in the case of

large concerns, between different departments: Hosiery vs. Underwear. Skiers turn out in hordes... from youngsters of two to oldsters of seventy... the office boy competing with the big boss... all one happy big family.

The Vierumaki Athletic Institute also trains coaches for skiing... the whole thing done with that technical thoroughness characteristic of the race. You learn uphill and downhill technique, threading through woods, use of correct and suitable equipment, care and waxing of skis, training rules for racing on different distances, and gymnastic ski exercises.

The most celebrated ski center is Lahti in South Finland because of its position on the southern slope of the Salpausselka ridge. Lahti is about four hours by train from Helsingfors, and proudly holds the new Salpausselka stadium, built last year and having a capacity of seventy-five thousand inaugurated with the F.I.S. world champion ski jumping contest. It has its own station, so that you hop off the train directly in front of the main entrance gates. Eighteen kilometer and fifty kilometer cross-country trails are laid out in the surrounding wooded countryside, with start and finish in the stadium... probably the most modern layout in Northern Europe.

Athletes of all kinds are an expression of Finnish nationalism. Gymnasium is compulsory in the schools, everyone has to achieve a certain physical standard. The care they take of their bodies amounts to almost a fetish... yet with it all, they are no Adonises. Too muscular, too stocky, their goal seems to be not Greek grace, but merely health. They are constantly "in training" for something... track meets, marathons, etc. All schools, both public and private, close for a ski semester. For a whole week when skiing conditions are best, special trains carry the whole populace into the nearest ski centers.

About fifty per cent of a Finnish girl's life is devoted to sports. Most of the women belong to the Lotta Svärd organization, an auxiliary of the National Guard, with a membership of ninety thousand. Primary purpose is to train young girls to be of service in case of war. To get a medal, they must pass quite a number of rigorous physical tests and sports.

Never try to finesse a female Finn, you can't win. They are frank, honest and unimpressed by romantic ballyhoo. In 1906 Finland was the first country in Europe to enfranchise women on equal terms with the men. Both men and women are difficult to know, reserved, almost forbidding in manner because of shyness. Their natural, peasant attitude toward sex is well illustrated by the fact that the Turkish Bath in Finland is coeducational. The average Finn takes a steam bath at least once a week.

The Finnish steam bath is called the *sauna*. In the villages it consists of a wooden shed that con-

Continued on page 174



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Sport Among the Vikings

Continued from pages 81-171-173

tains nothing but the *sauna* equipment. On two sides of the room are platform levels built of wood. One corner of the place contains an enormous stone fireplace that looks like a pile of ordinary rocks. It takes five hours to heat the stones, and when they are burning hot, the attendant, always a woman, throws wooden buckets full of piping hot water on the hot stones. Instantly the room is filled with a super-steam, and in less than two seconds, the customers develop profuse perspiration. The higher up on the platform level you go, the more intense the steam. When the heat becomes unbearable, you descend, and the sturdy Finnish gal, clad only in a rubber-apron-like garment, proceeds to give you a sound whipping with branches from birch trees which have been dipped into boiling water in order to produce a fragrant, aromatic oil. With sexless ardor your blonde Amazon scrubs your torso with yellow soap and a horse brush of the livery stable variety, beats you until you tingle, then directs you to hurl your pink and white body into the snow outside the *sauna*.

Disconcerting enough to find yourself in what amounts to a nudist colony in a bath. But even more disconcerting to a visiting fireman to find himself submitting to this form of Finnish flagellation, administered by an utterly indifferent female who carries on with phlegmatic thoroughness.

Apartment houses in Helsinki have their own *saunas*. There are also great public *saunas* combined with swimming pools. Here men and women bathe separately. But in all the men's *saunas*, the attendants are invariably women, utterly undisturbed by the nudity around them.

Finland has a flair for nudity . . . you find it in their frankly undraped statuary . . . in their paintings. Even Finnish angels appear sans their traditional heavenly garb . . . and the artists who form them need not resort to Sally Rand maneuvers when sculpting or painting the celestial wings.

You won't find Finns or Finland over-gay. Life goes on. They drink a lot of schnapps, a potable, clear and transparent like unto Vodka, but much stronger. This they alternate with beer . . . an evening consists of schnapps then beer, beer then schnapps. They certainly can take it . . . but can you? Finnish liqueurs are very popular and delicious, many of them such as Mesimarja, Tapio or Sorbino distilled from the wild berries of Lapland. Remember to bow every time you take a drink, and when you administer a toast don't say "skol" (although Swedish is the predominant tongue in academic and business circles); the Finns are strongly anti-Swedish. Finnish for cheerio is *maljanne*.

Finnish signs are an eyeful . . . *sisäänkäynti* merely means "entrance." And *Tupakkaan Poltto*

Kieletty is Finnish for "no smoking." But don't let it throw you . . . English is spoken nearly everywhere in Finland.

The best winter sports center in Northern Finland is Rovaniemi, capital of Finnish Lapland in the Arctic Circle. Here the Finns have built the most modern hostelry imaginable . . . the Hotel Pohjanhovi, a handsome, streamlined affair of glass, tiles and brick, complete with ultra-modern conveniences. You'll find two smart restaurants, radios in the rooms and a really good dance orchestra. Seventy-five finmarks per day is the rate for full board. A finmark is approximately two cents. For twenty cents you can stuff yourself anywhere to the bursting point. Transportation is similarly cheap. You can travel a thousand miles by rail for about eight dollars . . . railroad coaches are clean, comfortable and comparable to American cars, yet you'll find them drawn by quaint, wood-burning locomotives.

The real sports season is from the end of March on when you ski in the polar region accompanied by the flashing Northern lights. In Finnish Lapland the sun is invisible for two whole months in the winter, however the *aurora borealis* is strong enough to cast a mysterious twilight over the snow-clad earth. This is why you ski in Lapland only from spring on when the days are gloriously long, up to summer when darkness is practically unknown.

Rovaniemi has no steep Alpine slopes, but an abundance of splendid hills. The ravines, affording shelter from the winds, are ideal for sun bathing. One hundred fifty miles from the Arctic Circle you may stumble over a lovely female form in bathing trunks and bras . . . a strange contrast to the vast herds of reindeer in winter pasturage, and the nomads in their tents.

If you really want to enter into the spirit of the thing, rent a Lap's costume and go on a *rekiretki* (sleigh-ride party). The sleighs, decorated with a flaming torch, tinkling bells and heaped with highly ornamented handwoven blankets, hold two . . . a boy and a girl. Up to fifty of these clubby affairs make up a sleigh party. You drive out to a lodge, have a substantial lunch and a dance, perhaps, returning home in the evening. Custom has it that your gal sits on your lap . . . good title for a popular song . . . "a Lap on your lap in Lapland" . . . and any warranted pass upon your part is apt to be disastrous, rather like courting in a canoe. You may find yourself parked in a snow bank, carrying the torch.

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